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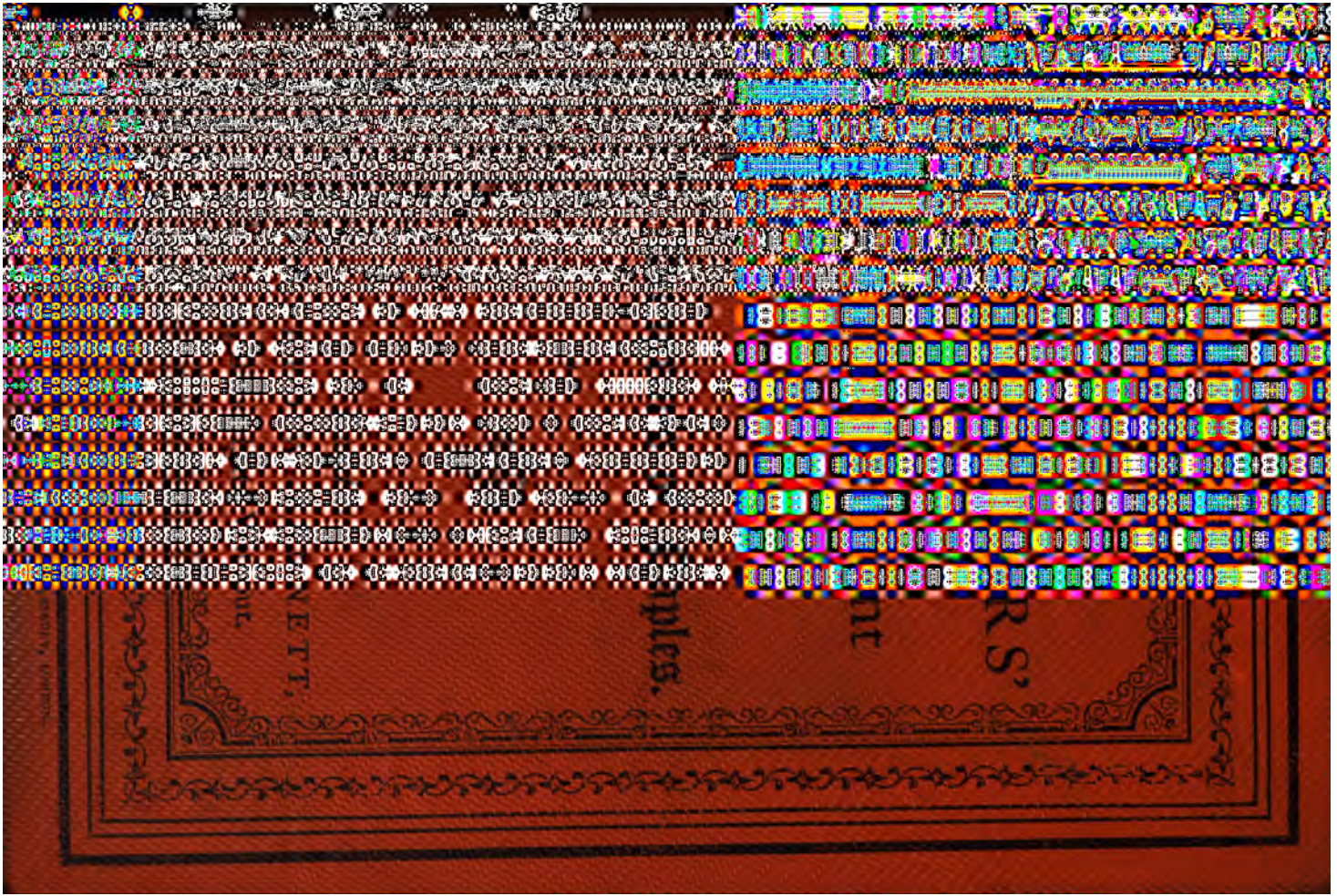

Ten Years in the Dungeons of Naples.

NARRATIVE

OF

TEN YEARS' IMPRISONMENT

IN THE

DUNGEONS OF NAPLES.

BY

ANTONIO NICOLÒ,

POLITICAL EXILE.

Copyright Edition.

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1861.

BIBLIOTHECA·BODLEIANA·

Dedication

TO MY BELOVED MOTHER.

Being unable to testify my devotion for you in any other manner, I dedicate to you the following pages descriptive of my past misfortunes. You, who participated in my persecutions and afflictions, can appreciate the wretchedness to which I was subjected during the ten years of my imprisonment. Though, while reading these pages, you will drop a tear over the narration of your son's sufferings, it will no longer be the tear of bitter and despairing grief, but of tenderness and of exultation that I suffered in a holy cause, the cause of Liberty;—that cause which at this moment triumphs, and gives me the promise that I shall once more enjoy your parental embrace. Oppression, imprisonment, chains, martyrdom, and death may stifle, but cannot extinguish the spark of Liberty. Tyrants will die, but the principle of Liberty never!

Accept then, beloved Mother, this little work as a mark of filial love, and bestow a benediction upon

Your dutiful Son,

ANTONIO NICOLÒ.

Cork, *October*, 1860.

PREFACE.

THE history of my misfortunes would be unnecessarily long and tedious if I attempted to recount them from beginning to end. So numerous and varied were the circumstances attending my imprisonment, that a single volume would be altogether insufficient to describe them in detail. The object I have in view is not to present the reader with mere minute and egotistical facts of a personal character, nor am I sure that were such my wish, I could accomplish it. Slight incidents are easily overlooked when the mind is preoccupied by subjects of general importance and world-wide interest. I have, therefore, sought to limit myself to subjects likely to arouse the greatest sympathy, and have dwelt the longest upon those scenes which I have thought the best calculated to secure the attention of the reader. Circumstances and events of but slight interest I have touched upon but slightly, if indeed I have introduced them at all. My history may be read as that of nearly seven hundred others who were in captivity with me at Procida, with the limitation of only a few particulars bearing special reference to about fourteen individuals out of that number.

The facts daily made known by means of the public journals will give some idea of the tyranny under which we were kept in confinement and irons for the space of ten years. The strangest, most wonderful, and most incredible part of our history is, that a single one of us should have survived the horrors and sufferings to which we were subjected. When I reflect upon it, my wonder gives place only to admiration and gratitude towards the protecting hand of Providence, to which alone the miracle must be ascribed.

May each individual whose eye rests upon these pages bestow a thought upon the misfortunes to which millions of men are still exposed; may the thrill of indignation experienced by the reader be accompanied by the resolution to do his best to put an end to the system of oppression which annually immolates so many victims; may this outspoken protest reach the ears of the guardians of liberty in every free country, and hasten the fall of tyranny!

N. B.—The reader will observe that the following narrative was written before the recent Revolution in Italy. This explanation will account for statements and allusions which might otherwise appear contradictory.

TEN YEARS' IMPRISONMENT

IN THE

DUNGEONS OF NAPLES.

INTRODUCTION.

THE 15th of May, 1848, is memorable as the date of one of the most unhappy events connected with the kingdom of Naples. It has left a page in history stained with the most bitter and terrible recollections. On that day, seven millions and a half of human beings were plunged into bitter grief and mourning. Ferdinand II., grown tired of the Constitution which he had voluntarily accorded, had prepared the machinery to undermine it, and formed the plan for returning to his previous despotism. The capital of the kingdom, on the 15th of May, became a prey to fire, sword, sack, and blood. A furious soldiery filled the streets, and ruthlessly murdered women, children, and old men. The Lazzaroni, excited by the lust of spoil, laid violent hands upon the property of peaceful citizens, and the palace of Gravina, in which liberty had found ardent supporters, was given to the flames.

In the midst of these terrible events, a small band of generous-hearted men arose as the champions of liberty. Unmoved by fear, and disdaining flight, they united to pen a protest against the infamous conduct of Ferdinand II. Scarcely, however, had they prepared their declaration, when they were assailed by the military, and barely escaped with their lives. They were compelled to depart,

though their hearts were bleeding for the sufferings which they witnessed. Their protest they saw would prove utterly vain, unsupported by force. "Our country to our latest breath," was their common cry; with one accord they separated for their respective provinces, to rouse the people to arms. Count Ricciardi, Stefano Romeo, and Antonino Plutino landed in the province of Reggio, informed the people of Ferdinand's treachery, described the frightful butchery which they had witnessed in the capital, and arranged the revolution with which my misfortunes began.

BEGINNING OF MY MISFORTUNES.

A fearful dysentery raged in my neighbourhood and the surrounding districts in the month of June, 1848. Though I had but recently completed my medical studies, I already possessed a very extensive practice. Fortune showered her favours upon me most copiously. My treatment was so successful that not a patient died under my hands of the prevailing complaint. An unfailing specific which I had discovered brought me into repute, and caused me to be respected and sought: I was, in short, as happy as any young man could be, and thought I saw a ready road to fortune and fame.

The respect shown me by the populace, however, aroused the jealousy of my brethren in the profession. Moved by envy, they eagerly watched for an opportunity of getting rid of me, nor had they to wait long. The occasion presented itself, they joyfully accepted it, and I was lost! But how wonderful is God's justice! I am still alive, and in the midst of a people who listen with indignation and sympathy to the details of my misfortunes, while most of my enemies have perished without enjoying the satisfaction of seeing their victim sacrificed upon the altar prepared by them.

I was on the point of quitting Sinopoli Basso, when, at the end of a street which opened into the country, I saw a large number of persons assembled before the guard-house. Disliking a crowd, and possessing but a small

share of curiosity, I turned round to go in another direction; but the people looked towards me, as though they were expecting me, and a communal officer came and informed me that the judge desired to speak to me.

Upon reaching the guard-house, I saw all the authorities of the country assembled, with a large number of the National Guard under arms. From the whispers which circulated around me, I at once discovered what had taken place. An insurrection had broken out in the surrounding districts. The Sicilians, with other armed forces, had arrived at Santa Eufemia. This place had sympathized with the revolutionary excitement, had joined the rebels, and was now endeavouring to excite our town. The royal judge, though a liberal in appearance, was in reality a bitter foe to liberty. As if in anticipation of the fall of the Constitution, he had observed every trifle, marked every circumstance, and registered the names of all who showed the least sympathy for the new government. He was a secret agent of the Camarilla, and never lost an opportunity of inspiring sentiments opposed to liberty, the holiest right of man. But there was now no time to lose. He had been taken unawares, and must decide at once, either to take part with the rebels, or oppose them and risk all the consequences which might follow. He was not the man to be overcome by the difficulties of his position. Pretending to agree to the wishes and demands of the heads of the insurrection, he secretly dispatched messengers to the agents of the government, to inform them of what had taken place. But to keep up the ball with both hands, he required the services of two men of different parties, one known for his attachment to the king, the other for his affection for his country. The first he found in Filippo Joculano, a sergeant on leave of absence. For the second he chose me, but too well known for my liberalism. It was, therefore, for this purpose that he had summoned me.

No sooner did he see me than he took me aside, and read me a letter in which the submission of Santa Eufemia was announced, the plan of raising the people explained, and also the object of the revolt, which was to compel the

king to maintain the Constitution, and if he refused, to declare him deposed from the throne. I returned him no answer. Though my heart beat at the word liberty, I was averse to this movement. I well knew that the people of the district were divided into parties. The peasantry either cared nothing at all about the subject, or instigated by the gentry and deceived by false preachers, regarded liberty as the worst of evils, and the liberals as vagabonds and anarchists.* The plan proposed could never lead to the end desired.† Arms, ammunition, and money were all wanting; nor could they be obtained except by force, the employment of which would be most prejudicial to the cause. The chiefs were men of diverse

* On the breaking out of the revolution of 1847, the government dispatched circulars throughout the province of Reggio, thus worded:—"A set of brigands, and others, who have escaped from prison, have assembled in Aspromonte, and are only waiting for the opportunity to enter the towns to sack and burn them, destroy the altars, and dishonour the young women. Let the guards be placed under arms to sieze these malefactors. The government promises a reward of 600 ducats to any one who will produce the head of a ringleader." This was the beginning of a death-hunt for the rebels. Domenico Romeo fell a victim. His nephew, Pietro Romeo, was compelled to bear his uncle's head through the streets of Reggio, fixed to the top of a pole.

† The failure of the revolution in Calabria, was due rather to its bad direction than to any other cause. If the Sicilians with their artillery had landed at Bagnara or Scilla, in the province of Reggio, instead of going to Cosenza, where they arrived too late to be of any use, the affair might have terminated in a different manner. 700 men well armed, and with cannon, would have attracted to their ranks not only the 700 brave men who actually assembled in the Piani della Corona, but also others who were hesitating and timid. The fortress of Alta Fiumara would have fallen in two hours, both because it was ill defended by an insufficient number of soldiers, and was surrounded by hills, from which the fire of two pieces of cannon would have compelled it to surrender. The fortress of Scilla would also have fallen for the same reasons. Had these two points been occupied, they could have prevented the passage of ships of war, seeing that the fortresses on the other side of the straits were occupied by Sicilians. Further, with an imposing force, and the celebrated name borne by the Sicoli, all the towns would have declared themselves in favour of the revolution, and abundant means would have been forthcoming to provide for the citizens most seriously compromised. At all events, had the revolution not succeeded under such circumstances, the most unfortunate events connected with it would have been prevented. When all are compromised, it is the interest of all to conceal each other. Therefore no denunciations, no trials, no imprisonment, none of the unimaginable sufferings and indescribable horrors which befel, would have taken place.

temperament, and could be little depended upon for working harmoniously together. Some were animated by true patriotism; others hid personal ambition under the mask of love of liberty. The generalissimo might do very well to head a hunting party, but had no capacity for military direction. The other leaders were violent agitators, but men totally unfit to establish a government. The Sicilians were regarded as selfish and unworthy of trust. Two thousand soldiers, with twelve field pieces, were in the vicinity of Reggio. In a word, I knew that the movement must prove a failure, and was unwilling to risk my life without the smallest probability of success. I therefore refused to give my aid, alleging *my own incapacity in an affair of so much importance.* "Then you will obey as a subordinate," said the captain of the National Guard.

"If you command me to do so, I have no choice," I answered; "and I obey the more readily, because insubordination at this moment might entail serious consequences."

"Prepare, then, to escort us to Santa Eufemia; ten of your guard shall accompany you."

"You shall be obeyed," I answered, and withdrew.

Towards evening, accompanied by the judge and the captain of the National Guard, I went to Santa Eufemia, where it was decided that our town of Sinopoli should be placed under arms in defence of liberty; that for the moment I should lead a contingent of twenty men belonging to the National Guard, and follow the main corps; that sixty armed men should remain in reserve ready to take the field when necessary; that a voluntary tax should be levied in order to supply the requisite funds; finally, that lodgings should be provided for the men who remained at Sinopoli. These arrangements being decided upon, we withdrew.

On the following morning, June 23rd, the drum beat the *reveil.* The National Guard took their arms, the authorities were prepared, and we all moved towards Aspromonte, the place of rendezvous. Two hours after our arrival, the repeated firing of musketry, which gradually approached

nearer and nearer, announced the arrival of the armed band. This it was, in fact, and it soon joined us. I was at once nominated chief of the expedition of my own town, six *lire* were given to me as two days' pay; the judge and the rest of my fellow-townsmen retired, and I was left alone with the insurrectionists. For three days we remained upon the hills, sleeping on the ground under the beech trees, awaiting the reinforcements which never arrived. The morning of the 25th dawned; the sun's rays penetrated the thick dark clouds which appeared to accumulate upon the topmost branches of the trees; the temperature of the air had become lower by several degrees; a slight breeze agitated the leaves of the chestnuts and oaks, and rain seemed about to fall.

Without a tent or a hut to afford us shelter, all of us very lightly clad, and already suffering from rheumatism in consequence of being exposed to the dew at night; and above all, being without provisions, we began to complain, and begged to be allowed to seek a place of shelter. Our request was granted, and an hour afterwards we went to a place six miles distant, where we expected to find the bread which had been provided for us. Before we arrived at the appointed spot, the weather changed as by enchantment; we therefore halted in a plain surrounded by tall oaks, and sown with Turkish corn. We had thrown down our arms, when a deputation from Pedavoli and Paracorio presented itself to the chief officers, and offered a contingent of a hundred experienced *chasseurs*. Some wished to accept the offer, but Stephano Romeo was opposed to it, and his judgment prevailed. He did not think it consistent to receive men from a district which, a few months before, had put to death Domenico Romeo, the first liberal of the kingdom, in order to serve the cause of tyranny.* He said, that even if he were willing

* The town which most distinguished itself in the crusade against the rebels was Pedavoli. The celebrated Domenico Romeo fell beneath the fire of a certain Gregorio de Marte, who was rewarded for this brave action, by receiving a gold medal and £3 a month from government. A chevalier's cross was given to D. Francesco Antonio Carleone, another to the Urban chief of Scido, and the town was raised to a *chef d'arrondissement*.

to lay aside every personal consideration, the men of San Stefano, whom he led, would be displeased, and would probably abandon the cause. The deputation retired much offended by the refusal, and thus two towns were lost to the revolution.

This refusal was the first error on the part of those who directed the revolutionary movement. The wrong which is committed ignorantly and unconsciously is not, however, to be called a crime. These people, who six months before had driven back the Liberals, saw in them only men deserving of imprisonment and death, because thus represented to them by the government. But now that they were made aware of their mistake, they came to offer themselves, in order to wipe out the stain which rested upon them. Formerly, they believed they were committing an act of justice in killing a man; now, they believed it to be a sacred duty to turn their arms against the tyrant who incited them to the crime.

Meanwhile night drew on, and no bread appeared. During twenty-four hours we had been without food or water, exposed to the dew, which saturated us like rain. In the morning we had scarcely felt strength to move; but now, urged by hunger, and still more by the desire to sleep, we succeeded in overcoming the lassitude which oppressed us. After an hour's march we arrived at Cosoleto, a poor, miserable, and unhealthy village. It was the *Corpus Domini*. There we found bread, meat, fish, wine, fruit, and everything we required to refresh us. Many from the neighbourhood, as well as from a distance, joined us; the military band had arrived; encouraging information reached us from every side, and for a moment the horizon which had appeared so dark, seemed to brighten.

At mid-day, I was sitting at table with my soldiers, when horses were heard approaching the door. Looking out, I saw a young relative of my own, about twelve years old, descend from the saddle, armed with a little musket, and accompanied by a domestic servant. I could not repress my laughter, and said as he entered—

"Well, what have you come here for?"

"To go to the war with you," he answered cheerfully.

"Does your father know of this fancy?"

"No, I came off secretly; I was determined to come to the war."

"You must return directly," I replied in a severe tone.

"Oh, do not send me away; I know how to fire off a gun; yesterday, I killed a sparrow with this musket, and I have brought my cartridge with me."

"And what do you want to do now?"

"I want to kill a soldier:" and he threw himself weeping at my feet. My companions covered him with kisses, but, though I was much moved, I would not suffer my emotion to appear. I again ordered him to return, but it was impossible to restrain his tears. I promised to take him with me to the war at a proper time, but insisted that he should return home for the present. Being at length persuaded, he went away.

I had scarcely recovered from the emotion caused by this incident, when the drum beat to arms. "To arms—to arms—to arms—quick, quick—they are going—they are gone—forward—vengeance!" Such were the words which passed throughout the masses. I thought that the enemy must be approaching, but this was not the case. A Sicilian, who had gone to a neighbouring town for the purpose of exciting the people to revolution, had received a musket ball in his breast in the very middle of the town. The fury with which the Sicilians rushed forward is indescribable. Froth issued from their mouths; they uttered curses and threats of vengeance, and conceived the idea of setting fire to the town. I had other objects than revenge and incendiarism in view. This fact spoke to me of civil war, which would terminate in the victory of despotism. The commander-in-chief, a man who took a far-sighted view of things, did his best to calm the impetus of passionate revenge. He ordered that the Sicilians should form the rear-guard; that those who were less excited than some others should occupy the centre, and that the most moderate should hold the first ranks. I, with my soldiers, and thirty others who had been assigned to me, was ordered to precede the main body by thirty steps, in order to explore the ground.

Lubrichi was a town containing a thousand inhabitants, and surrounded by trees and hedges on every side. On hearing that 500 armed men were rapidly marching towards it, animated by the spirit of revenge, the people began to flee, some to the neighbouring towns, others to the country, some to the rocks in the vicinity; while many wandered hither and thither, not knowing which way to turn. As I approached the town, here I saw a man with a box on his back, there a woman carrying a bundle on her head; on the right, a mother dragging her weeping babes along; on the left, an old man who could hardly walk. It was such a scene as I had never before witnessed, and it greatly shocked me. I could not behold these poor people thus chased from their homes by terror without thinking of my own family, and feeling my heart pierced. But my grief exceeded all bounds, when I saw a venerable old man mounted upon an ass, and followed by a young girl and a little boy, advancing towards me. I knew him. It was Dr. ——, a man of exemplary virtue and morality, well known for his learning and liberalism. He did not recognise me, so great were his sorrow and horror at the idea of the destruction of his native town.

Upon coming up to me he alighted from his ass, threw himself at my feet, and exclaimed, "Mercy, mercy! save the town from flames. Have compassion upon the innocent beings who will be left exposed to hunger, poverty, and desolation."

The tears streamed down his withered cheeks. The sobbing girl and boy looked in my face as though their life hung on my lips. The destruction of Lubrichi was no more in consonance with my wishes than with those of the venerable doctor. I hastened to raise him from the ground, and intreated him to take courage.

At the sound of my voice he looked up, and as our eyes met, he recognised me.

"Oh, my friend!" he exclaimed, embracing me, "my town is safe; the apostles of liberty do not carry fire and sword, like the supporters of tyranny."

We approached the town together, and by signs and words tried to induce all whom we met to return. Upon

our arrival, we found the place totally deserted, not even a dog remained to indicate the presence of any who had formerly inhabited it. The wounded man whom we discovered was carried to the doctor's house, and my soldiers piled their arms in the middle of the square. The main body arrived shortly afterwards. The Sicilians, still foaming with rage, uttered cries of menace and vengeance, but the general's voice soon reduced them to order.

"The first man who moves," he declared, "without my orders, shall be shot. I will take care that you shall be revenged upon the one guilty person, but not upon innocent mothers and children."

The captain's resolution acted like snow upon fire, and thus the affair passed over without further disturbance. The people, meanwhile, were regaining their courage, and began to return. The National Guard soon joined us, and was disarmed. We demanded that the culprit should be given up as a condition of its safety; two hours afterwards he was brought to us, and confided to my custody. The very people who shortly before had applauded his wicked design and excited him to the commission of the crime, now spurned him as if he had been a leper, and gave him up to probable death; yet the multitude was not animated by thirst of blood. The idea of coolly shooting a man who, perhaps, had only sinned through ignorance, was repugnant to our feelings. At night, therefore, we sent the culprit to Palmi, to be subjected to the regular course of justice. I aided in saving his life, and congratulate myself upon having done so; but it was very near costing me my own. Two months afterwards, the guilty man was liberated and sent home, with a pension of thirty shillings a month. The man whom he had wounded was left in charge of the authorities of the place, and ultimately recovered. Although a shell had pierced his breast, carrying away with it a large brass buckle, yet destiny preserved him to become one of the most cruel executioners of Sicily. He acted as a spy upon his fellow-countrymen, became a police agent, and was, in short, the declared enemy of his country.

At sunset we were ordered to return to Cosoleto, where

we remained three days exposed to the miasma of the surrounding marshes, but owing to the excitement which we underwent, we experienced no ill consequences from the insalubrity of the neighbourhood.

Towards evening, on the fourth day, we set out for Santa Cristina, a town containing about 2,000 souls, situated among the mountains. Night overtook us on our way. The steep, stony, and narrow roads, bordered by precipices, rendered our march perilous. We, however, reached the place safely, our road being indicated by the flames of a house which was on fire, at the entrance to the town. An illumination was got up, lodgings for the chief officers were provided, and the most cordial welcome was given us. The National Guard placed itself under arms, but did not follow us.

Here we remained three days in expectation of the return of a deputation from Casalnuovo, a city of 20,000 inhabitants, which it was desired to establish as the seat of the new government and centre of operations. The deputation arrived, but its members were as pale as death, and discouraged to the last degree. They were the bearers of sad and alarming news.

This town, influenced by the millionaire Gagliardi, a friend of the Bourbons, and urged by the weak-minded Muratore,* not only refused to encourage the movement, but persecuted to the death those who ventured to propose it. Twenty-four of its most enthusiastic young men, however, joined us. This intelligence disconcerted all our

* Although D. Domenico Muratore had dissuaded the inhabitants of Casalnuovo from joining the revolutionary movement, and had thus rendered most valuable service to the king and government, yet his only reward was the order for his arrest a few months afterwards. He died of typhus fever in the castle of Reggio, in 1850. In yielding himself up as prisoner, he conferred another favour upon the king, by inducing numerous others who were in concealment to follow his example. While in the castle, several of us reminded him of his opposition to the revolutionary movement, when he answered, "I did not believe that Ferdinand was such a tyrant. He has given me a severe lesson which at my age of eighty will most likely end fatally. You who are young will do well to learn that, whatever moderation you may maintain, when once you have incurred the suspicion of tyranny, you will ever be looked upon as its most bitter enemy."

plans and greatly weakened our hopes, but could not dissipate our courage.

The whole province had waited for the decision of Casalnuovo, for or against the revolution. Upon its refusal to join the movement, the timid retired, the undecided drew back, the courageous hesitated, the retrogradists boldly raised their heads, and the revolution might be declared as all but given up. The die was cast, however. Six hundred persons were involved for good or ill. To draw back was cowardly, to advance was foolish. We preferred folly to cowardice, and took our measures accordingly.

Without displaying any signs of alarm, but on the contrary, professing to feel secure of success, the chief officers held a council. They drew up a proclamation, which was immediately printed and circulated throughout the province, declaring that a provisional government would be established in Santa Eufemia, that Ferdinand was deposed, and that D. Giuseppe Tripepi was nominated as commissioner of the executive power.* The Piani della Corona was fixed upon as the place of encampment.

This proclamation, thus worded, was the second error of the leaders of the movement;—an error which was still more serious than the first, and which greatly accelerated the failure of the revolution.

The following day we marched to Oppido, three miles distant, an episcopal and aristocratic city of about eight thousand inhabitants. The young party were all on our side. The old men, with the bishop at their head, were opposed to us. At the news of our approach they wished to meet us with an armed force; but whether the officers of the National Guard refused to move, or our imposing numbers taught them prudence, certain it is, we were suffered to enter without the least opposition. Not a salutation, however, did we receive collectively, not a single

* Though Tripepi never accepted the appointment, he was condemned to thirty years' imprisonment in irons, by the sovereign clemency of the magnanimous descendant of S. Louis. The punishment of this old man of seventy was reduced to twenty-seven years. He was subsequently condemned to perpetual exile from the kingdom, and was one of the sixty-six who reached England.

smile of sympathy met our eyes, not a word of affection greeted our ears.

The family of ——, who knew me personally, soon came to see me, and invited me to dinner. As I was descending from the saddle to join my companions, a woman approached my cousin, and said: "Don Giovanni, what are the Sicilians? I should like to see them."

"Look there towards that flag," answered my cousin. "Those are the Sicilians."

"Are the Sicilians men, then?" she replied. "I was told they ate children."

My cousin laughed at the woman's words, but I was little disposed to laugh. I perceived how men who fought for liberty were described, and how improbable it was that we could produce any impression upon such a populace, under existing circumstances.

The band struck up a cheerful air, and my relative and I approached to listen. At that moment an officer came to me, and ordered me to escort one of the chiefs of the provisional government to Santa Eufemia. I set off, and that evening arrived at my own town, and rejoined my family.

I had scarcely been absent a week, and yet on my entrance it was as if one who had been lost was found. My mother, my father, my sisters and brothers, hung about my neck, and seemed to fear lest I should vanish from their sight. All wept abundantly, except myself. Were their tears the presage of my sad destiny? Were they excited by the premonition, that a month later I should be a lost being? Yes; the future was revealed to the hearts of these timid loving ones. From that moment, they were immersed in grief, and I enjoyed not another moment's calm. I remained with them two days. Meanwhile the troops assembled in Santa Eufemia, which had become the seat of the provisional government.

The third of July was a bright and lovely day. We were ordered to encamp in the Piani della Corona. Though obliged to obey, I confess I did so with extreme reluctance. I felt that the speedy breaking up of the forces was certain, and that we had compromised ourselves without making

any approach to liberty; but rather that we had placed fresh arms in the hands of the king in support of his injustice. Before I set out, all my family sought to keep me, and conjured me not to leave them. I hastily tore myself from their embraces, lest my emotion should overcome me. As I descended the stairs, a hand grasped my arm: "Not even one farewell?" was uttered, followed by a burst of tears. It was —— who spoke; but an instinct more powerful than affection urged me forward at that moment for my destruction.

On the Piani della Corona we were encamped between straw stacks, which served as shelter for cattle; a quantity of dry fern spread upon the ground did service for beds, but the unpleasant odour of the place, the dust which rose in clouds, and the noise of so many voices, prevented all repose. Sentinels were posted, patrols went their rounds, banners waved from tall flag staves; but it was all a vain show! The officers knew that on the morrow there would be no camp, no sentinels, no patrol, no waving flags, no officers, no liberty;—nothing but flight or imprisonment.

It was sunset. The sun illumined the waves with flashes of vivid light, the more brilliant as its rays were about to be extinguished; the drum had beaten the retreat; every one had retired to his own quarters, when the sound of a trumpet suddenly called us to arms: a tumultuous rush and confusion followed, but was quickly succeeded by a return to order.

Accoutred for action, we were divided into three columns: one was to remain in the encampment; another to take up a position in a neighbouring wood; and the third to march a distance of four miles, to occupy a height which commanded the new road of Bagnara. It had been imagined that the Royal troops were rapidly approaching to attack us. The intelligence proved to be false; but had they come, they would have been received by us according to their deserts. The ardour of our men now amounted to wild enthusiasm, and he would have esteemed himself happy who should fire the first shot. Towards midnight the countermarch was ordered, and we returned to the camp.

Upon arriving there, about sixty of us were so much fatigued that we determined to sleep in a room of the Cascino, inhabited by the general-in-chief. We spread straw upon the floor, and threw ourselves down as if we were dead. Almost all were asleep, when a loud and sudden noise was heard. We instantly rose to our feet, and asked each other what could be the matter, when the floor suddenly gave way beneath us, and we were precipitated into the midst of joists and beams. Three muskets were discharged in the fall, to add to our fright, but happily no one was hurt. We were all huddled pell-mell one upon another, crying for help. Persons rushed to our assistance with lights, and the adventure ended in a hearty laugh. The beams which supported the floor, weakened by age, had suddenly split under the unusual weight. We accompanied the floor in its fall, but all escaped absolutely scathless, as if saved by an unseen hand.

Early the following morning, a cloud of dust appeared in the distance, and seemed to be approaching in our direction. It was caused by several horsemen, who galloped up to us in haste to bring us good news. Scarcely had they reached us, when throwing their hats in the air, breathless though they were, they shouted, "Victory! victory! *viva la libertà!* death to the tyrant!" Their cries were repeated from one end of the camp to the other; bursts of joy re-echoed along the Piani, but we were still ignorant of the cause of our exultation. "Nunziante is killed," said one of the knights-errant. "Busacco is defeated," said another. "The army has been destroyed," said a third. "Our men are marching to join you," said a fourth. Oh, joy! the cause of justice had triumphed! Vain illusion! For a long time yet it must remain down-trodden, vilified, betrayed, and exhausted.

One of the gentlemen, Signor ——, of Palmi, was known to me. I approached him to learn more minute particulars. He told me that the head of Nunziante had been carried round the Piazza di Catanzaro by the hair.

"Are you sure of what you tell me?" I asked him.

"Quite certain," he replied.

"Then it is all a fable," I answered. "The death of the general; the defeat of the soldiers; the march of the liberals; the triumph of liberty,—all is mere invention, deception, and smoke; a bald head, as I know Nunziante's to be, cannot be carried by the hair."*

He turned pale at my observation, and departed without uttering another word. In the space of six hours, to joy succeeded grief; to laughter, weeping; to falsehood, the most alarming truth. The liberals had lost the day at Ingitola. Busacco occupied Cosenza; and Nunziante, Catanzaro. Arrests had commenced; disarmament was rapidly taking place. Brigandage was begun;† acts of barbarism consummated; the sack of towns perpetrated; female honour sacrificed. Pizzo, infamous for the death of Joachim Murat, was the fatal spot where a brutal and licentious soldiery abandoned themselves to every species of cruelty; Nunziante was marching against us.

On the reception of this intelligence, the camp was suddenly broken up, arms and ammunition were flung hastily away. Some fled in one direction, some in another, some retired to their homes, and others hastened to embark for Sicily. I was among the latter when my father met me, and anxiously inquired where I was going. The defeat of Catanzaro had been officially communicated to the judge of Sinopoli, and he had informed my father in order that he might give me warning. I followed him home, accom-

* Nunziante was absolutely bald, consequently his head could not be carried about by the hair.

† The brigands had received orders from government to hunt down the liberals; but their duties were not limited to this. When they could not succeed in possessing themselves of the persons of their victims, they did not hesitate to perpetrate any species of barbarity. They would kill flocks and herds, burn fields, and even set fire to the houses of political offenders. The family of Mosciaro and others in Cosenza suffered from violent outrages of this kind. The chief of the brigands kept up a constant correspondence with the Intendente of Cosenza, and with the general commanding the province. One of these chiefs, Arnone, was promised the post of lieutenant of gendarmarie, and because he preserved the letter by which it was promised to him, he was treacherously assassinated for a bribe by one of his companions. Seven men, belonging to the same company as Arnone, although guilty of arson, felony, assassination, and crimes of every description, were set free in the island of Ischia, with an annuity of eighteen ducats per month.

panied by my comrades, who attended me to the last, and would have stood by me to death.

I remained quietly at home, but my tranquillity was that of apathy; I could not walk out without hearing myself addressed in the most offensive language. Persons who passed the house would throw up their caps and exclaim, "Long life to the king! Death to the revolutionists!" My enemies were at work for my destruction. Threatening notices to the judge were posted up. The storm was about to burst.

Alarmed by anonymous threats, the judge began to take proceedings against me, and in two days the most tremendous accusations were laid to my charge, with orders for my arrest. The conscience of the chief officer of justice smote him however. He remembered that I had only yielded to his commands, and he had not the courage to arrest me. But after the lapse of two months, the gensdarmes presented themselves, and I was obliged to fly. My concealment now began.

The life of a fugitive from justice is most wretched. The rustle of a leaf, the crawling of a reptile, the buzz of an insect, the whisper of the wind, the sound of a footstep or a distant voice, alarms him, and suffices to deprive him of appetite and rest. He has ever before his eyes visions of spies, police-agents, soldiers, manacles, fetters, and prisons. But in my case, I also saw the guillotine in perspective. Though hitherto unaccustomed to hardship, exposure, loss of sleep, and the bare ground for a couch, yet the danger which threatened me rendered me indifferent to every personal inconvenience. Sometimes I slept in a distant hut; sometimes in a cottage not far from home; sometimes I hid behind a paling, or under a tree, or concealed myself in a grotto; but I never felt safe from arrest. My enemies sedulously kept me in sight. More than once they diligently tracked my steps. A sum equal to £7 sterling was promised to any one who would seize me. Copies of the order for my arrest were distributed throughout the kingdom. My house was attacked over and over again. My own country no longer offered me a safe asylum.

It was the 10th of February, 1849. A thick stratum

of white snow covered the roofs, streets, and roads. The cold was intense, and penetrated to the very marrow of the bones; a pallid light reigned in the atmosphere; the snow-flakes had continued to descend for three days; the country was buried in silence. I was seated by the fire, reading a translation of "Milton," little fearing that in such inclement weather any one would stir abroad for the purpose of molesting me. Suddenly, a pane of glass is broken, and a stone falls in the middle of the room. I rise in astonishment, and rush to the window; when a voice reaches my ear—"Fly! escape! the military!"

Without loss of time I sped down stairs, fled through an adjoining garden, and hastened over the snow to Sinopoli Basso. I knocked at the door of ——, who cordially welcomed me, and would have made me stay, but I refused. When I had rested awhile, the son of this gentleman kindly offered to accompany me to Pedavoli. We waded through the slippery snow and thawing ice, and frequently fell; but after two hours reached that place. Here I stayed a fortnight, and enjoyed some approach to liberty. I spent the day in field sports, and in the evening indulged in intercourse with a highly respectable family. From Pedavoli I went to Oppido for a week, then spent a month at Tatrinoli, and subsequently six weeks at Casalnuovo, which was the common refuge. This city, which had greatly influenced the fall of liberty, received its victims with open arms, and allowed them to roam abroad freely, as if it cared nothing for the threats of government, and its own responsibility.

During my stay at Casalnuovo,* my mother expressed

* Casalnuovo, now Cittanuova, is a liberal town, but influenced by Gagliardi, a man most friendly to the Bourbons. He would not, however, have had any success, had it not been for D. Domenico Muratore, member of Parliament, who was also unfavourable to the revolution. When the Constitution fell, Casalnuovo continued to be liberal, and granted an asylum to all political wanderers. Although numbers of the citizens were compromised, and about twenty-four of them had joined us in camp, yet none of them suffered any molestation. The judge, who went to proceed against some, could not find a single witness. The only person disposed to act the part of Judas, was a man named Nicoletta; but he was given to understand that his life would be the forfeit of any revelations he might make, so that he very wisely held his tongue.

a strong desire to see me. I also felt the most ardent wish to embrace her once more. It was therefore agreed that I should return home, and keep closely concealed. Once more I had the pleasure of finding myself among those I loved. It was a perfect jubilee; but, alas! of short duration. I had been accompanied in my wanderings by a little dog which never left me. Upon my arrival at home no one thought of keeping it tied up. It was seen; my presence suspected; and the assault of the house decided upon. But as the plan was a hurried one, steps could not be taken with sufficient secrecy. Domenico De Leo,* one of the guards summoned in haste, informed a relative of mine, so that I was warned in time, and fled like a hunted deer. Two days afterwards I reached the house of a very near friend of our family.

Signor N—— had several sons, two daughters, two female and one manservant. The discovery that he was affording me shelter would seriously compromise him, and might reduce him to destitution. It was therefore necessary that my presence should be kept secret from his family and servants. Upon my arrival, he received me with every demonstration of friendship; and taking me by the hand, conducted me to a chamber on the third floor. After seating himself by my side, he said, "My dear friend, a rigorous search for you is now being made, as one of the leaders of the revolution. Your judge has described you as one of the most dangerous men of the district. In this house you are as secure as in a sanctuary; but you understand that my liberty is at stake in case of any imprudence. This room is never used by the family, nor indeed entered, except by one person. Neither myself, my wife, nor my servants can attend upon you; but

* Domenico De Leo had accused me, and been a witness against me; and I had been condemned on the strength of his false depositions. But as he was under great obligations to one of my uncles, he chose to make a merit of warning him of my danger. The same thing occurred in other cases, and was even carried further. Don Fr. A. Carbone, a reactionary chief in the district of Palmi, offered an asylum to three of the liberals most deeply involved, and even proposed to give testimony in their favour.

one of my daughters, who is a religious sister, shall afford you company, and supply your wants."

He embraced me, and left me. When I was alone, I began to examine the room. In the alcove stood a pretty little bed. There was a mirror, a sofa, a round table, four chairs, several sketches of Madonnas and infants, eight pictures of different saints around the walls; a silver cross was placed at the head of the bed, and some books of devotion. It was evidently the apartment of a person wholly devoted to religion. All these religious appurtenances inspired me with a sense of respect; and I stood contemplating the little silver cross, when some one knocked at the door. I opened it, and saw the sister, or the angel, whose room I was occupying.

"Good evening," she said; "will you take a cup of coffee?"

"No, I thank you," I said; but immediately perceived that my refusal disappointed her.

"Good night, then," she returned. "The bed is prepared; God grant you refreshing sleep, my poor friend! I shall see you in the morning."

I went to bed, and slept comfortably. I had scarcely dressed in the morning, when she again knocked at my door, and brought in my breakfast.

"Good morning," she said; "how have you rested? I have prayed frequently for your repose."

"I have slept most soundly; and am happy to feel that I owe it to your prayers," I replied.

She smiled, and began to spread the table-cloth.

"Breakfast is ready," said she. "Be seated; and if you do not object, I will bear you company."

I expressed the pleasure and honour I felt it to be thus privileged. We took our coffee together, but neither of us uttered a word: our eyes met, and smile answered smile; perhaps our hearts beat in unison, but that I could not tell.

Thus passed six days. We neither of us spoke, except to exchange the usual compliments. Though we sat together at breakfast, dinner, and supper, we were as reserved as if we had both been made of bronze. This state of things, however, could not last. One evening she asked

me to give her the particulars of the revolution, and of my flight and concealment. While I was describing to her the scenes which I had witnessed, and in which I had participated, she turned now red, then pale, with emotion. At the description of the scene at Lubrichi, she shed tears, and exclaimed, "Oh! my confessor is right; you are, indeed, an angel."

Not a day passed after this but she made me repeat my tale, which she learned by heart. She scarcely left me for a moment during the day, and gave up going to church. A terrific storm burst forth on the 5th of May. The sky was perfectly black, except at intervals, when vivid lightning rent the clouds, accompanied by tremendous peals of thunder. The wind whistled through the door and window frames; rain and hail noisily descended in torrents. A more furious tempest I have seldom witnessed.

I was sitting at the table reading the "Exiles of the Island of Barra;" she sat by my side knitting.

"Do you like that romance?" she asked.

"Very much," I replied.

"Do you see any resemblance between your own fate and that of the hero?"

"I cannot say that I do."

"No? Did he not love liberty? and are not you a wanderer for having loved your country? Are you not confined in this prison on that account?"

"I scarcely know how to answer your first question; but as to the last, I can assure you I never passed my time more agreeably than in this prison."

"Can you say so in truth?"

"I can, and do, upon my honour."

"Then I have been mistaken. Your paleness, and dejection, and silence for several days,—your sad and painful silence, made me think that you disliked both your prison and your keeper."

"I have no dislike either to my prison or my jailer, I can assure you; so why should I complain?"

"Oh, no! I hope you have no reason to complain of your jailer; but your jailer has reason to complain of her prisoner."

"Why! what have I done? Why did you not speak sooner, that I might free you from my presence, if it is unwelcome?"

"Do you think that your departure would either increase or diminish my pain?"

"What folly is this? what pain? I do not understand you. How have I offended? Am I so unfortunate as to have displeased you unintentionally?"

"Will you swear to keep the secret which I am about to confide to you?"

"Do you doubt me?"

"Oh, no! pray forgive me. I have lost my peace of mind. If I leave this room, an invisible hand seems to draw me back. If I shut my eyes, you are before me. I feel I must stay by you to calm my agitation. Your name is connected with all my prayers. Your misfortune oppresses me. My heart beats at your voice; I am lost!" and tears streamed from her eyes.

This revelation burst upon me like a thunder-clap. My position was such as to admit of but one remedy: I must instantly fly from the house. This decision passed rapidly through my mind. I looked at the poor girl, but knew not what to say, nor how to calm her agitation. She hastily rose, and quitted the room.

Upon being left alone, I began to reflect more calmly upon the strange occurrence which had just taken place, and concluded that a longer residence in the house would be a violation of the rites of hospitality, and of my own self-respect. Determining to leave on the following day, I undressed and went to bed. Sleep, however, forsook me; and I spent the whole night in reviewing the scene, which appeared to me a dream.

The following morning at breakfast, the wife of Signor N—— entered the room.

"My daughter is very ill," said she; "I will take her place until she is better."

It appeared to me a favourable opportunity of informing her of my intention to leave. I told her how much I regretted the great inconvenience which I had caused her, but that it would cease on that day.

"What do you mean?" she asked.

"That I must leave this house, madam; I have already given you too much trouble."

"Oh! we feel it no trouble; we look upon you as a son, and wish to keep you till the country is quiet."

"My dear madam, you are indeed kind; but I can no longer endure this strict seclusion. If you look upon me as your own, as you say, you will suffer me to leave at once."

"Well, I will inform my husband, and send him to you."

The day passed over, but Signor N—— did not appear. At supper-time, instead of his wife, his other daughter came. I inquired for her father, and she answered, that he would not be at home until late at night. After having prepared the table, she went to the door as if to listen; and then, coming back, said, "Do not go to bed; I want you to come downstairs with me, when they are all asleep."

"Where to?"

"To see my sister."

"Why when all are asleep?"

"Because she does not wish any one to know."

"I cannot do so; I must not enter her bed-room."

"You shall come! you must come! you have killed her!" cried she, vehemently, and left the room.

Her words turned me icy cold; but my conscience was free from reproach. I loved the *religieuse*, but with a love which might be characterized as friendship, mingled with gratitude. Not an equivocal word had ever escaped my lips. The thought of the hospitality I was receiving would have sufficed to stifle any tender sentiment, had it ever existed. I could not comprehend how she could have conceived so passionate a regard for me, as to wring so painful a confession from her.

I was young, it is true; and my appearance was very different from that which a long imprisonment has since made it: but I was not an Apollo Belvedere, not a Socrates nor a Washington; in fact, I was not a man to attract any attention. But what of that? each sex has its caprices, and sees with its own eyes.

"What am I to do?" I asked myself; "ought I to return her love? Shall I go to see her or not?"

On the one hand, delicacy prohibited me from going; on the other, gratitude and sympathy counselled the contrary. Had I been left to myself, I should, perhaps, not have gone; but my tempter again appeared, and I followed her as if to the scaffold.

Having entered the room of the invalid, I stood still, at a distance from her. She called me to her side. "I am very, very ill," she said, extending her hand, that I might feel her pulse. She had, indeed, a most intense fever. Looking round the room, and seeing that we were alone, she made a great effort, and said:

"I shall find repose in the tomb. Will you pardon me for the confession which I made to you of my weakness and folly?" and she burst into tears.

My heart was not insensible, nor unsusceptible of gentle emotions; nor did my blood circulate coldly or slowly in my veins. The emotion I experienced overcame me, and I wept with her. She looked at me as if she doubted the evidence of her senses.

"Can it be that you weep?" she said. "Oh, then, you are not so cruel, after all;—you will pardon me?"

"What have I to forgive?" I said. "It is I who am guilty, involuntarily guilty. I would give my life to restore you to health."

"Then you care for my health?"

"With all my heart and soul. Do you suppose I can ever forget how much I owe you?—all the care, and compassion, and friendship you have shown me? Oh! I should be a monster of ingratitude!"

"It is simply from gratitude, then, that you would wish to see me well?"

"From what else would you wish it to be? Any other sentiment would be an indelible disgrace to me."

"Then I am lost!" and she turned to the other side of the bed.

"For pity's sake," I exclaimed, "tell me what I am to do? What sentiment do you wish me to feel towards you? Am I not your father's guest? Would you wish him to

suppose that I have voluntarily entrapped the affections of his daughter? Are you not on the point of taking the veil? Have I not a sentence of death hanging over me? If I were so insane as to lay all other considerations aside, would not that single circumstance be sufficient to arrest me,—to stifle every sentiment of love? The struggle I am now undergoing is too much for me. If you really love me, this is the last time that you will speak to me of love."

"Ah! yes; you cannot, you ought not to love. Let my destiny be fulfilled. May God have mercy upon me. I have forgotten Him during the past two months, and am now, oh! how severely punished."

We remained together two hours without speaking again, my heart lacerated with the most acute torture. I saw that I must not stay any longer, and breaking silence, I said:

"The night is far advanced, I must leave you."

"Yes," she replied; "adieu."

I went to bed, but mental agitation prevented me from closing my eyes. Early in the morning, Signor N—— entered my room, and reproached me for my intention of leaving the secure asylum with which he had provided me, to expose myself to the peril of arrest at such a critical moment. He concluded by saying, that he should not suffer me to leave without the express orders of my father. "You brought a letter with you," he said, "and another letter must recall you." I employed every argument I could think of, but in vain, and therefore determined to conform to circumstances; but was fully resolved not to visit the invalid again, however much she might press me to do so. I felt my own powerlessness to resist the voice of that feeble being who so candidly confessed her love for me. Fearing lest I should finally succumb, like Icarus, and feel myself dishonoured, I determined to avoid the contest.

In the evening, I was occupied in writing a letter to my father, begging of him to allow me to depart from the house, when Signor N—— came in, and sat down.

"I have come," he said, "to bear you company until

the household are gone to bed, and then we will go down together to see my daughter, who is exceedingly ill; the doctors do not know that they can save her life."

"Do not be disheartened; I trust the danger is not so great as they suppose, and that some effectual remedy may be found."

"The hope that you may be able to offer some suggestion makes me wish you to examine her; she also wishes it herself."

I could not refuse his request, without having some valid objection to urge: the true reason, of course, I neither could nor would state, and we therefore descended together. After a minute examination of her symptoms, I found that my hopes were not without foundation. She was rather better than the evening before, though not out of danger. After we had been half an hour in the room, he said, "Stay and talk with her a little while. I will soon return."

I stood mute; my eyes fixed upon her pale face. She languidly regarded me with a look of bitter grief. In gentle tones she said, "And you would leave me in this state? What have I done to merit your hatred? Yes! you would fly from the house on my account; you cannot deny it."

"Not on your account, no; but for my own honour; for the sake of duty, and everything most sacred in the world."

At this moment her father returned, and we left the room together.

Every evening for a fortnight I went to see her, and she gradually recovered. I carefully avoided uttering a word even expressive of friendship. She was most reserved, and, indeed, seemed to have taken a dislike to me. Her indifference, however, was far from displeasing; and I thanked heaven for having delivered her from an affection which tormented her. In a month she was quite restored, except for a slight cough, and a hectic flush, which tinged her cheeks. She no sooner left her bed than she came to see me, from time to time, during the day, and never failed to spend the whole evening with me. We talked upon

indifferent subjects, as if we had then met for the first time. Sometimes I read aloud a passage from S. Augustine, sometimes a stanza from Tasso,—all seemed tranquil and perfect calm. But it was not to last. It was but a truce preparatory to renewed warfare;—a deep but rapid current, which was to burst its bonds, and hurry its victim to destruction. The effort which she made to conceal her emotions was too much for her strength. A sudden passionate burst of grief was followed by frightful hœmorrhage from the lungs. With trembling apprehension I supported her in my arms, and rang the bell. Her father and mother rushed upstairs in alarm. I bled her immediately, and prescribed a medicine. We laid her upon my bed. The hœmorrhage ceased, but fever supervened, and the lungs were fearfully irritable.

The loss of blood had reduced her to the lowest extremity, and she was pale as a corpse; her eyes livid; her lips half open; her breathing quick; she seemed on the point of expiring. Her parents stood weeping by the bed. I could not weep; grief had dried the current of my tears. At the sight of one who had overwhelmed me with attention and kindness; of that lovely, amiable being, worthy of a better fate; of her, in short, who, like a faded flower, lay suffering upon the bed,—at that sight I should surely have wept with despair. I was alive, it is true, but I felt death in my heart. I seemed to myself like a lifeless thing. I stood by, watching her breathing and the action of the lungs; at length I touched her, to draw her attention to the medicine which I held ready in my hand. She opened her eyes, and said faintly, but not too low to be heard by her father:

"Take away the medicine, and let me die."

"Why would you die, my child? What have your parents done that you should wish to leave them?"

"Ask ——," she answered. "I am on the borders of the grave; what is the good of concealment? Favours are not refused to the dying. Tell my father all; you have nothing to blush for. I, I only have reason to be ashamed; but I have still strength to drink the bitter draught to the last drop."

Her father, at first, was struck dumb with astonishment. But his countenance assumed an expression of fierceness, and he harshly demanded, "What does this mean? What have you done to kill my angel child? what have you done? Tell me, I say;" and he shook me by the arm.

His wife, frightened at her husband's excitement, approached him as if to restrain him. He, however, kept fast hold of me, but he held an unresisting statue.

"Oh, papa! do not hurt him," said his daughter. "He is not to blame; he has never said a word to offend me. He is every way worthy of your esteem and affection. Indeed, you do him injustice, if you think him to blame in any respect."

These words disarmed Signor N——'s sudden resentment. He relinquished my arm, and calmly said, "Pray explain this mystery. I have done you wrong in supposing you could be guilty of anything dishonourable, but you must forgive the excitement of a sorrowing father."

Having recovered from my first shock, emboldened by the purity of my conscience, I replied that I would tell him all without reserve, if he would leave the room with me. He immediately agreed to my proposition; but the invalid opposed it, declaring, that as my revelation affected her so closely, she wished to hear every word. Making a great effort over myself, I began the narration; as far as possible softening those circumstances which modesty, and respect for the young girl, made me reluctant to detail in full. Signor N—— listened to me with great calmness, and without the smallest show of resentment. When I had finished, he looked at me with an expression of tenderness; then turned to his daughter with a kind smile, and covered his face with both his hands. After a moment's silence, he took my hand, and said:

"Well, then, if I understand you, it was duty and decorum which prevented you from returning my daughter's love? It was the oppressive weight upon your mind

which arrested your tenderness? I have no reason to doubt this. That no other sentiment has influenced you, I willingly believe. I should myself have acted just as you have done. Cursed is he who betrays hospitality! Cursed is he who gives way to his feelings, at the expense of justice, honour, and gratitude! But if I were to free you from every bond, and the responsibility which oppresses you, what would be your feelings then? Do you think you could love my daughter?"

"Yes, yes! I should, indeed, love her with all my heart and soul."

"Love her, then; and may your love not be a remedy which comes too late."

The young girl's face assumed a flush of pleasure; her eyes shone with joy; a smile played upon her lips; her heart beat with delight; and she softly said, "*I do not wish to die now.*"

These words penetrated my very heart. Oh! I did love her at that moment, and would have laid down my life for her.

I seldom left her after this, and never for long together. I had become her chief nurse. How happy I was to be allowed to wait upon her; oh! how her smile comforted me. She did not improve, however. The fever, cough, and all other symptoms continued, and, indeed, increased in violence. Yet the hope with which I sought to cheer her had great influence over her morally.

A week passed in this manner, when unexpected events compelled me again to change my residence, and I was obliged to depart. Our parting was grievous, and painful in the extreme. For nearly a year she struggled with her weakness. We corresponded; I wrote to her from my concealment and from prison, but too soon I received intelligence of her death. By a fatal coincidence, she died exactly a year after our first acquaintance. Her sufferings ended just as mine began.

A fortnight after my condemnation, my father came to see me in prison, and consigned to me a small box. I opened it, and was much moved. It contained a lock of

hair, a ring, with her name engraved upon it, and a note containing the following lines :—

" Io, se pur amano
Le fredde ceneri
Nell' urna ancora
Ti adorerò."*

I shed a tear, then buried my grief in my bosom; but to this day my spirit mourns at the remembrance of her misfortune. It is grief, however, and not remorse, which I feel.

* If cold ashes can love, even in my tomb I shall adore thee.

CHAPTER I.

Two thousand warrants of arrest were issued throughout the province. With the exception of a few individuals who had been seized unexpectedly, all the rebels were still wandering at large. The government felt the most serious apprehensions respecting these men, who were known to be armed, and might unite to attempt a decisive movement. Discontent grew stronger every day, and rumours of a fresh revolt were rife. For these reasons, the king determined to invest General Nunziante with full powers, and appoint him commander of the three Calabrias.

A deceitful proclamation was issued, inviting all political wanderers to return to their homes until fresh orders should be issued. Public prosecutors were engaged. A commission was established, to classify the rebels. Upwards of a thousand of those who were compromised were struck by an indult. The influence of gold and the shameless partiality and perjury of the magistrates were made clearly manifest. The leaders were liberated; the inferior offenders treated as leaders, and a year afterwards condemned to imprisonment. Some were ordered to surrender themselves as prisoners, and trust to sovereign clemency.*

* In order to classify the political offenders, the government established a commission composed of General Fleuzi, the Intendente Corrado, and the Procurator-general Morelli. They divided the accused into three orders. Before making this classification, however, the Judge De Agostino was sent to the province of Reggio, in order to collect all the information possible. He was accompanied by his faithful chancellor, who served him very well. As the pair began to make their round of the different towns, the news of their visit spread, and all who had figured in the revolution hastened to open their purses. Their offerings were not refused, but in order that the victims should reach the number assigned, it was necessary to find other ringleaders and accessories. Hence it happened that the true chiefs were treated leniently, and their subordinates met with the punishment assigned to the leaders. The charge-sheet thus made out was presented to the commission, who, without further examination, left all to the decision of Judge Agostino.

The ordinary court had been converted into a special court. The new Procurator-general carried on the work of extermination. The guillotine was in constant request. Secret orders were transmitted to the judges. Imprisonment in the Ergastolo was inflicted for a mere word.* My enemies pursued me relentlessly. I had no hope of escaping sentence of death. The government shamelessly violated its promises, and every principle of justice, where liberalism was concerned. I was anxious to abandon my country. But how, when, and whither should I fly? With a little vigilance, I could have executed my intention. Nunziante regarded the expatriation of political agitators with indulgence;† but my parents strongly opposed my departure, and I would not disobey them. "I shall die," said my mother, "if you leave the kingdom. Wait at least to see how your case is decided."

In the month of July, 1850, I had quitted home, and was staying at the country house of Signor B——. The heat was so excessive, although it was evening, that almost all clothing was insupportable. On one side of me stood a bottle of iced wine, on the other a basket of fruit, in front a napkin spread out with light provisions. At the age of twenty-seven the appetite is good, and I was doing honour to my supper. I had just finished, when a nightingale began to warble its sweet melody beneath my window. I rose and went to the window, which commanded a view of the garden-path, to enjoy the sylvan music. The moon was shining, and I perceived in the distance a glittering light, which seemed to be moving rapidly towards me. While anxiously watching it, I thought I heard voices. I was soon convinced that armed men were approaching, and that the glitter which I remarked was that of their bayonets. Half undressed as I was, I flew down stairs and out of the house. The enemy was close upon me.

* Francesco Bellantone, of Reggio, was condemned to the Ergastolo for speaking unfavourably of the queen; many others for offences equally trivial.

† Trusting to the promises of clemency made by the king, Nunziante had given it to be understood that the trials would be a mere formality, and only carried out to satisfy the monarch. When he discovered his mistake, he wished that criminals should escape from the country, and therefore prevented the coast from being too rigorously watched.

About ten steps from the door was an exceedingly narrow cutting with a hedge on each side, which served as a course for a rivulet. I crept through it like a rat, and overcoming every obstacle, emerged into a grove of chestnut trees. The soldiers still seemed to be just behind me, and I did not stop until I reached a hut a mile distant from the place. Here my strength failed, and I fell. My cap, hair, and shirt had been torn off by the thorns; my shoes and stockings lost in the rivulet. My face, arms, and hands were lacerated and bleeding; my feet and legs swollen and punctured with the sharp points of the chestnut husks. As I became cool, I suffered excruciating pain. I could not possibly stand, and, crawling along with the utmost difficulty, I entered the hut, and stretched myself on the ground, which was covered with dry leaves and fern. Oh! how long did that night appear; but it finished at length, like everything else in this world.

Day was just dawning above the horizon, the birds were fluttering among the branches of the green chestnuts; the grasshopper filled the air with its monotonous cry; nature was all joyous, but I was overcome with trouble, and utterly incapable of moving. When it became quite light, the daughter of the proprietor of the place ran hastily into the hut. Feeling sure that it was unoccupied, she took off the handkerchief from her neck, and began to wipe the perspiration from her person. The dim light of the hut, and the quantity of leaves which I had heaped around me, hid me from her sight; but at the noise made by a lizard crawling over the dried leaves, she came to the end of the place, discovered me, and uttered a shriek. I called her by her name; and when she was close to me, and saw me bleeding and torn, and with livid face and limbs, with the tenderest sorrow she exclaimed, "Poor fellow! what a state you are in." I showed her my feet, punctured with thousands of thorns. She dragged me to the light in the doorway of the cabin, and began with a pin to extract the thorns which tormented me. Some were removed without difficulty, because they had only half penetrated, and one end was left visible; but the greater part were broken in the flesh, and were not pulled out without causing me the

most intense anguish. In proportion, however, as the thorns were drawn out, blood flowed from the punctures, and the swelling and pain decreased. I was able to place the soles of my feet on the ground, but not to walk. In the course of two hours the girl's mother and brother came to see me. Under their rough peasant garb beat three noble hearts. Without loss of time they warmed some wine, and washed my disfigured face and wounded limbs.

The young girl ran to my home to inform my friends of my misfortune, and returned shortly afterwards with a supply of clothes, accompanied by my brother and cousin. I remained in the hut until evening, when four of my friends, who had been with me in our revolutionary movement, formed a chair of their hands and conveyed me to the house of a rich pastor at the extremity of the village.

My father's house, meanwhile, was attacked every evening. The peace of those dear to me, who were already sufficiently afflicted, was constantly disturbed. My sisters were obliged to leave their rooms that their beds might be searched. Every corner, chest, and crevice was minutely examined. The walls were broken with axes in many places. The flooring was pulled up wherever it sounded in the least hollow. My father was threatened with arrest, my brothers served with legal notice, the rest of the family menaced with domestic seclusion in Palmi, and four gens-darmes were quartered in the house. To fly the country was now impossible; no one dared to offer me an asylum, for fear of being compromised; all the other revolutionists had given themselves up, and I decided to place myself in the hands of justice, or rather in the power of the tyrant.

On the 2nd of September, 1850, I awoke in the castle of Reggio, in the midst of dear and valued friends, who like myself were accused of political crimes. In order to attract as many as possible of those who were in concealment, the government had thrown out its bait far and wide. All the Neros, according to its agents, had become Tituses; all the tigers were metamorphosed into lambs;

all the serpents changed into doves. It was marvellous to see the respect of those angelic beings, termed gensdarmes, sbirri, commissaries, intendents, and the rest. There was no species of indulgence which was not allowed to those political offenders who would present themselves. Visits might be received from friends and relatives from morning to night, and they had permission to sleep in the prison. Music, dancing, books, journals, correspondence, games of every description;—nothing was wanting, in short, to render the prison a place of recreation. During the night the wicket would remain open, so that any one was free to wander at pleasure round the semi-ruined castle. The soldiers would share in our diversions, eat with us, leave their guns to dance quadrilles, and offer to desert with those who wished to fly. Hope held us with its golden chain, and daily increased the number of dupes.

About a week after my arrival, I was summoned to be examined. Two gensdarmes conducted me to the tribunal, but without manacling me. This cost me two shillings. A month later, my act of accusation was brought to me. It accused me of conspiring against the existing government, of sectarianism, of having made an attempt against royalty, of being a Sicilian emissary, the head of a band of rebels, chief agent in the movement of Sinopoli, the destroyer of the busts of the king and queen, the promoter of excitement, the fomenter of discontent, the most bitter enemy of the Bourbons;—a list of offences, in short, any one of which was sufficient to send me to the scaffold. I ordered an analysis of my trial, and obtained it for a sum equal to £1. On opening it what do I see? The names of forty-two witnesses, at the head of which stands the judge, the chief of the National Guard, and the father of the physician Ventra. It would be impossible to describe my rage on reading the names of Fimmanò and Trimarchi, who had commanded me to follow the rebels. But the evil was irreparable. I had fallen into the trap.

Meanwhile, by deceitful blandishments, the government had gained possession of almost all the political wanderers, and consequently no longer considered it necessary to continue to employ caresses. Then restrictions began. Friends

were no longer allowed to come without the permission of the Procurator-general; no letters were delivered which had not been read and re-read; no more packages without the strictest examination; no longer liberty to roam through the castle precincts. I now began to feel that I was indeed in prison, but still it was tolerable.

The keeper of the prison was not a bad man in reality, and never refused any favour asked by a prisoner if he could avoid it. Our purses suffered a little in consequence, it is true, but that was of small importance. His amiability was, however, reported to Sig. Morelli, and he was immediately replaced by D. Giacchino Basile, nicknamed Cerberus. He was a fierce-looking man, with a rough voice, repulsive manner, perfidious heart, and vicious conduct;—the right hand of the cruel Morelli.* Like the greater part of the servants of Ferdinand the Second, he never neglected to take all he could get; but the day following he would forget all about it. A new favour must be purchased with fresh pay. Woe to him who was

* He was an old dog to whom a bone had been promised on condition that he performed the government a service. This was no other than to destroy the prisoners confined for political offences. Aided by the commissary of police, he insinuated to the common prisoners that all the annoyances to which they were subjected, were occasioned by the political prisoners, who hated them because they knew them to be friends of the king. He assured them that most of them would be set at liberty if they would but destroy one or two of the chief political offenders. Some were inclined to listen to him, while others resolutely refused to do so; but upon the arrival of a man named Fedele, the conspiracy began, though happily it proved fatal to none of those against whom it was planned. The lowest class of political prisoners, only about four or five in number, were confined in the basement story of the prison, and the plan had no reference to them. Fedele so arranged it that when those of the upper story went out into the court, the common prisoners began to throw stones at them. One afternoon in September, 1850, they were thus assailed with a shower of flint stones. Some of them were struck, but as the doors were open, they took refuge in their rooms. On hearing the noise the gensdarmes fired and killed two of the offenders. But not even the sight of their prostrate companions could restrain the fury of the assailants, and they continued to throw stones as long as one was left in the court. With the exception of a few who were struck in the first instance, the political prisoners escaped unharmed, but more than one of the assailants had his head broken by the missiles thrown back by the courageous Gregory Filaci. It was the moderation, however, of the political prisoners which caused this affair to pass off as harmlessly for them as it did.

not rich! Your money or your life, was his motto. Sometimes he would leave us locked up two hours longer than usual. At others he would not open our rooms till the afternoon. At one time he would forbid the prison officers to enter, at another drive the vivandiers away. He would come and awake us at night by knocking at the grating. In short, he did everything in his power to make us give him money. We all united and subscribed a sum of £4, which we offered to him. He, however, refused to accept it, saying, if any one wished to pay him this compliment, he could do so privately. The old fox knew very well that he should gain much more by receiving separate sums and favouring those most who paid the best.

This state of things continued until May, 1851, when I was called to undergo an examination, and a month afterwards my trial began. Twenty-four of us were included in the same accusation. Bound with fetters and cords, we were taken before the tribunal every morning. Upon retiring one day, I was seized with sudden chill and violent bronchitis. The next day, I refused to attend the trial because I was in a high fever. A doctor was sent to examine me. He allowed that I was very ill, but said that I was not so near death but that I was quite able to sit up. At this insult, I told him that he was a wretch unworthy of the name of a man. "At all events, I am not a rebel," he said quietly, and took his departure. I was dragged by force to the tribunal, but was so ill that I looked like a corpse. Morelli saw me, and, miraculous to tell, his heart was melted at the sight, and I was sent back to prison. I was better in a week, and the trial was resumed.

CHAPTER II.

Our trial would have begun, continued, and finished like all the rest,—that is to say, with false swearers for witnesses, enemies for informers, prejudice for counsel, fear of the judges to bias testimony, and injustice as the all-pervading spirit,—if some facts had not rendered it singular. Of the twenty-four involved in the same accusation, twenty-two belonged to Santa Eufemia. At the time of the Constitution this town was divided into two parties, the liberals and the retrogradists; but, as liberty began to progress, the latter thought proper to make a show of abandoning the field to the liberals. In secret, however, they busied themselves in sowing the seeds of discord and civil war, which were very near proving fatal to themselves. Times changed, and the liberals had to lay down their arms. But had they not offended, or had they even saved the lives of their opponents, the Codini, these would still have panted for their destruction, and devised the means of compassing it. The director of the sect was Fimmanò. They assembled all their forces, made a list of those who were to be subjected to government persecution, decided who should be the accusers and the witnesses, and then began their plan of operations. All the posts formerly occupied by the liberals were again given to them, and this enabled them to inspire terror, and to reckon upon the silence even of those who disapproved of their infamous conduct. Not a gentleman escaped a place upon their fatal list, at the head of which stood the archpriest Zagarella. But as some hesitated to affirm on oath the fables which had been prepared for them, the whole edifice would have crumbled into dust had not a prompt remedy been found. From the opening of the trial to its close, the most perfidious member of the Gioffrè family, D. Luigi, the physician, was present at the examination of

the witnesses after having given his own testimony. His presence fortified perjury, and thus the matter was set right. But this man sought not only to control the will of the spirits of evil, but of those who were sincere and had been summoned as witnesses in favour of the accused. When the testimony began to be heard for and against the Gioffrè, he still maintained his post, and caused the words to die away on the lips of the witnesses. This aroused the attention of the accused; Gioffrè was watched, his expulsion demanded, and acceded to by the president. So clear was it that the testimony was false, that Zagarella was declared innocent, although no opportunity was afforded him of defending himself; fifty witnesses were examined against him, and the lightest charge was, that he had been the chief of the conspirators. But the contradictions as to time and circumstances were so flagrant as to disprove the fact itself; and the penalty of death, demanded by Morelli, was exchanged for a verdict of *not guilty*.

After three months of indecision, and the occurrence of various incidents, the day of decision arrived in our case. I felt quite certain that I should be condemned, and had long since endeavoured to reconcile myself to my lot. That which I felt the greatest grievance was, to see the very men who had ordered me to join the rebels, or had themselves taken part with the liberals, appear as witnesses against me.*

Although a crushing accusation hung over me, I had uttered such reproaches, and against such individuals, as could do no less than produce some impression upon the minds of the judges.† On the 11th of November we were

* A certain priest, Mangeruva, amongst others, had professed to be an ardent liberal, and had concealed me in his house for a month. When he, therefore, deposed against me as a witness, I could not forbear reproaching him with his inconsistency. "What harm have I done you?" said he. "What have I said, after all, but that, except for you, the town would have remained quiet?" He had declared that I was a leader in the revolution, and then said that he had done me no harm!

† By means of the most irrefragable proofs, in opposition to the accusations brought against me, I demonstrated—1st, That I had simply obeyed the orders of the judge Fimmanò, who was already dead. 2nd, That I was under command, and not commander of the camp. 3rd, That my musket was given me by the chief of the National Guard. 4th, That I

taken before the grand special court: the public prosecutor began his requisitory without mentioning me by name. There had not been a case previously in which Morelli had not given way to the most violent passion, and applied the most shameful epithets to the defendants; but in ours, though still grossly unjust and sarcastic, he maintained a somewhat more decorous reserve. Seated on the same bench as the prisoners was a priest who offered a true pattern of morality and Christianity; the rest were physicians, surgeons, advocates, and proprietors; our appearance, therefore, was greatly at variance with the terms brigands, thieves, communists, anarchists, mob, dregs of the populace, malefactors, and the like, with which Morelli opened his charge. He described Signor Zagarella as the sun, and the rest of the prisoners as planets which moved round him. After having condemned the principal luminary to death, and the subordinate lights to thirty years in irons, he mentioned my name. "D. Antonio Nicolò still remains to be mentioned," said he; "he is not a sun, but a fixed star, though he considers himself infinitely greater than the sun, and nourishes the ambitious desire of obscuring all the suns of the universe. Look at him at this moment! He is young, independent, and quite indifferent to what is passing around him. He looks at me with an air of defiance. He is a root, a venomous root, which must be extirpated; otherwise it may produce a noxious and deadly tree. As a sectarian conspirator, author of a murderous attempt, chief of an armed band, and emissary of the provisional government, I condemn him to death with the third grade of public example."

I replied to his condemnation of death with a smile, but my father wept amidst the audience, who cursed the monster. This sentence hung over me during three days, while the advocates terminated their appeals. On the 14th of November, 1851, I was condemned to nineteen years' im-

had hidden the busts of the king in order that they might not be injured. 5th, That I had mainly contributed to save the life of the man committed to my custody at Lubrichi. 6th, That I had always been the friend of order. 7th, That the proclamation of the provisional government had been posted up while I was absent from the town.

prisonment in irons, and £100 costs. In order to pronounce this sentence against me, the court had absolved me from the most serious charges, and condemned me for crimes purely imaginary. Domenico De Leo had deposed that, in the month of May, 1848, I had affixed a proclamation of the provisional government of Santa Eufemia upon the walls of the Communal house. Could I do this while the government had no existence? How could I, in May, post up a proclamation which was not printed until July? But truth is of little importance when condemnation must be secured at all hazards. The cells of the castle were vacated two months afterwards, and I was transferred to the dungeon of S. Francesco. Being condemned to irons I was placed in the lower story, which was damp, fetid, and crowded with the vilest criminals.* Here we were not allowed to enjoy the air more than two hours a day, and it often happened that we were deprived even of this for three or four days together.† Everything sent for us from our families was repeatedly examined, its quantity frequently reduced to one-tenth by the officers of the prison, and sometimes it disappeared altogether.‡ At midnight we were awoke by the violent opening and shutting of the iron doors; the windows were kept open all night as well as by day, however inclement the weather; upon any disturbance among the prisoners, musket balls were fired in torrents through all the apertures; every day beds and

* Any one who had the means to pay 12 *carlini* to the head turnkey obtained permission to be placed on the upper floor, where better air and other privileges were enjoyed. But the best places, when thus occupied, were no longer a source of profit to the turnkey. He, therefore, constantly sent reports of pretended attempts at escape, etc., to the Procurator-general, the result of which was the removal of prisoners from the upper floor to the lower, and *vice versa*. This occurrence took place about once a fortnight, and was very profitable to the turnkey, D. Francesco Paolo Papalia, both by enabling him to dispose of the best places over and over again, and by inducing prisoners to pay, that they might be sent down to the lower story.

† When any disturbance occurred among this precious set, the iron bars remained shut for three or four days, and the prisoners were not allowed to go into the court.

‡ Never a day passed without the friends of the prisoners coming to bring provisions, and as the prisoners could not go to receive them personally, the turnkeys kept possession of the greater part.

other objects were turned over and left in confusion in the search for arms, which the turnkeys themselves carried in. It was a wretched state, but much worse was to follow. Shortly after this, alarming earthquakes shook the city repeatedly during an entire month; the prison threatened to fall, and the prisoners asked to be set at liberty. "Yes, yes," was the reply; but the sentinels were doubled, cavalry soldiers were posted with their guns turned towards the windows, and two pieces of cannon pointed at the door of the prison. "The guns will look after your safety at the first word you utter," said the lieutenant of the line, and all remained silent, knowing that the threat was not uttered in jest by one so well accustomed to sacrifice the weak and defenceless.

One morning in July we were summoned before the tribunal. Upon our arrival a reprieve was read to us; my punishment was reduced to thirteen years in irons. A fortnight afterwards, Signor Morelli ordered my departure for Nisida. The transfer of the prisoners from Reggio to Nisida was made on foot with several halts; they were chained two and two, and then all bound together with a long cord, to the number of thirty. During the route of 400 miles, the escort was changed at thirty different places, but the prisoners were obliged to keep walking incessantly, however tired or incompetent. At the different stations at which the prisoners remained for the night they were lodged in vile dungeons, subterranean vaults of old baronial castles, or abandoned stowing places filled with insects and every kind of revolting filth. The heat of the summer was excessive, and such a journey I knew would kill me; this dreadful picture of my future destiny made me seriously think of trying to escape.

My father, who was then in Reggio with two of my sisters, tried every means to obtain permission for me to go by steamer, but Morelli pertinaciously refused up to the very last, so that it seemed inevitable that I must go and face death. After four years' inaction I was to travel 400 miles on foot, in the midst of dangers, and accompanied by Bourbon satellites. But I had no wish to die, and was resolved not to go by land: nor did I, in spite of Morelli's rage. The

day fixed for the departure was the 4th August, 1852 We received notice three days before to be in readiness; I wrote word to my father not to be alarmed if I did not appear at the grating, nor if he heard that I was ill, but to pretend to be deeply affected at my state.

On the first day I kept in bed without touching food; on the second I took a strong purgative, and again abstained from food. The rumour that I was ill began to circulate in the prison; at night of the third day I took an emetic, which prostrated me so completely that I caused the head jailer to be sent for that he might see the state in which I was. On seeing me he was quite frightened, but nothing could be done until the morning. My plan had succeeded, and I believed myself saved.

In the morning the gensdarmes came to the entrance and called me, but I did not answer. They continued to utter my name, but I kept quite still, and some one else told them that I had been ill for three days, and was dying. Gensdarmes, soldiers, and turnkeys now entered with furious imprecations; but at sight of me they hesitated, paused, and looked at each other: I scarcely breathed. After a moment the serjeant came close to me, and asked me what was the matter. Languidly opening my eyes, I made him a sign that I was very ill;—in fact, I could scarcely speak. He was a father, and was moved to compassion. "Keep up your courage," he said, and went away with his train of attendants. A report was sent to Morelli; he turned pale with rage, and declared, "He shall go if he is dying." The men again made their appearance, and tried to dress me, but could not suceeed, for I had become a mere lifeless mass. Half dressed and half undressed, they carried me out upon the bed; the prisoners ran away when they were called to carry me out, but more than one of them was beaten, and they were obliged to obey.

As I was placed on the ground outside the door, my father, sisters, cousins, and other relations, began to weep bitterly; many women, too, cried. The gensdarmes seemed as if they were paralysed; all the keepers looked frightened; the head jailer shrugged his shoulders. My hands were crossed upon my breast, and I looked like a corpse

on the way to the churchyard. This scene had lasted some few minutes, when a serjeant-major of gensdarmes appeared, accompanied by two physicians. They had no sooner caught sight of me, than, without speaking to me, they turned to the gensdarmes, and said, "A corpse cannot travel!" and I was there and then carried on my bed to the hospital. I was now, indeed, safe; and experienced one of those moments of satisfaction which are rare in this life. It would be three months before another departure, and in that space of time, surely I could contrive some means of going by steamer. At the hospital, in bed, well attended to, and enjoying the dinners sent by my relatives, I was far better off than before. In a few days I was quite well; but I kept my bed for a fortnight, for the sake of upholding the credit of the physicians. I wrote to one of my friends at Naples, and a month afterwards, Morelli received orders to send me thither by the steamer, at the expense of the government.* This greatly enraged him, but he had no choice. The only harm he could do me was to dispatch me at once, without giving me notice,—and this he determined to do.

On the evening of the 9th of September, I was summoned to the wicket, and found there a fine young man, a corporal of gendarmerie. "Signore," he said, "I am disobeying orders; but before I became a gendarme I was a respectable man.† To-morrow you are to leave for Nisida. Everything is ready: I shall be your conductor. You would, perhaps, like to make some arrangements; but take care that nothing is discovered, so that I am found out."

"Would you convey a letter to my father?" I asked.

"With pleasure; only be as quick as possible."

I wrote a line, to request my father to come and speak to me. Shortly afterwards he came, and I told him what I had learned. In the greatest haste, he prepared me a box

* Morelli, however, made me pay for myself, and tried also to make me pay the passage of the corporal who accompanied me. My father insisted that such were not the orders of the government. "But they are mine," said Morelli. The matter was compromised by my father paying for me only.

† He was descended from a noble but decayed Sicilian family.

of linen and clothes, a mattrass, and all the money he could spare. We decided that I should see my relatives in the morning, as they lived near the shore. It was scarcely light, when the corporal entered the prison, called me, manacled and bound me, and we set off. My sisters, father, and relatives were outside the gate. They began to weep at sight of me, ran to me, and threw themselves sobbing on my neck. I wept too, and in the midst of this melancholy party, set out for the place of embarkation. My father, and one of my cousins, followed me on board the steamer. There my father embraced me again and again; and without being able to utter a word, left me a prey to grief, at the miserable prospect that awaited me.

The machinery was set in motion, and the steamer began to move in the direction of Messina. When we had fairly quitted the shore, the corporal released me from my fetters, and told me I could move about at my pleasure. I thanked him, and gladly availed myself of the permission.

We soon arrived at Messina. The captain announced that the vessel would stay there until evening, and that the passengers could go into the city if they chose, and would return before the hour of departure. No one remained on board except a few sailors, the corporal, and myself. As the passengers descended into the boats, I watched them with longing looks, and my eye followed them to the town. The corporal observed me, and seemed to guess the thoughts which were passing in my mind. "What are you thinking about, Signore? I would lay a wager that you would like to take a turn in the city."

I looked at him without making him any answer.

"I know that you have friends in Messina," he continued, "but you are not aware that you have one nearer still; and that it was only with the hope of being of service to you that I offered to escort you to Nisida."

I looked at him again, scarcely believing what I heard.

"I cannot go into the city with you," he said, "without going to head-quarters, and explaining the reason; but you are at liberty to go by yourself, and return when the steamer leaves for Naples. You are a man of honour; I place my liberty in your hands."

Seeing that I still hesitated, he resumed:

"You think that I am in joke. Well, then, we will go together, cost me what it may."

He took me by the arm, led me to the little boat, and immediately rowed off. Upon reaching the town, he said:

"Go and visit your friends; towards evening we will meet again in the same spot."

It was Sunday. The streets were filled with people, among whom I met many friends, who congratulated me upon having regained my liberty. I was pressed to go first on the right hand, and then on the left; but my refusal to accompany my acquaintances, and the particulars I gave them, equally astonished and pained them. They could scarcely believe that a gendarme could be so feeling. They advised me to escape to Malta on board a vessel then ready to sail; but I refused to accede to their counsel, alleging my engagement with the sbirro, and the disgrace that it would be to me as a liberal to break my word.

"Engagement with a sbirro! why, what a simpleton you must be. Talk of good faith with the satellites of perjury!"—and they laughed aloud.

While engaged in this colloquy, I saw the corporal come out of a house not far distant; I called him, and we went together to see the Chevalier Stagno, my very dear friend. He was delighted to see me, supposing that I was free; but at sight of the yellow uniform was no little surprised. He promised the corporal, that if he would escape with me he would arrange everything. The corporal answered, that he would very gladly do so, did not serious considerations forbid it. "My father," said he, "is a captain; my flight with a political prisoner would be his ruin, and all the family would be turned into the streets."

"Let us say no more about it, then," I said; "I must submit to my fate."

After having dined, I took my leave, and departed. In the evening we returned to the steamer, which left the next morning. On the 12th of September I was in the lovely bay of Naples; but, oh! with what sadness was I oppressed. I had suffered much from sea-sickness during the voyage,—but what are physical ills compared with

those of the mind? The sun, which illumined the sublime picture spread before my eyes,—the sun, which animated all nature with its brilliant rays, had no brightness, no beauty for my heart, no warmth for my body, no enchantment for my soul! A single thought absorbed me,—a single idea held possession of my brain,—a single image passed before my eyes, expressed in the words, Liberty lost; the galleys; chains; oppression; insult; martyrdom.

When we left the vessel, we hired a vehicle and set out for Nisida. As the wheels rapidly rattled over the roads, I felt a weight fall upon my breast; my eyes were obscured, and I became almost stupified. The gendarme grieved to see my grief,—but what could he do for me beyond what he had already done? Upon arriving opposite to the island, we alighted, and a flag was immediately hoisted on the top of a pole. In the course of half an hour Charon appeared with his bark, to convey a soul to the infernal regions of this world,—a prison of galley slaves. We landed on the shore of Nisida, and after ascending a narrow stony path for about an hour, we arrived at the terrace of the Bagno, or prison.

I offered £1 to the corporal as a *douceur*. Half offended, he whispered in my ear, "We do not risk liberty for money, but from friendship, and to oblige a companion who has fallen into misfortune. I am L. B——." I knew the name. His uncle was one of those most deeply compromised in the Sicilian revolt. These were the last friendly words which greeted my ear. After having embraced me, he consigned me to the authorities of the gaol, and quitted me without saying adieu. Emotion had overcome him: he knew but too well the hands in which he left me.

CHAPTER III.

"Ora Comincian le dolenti note."

Upon receiving me, the captain of the galley slaves, who acted as chief turnkey, took me to the commandant Catrino. The latter asked me—"Are you a political prisoner?"* Without waiting for my reply, he made me enter his office, where my name was inscribed in the so-called golden book, with that of my fellow-prisoners, and then sent me back to the captain. I was now chained to a murderer. My hair was cut short to the roots; my beard shaved in such a barbarous manner, as to inflict scratches all over my face. My money was taken away from me, and I was ordered to ascend to the place destined for me.

I was so completely stupified, that I felt *incapable of feeling, seeing, or uttering a syllable.* The captain treated my apathy as insubordination.

"Now, move on!" he said; "come and join the rest of the revolutionary rabble;" accompanying his words with a blow which stretched me on the ground. I trembled with rage; my face flushed, and my heart panted for vengeance; but my star was eclipsed, I was utterly humbled by my fall.

We ascended a long and narrow winding staircase, entered a spacious circular corridor, surrounded by high walls, reaching to the upper stories of the prison. The facing of the corridor was of flint stone; six cisterns were dug round it, and in the middle was a small hexagonal chapel.

Although numbers were assembled here to stare at the new comer, I cared little or nothing about it. The insult which I had just received from the captain, the chain

* So ignorant was this man, that he said, "Siete *politicio*," instead of "*politico*."

which I dragged at my foot, and my repulsive companion, filled my whole thoughts. Before arriving at the room assigned to me, I had to ascend four stone staircases; I desired to stop and rest, but my companion hurried me forward. When I was just about to cross the threshold, my surname was vociferously pronounced by an inspector, who ordered me to go down again. I followed him, and when I had descended once more to the Bagno, I was commanded to take off my clothes, and put on those provided by the fiscal. On seeing the rough apparel intended for me, I hesitated a moment; but, remembering the blow which I had already received, obeyed without delay.

The wardrobe of the fiscal consisted of two shirts, a red jacket, two pairs of drawers made of rough linen, like canvas, a pair of wretched brown cloth trowsers, a cone-shaped common brown cap, sold for a halfpenny, and a mat, made of ass or ox hair, to serve as a bed: the whole was worth about three shillings. When I saw myself arrayed in such attire, I could not forbear smiling,—but I was most impatient to get upstairs again, that I might take off the ungainly apparel. My box and bed were still outside. I asked the captain to allow me to have them; at first my request was refused, on the ground that there was no time to examine the box; but I was afterwards told an exception should be made in my favour.

The most rigorous examination was made of its contents. My clothes were so roughly handled as to be nearly spoiled; the wool was pulled out of the mattrass; books, ink, paper, pencil, letters, penknife, were all carried off. As the turnkey was departing with my property, I felt as if I should like to wrest it from him, and doubt not my countenance reflected my feelings. The captain laughed, and made me a significant smile. It was not the first time I had observed such a signal: I understood its meaning, and began to hope. After the examination, two prisoners shouldered my effects, and I followed them to the door of the room indicated to me.

I had scarcely put my head in the doorway, when a suffocating cloud of smoke nearly blinded me, and made

my eyes water.* I stopped short, and begged of my companion to be allowed to go back into the corridor. "Go in," he answered; "the soup bell has rung, and I want to get my place." My entreaties had no effect, and he was equally unmoved by my promises and evident distress. I was compelled to obey, and entered. But where was I? in a room or a factory? I could not decide. At the entrance was a lofty wide door, blackened by smoke, with a low narrow door in the middle, by which the prisoners came in and out one by one, stooping to half their height. The place was only spacious enough to accommodate thirty persons conveniently, but now contained sixty or seventy. Walls black and smoky, like those of a forge, supported the low ceiling; a filthy little lamp was suspended in the centre; six small windows on a level with the floor, three facing the sea, and three looking into the corridor, afforded a light, which was almost neutralized by the blackness of the walls. The floor was paved with flint stones, some of which were missing here and there. A large bench ran round the walls, partly bare, and partly heaped with rags, which served as bedding. In each corner was an uncovered sink, into which filth of every kind was thrown, and which emitted the most pestiferous odour, more or less horrible according to the nature of the additions which were constantly made to its contents. All the rest of the space was occupied by miserable wood bedsteads, upon which were thrown old straw mattrasses, or disgusting rags.

I cannot express the feeling which oppressed me at the wretched sight. The thought of the comfort in which I had passed my early days overcame me. I could not bear up against my grief, and tears burst from my eyes.

"What is the matter?" said my companion; "don't

* In the Bagno, there are no chimneys by which the smoke can escape. Wood was used for fuel in the room I am describing. Each prisoner had a portable stove, which he placed upon his bedstead, and then lighted his fire. The room was filled with smoke; but on the 15th of every month it was absolutely intolerable. Upon the day called Flesh Sunday (Domenica di Carne), a species of festival was held, and each one lighted his stove; so that it was impossible for two persons to see each other, although quite close together.

you like the place? I don't think it is worse than the guillotine, which you deserve, as an enemy of the king. You ought to think yourself well off to be here, with an innocent creature like me for a companion."

I held my tongue at this insult, but felt deeply wounded. The man observed that, though I reddened, I looked at him quite calmly.

"What are you looking at?" he said. "Have you lost the use of your tongue? Remember, we are all of a colour here:" and he laughed.

I was about to answer, when the soup was brought into the room. As a new comer, I had no vessel in which to receive my share. One of the condemned offered me a dirty porringer, into which was poured some soup, made with beans half cooked, and floating in the revolting liquid.* They also gave me a loaf of bad brown bread, weighing two pounds. I looked at my dinner again and again, but felt too much disgusted to touch a mouthful. My companion laughed at my reluctance. In a moment his soup was swallowed. I offered him mine, and he speedily dismissed it. I felt no desire for food; but if I had, my chain, the place, the insults of the wretch at my side, and the nauseous broth which had been given me, would have been sufficient to take away my appetite.

The rarefied fetid air of the room began to oppress me; I asked my companion to go out in the corridor, and he did not refuse. I was seated upon my box, and on rising to go, my foot pained me excessively, from the tightness of the chain which bound it; a groan escaped me, and an Abruzzese peasant approached. He formed an exception to the evil beings who peopled the horrid place.

"What, have you no *calzaretto?*"† he said.

"No."

"You should buy one directly; and a *curria*,‡ with a small hook."

* See Appendix I.

† A small leather collar, which serves to hold the chain fast at the ancle, and prevent the iron from touching the flesh.

‡ A strip of leather, with a buckle and a little iron hook, from which the chain hangs.

"I do not know what you mean; would you buy them for me?"

"Certainly, Signore. For the moment take mine."

So saying, he unfastened his own, took off the hair belt which he wore buckled round his waist, and fixed the former to my foot by closing the iron ring. The latter he fastened round my body to support the weight of the chain. Thus supported, it no longer fatigued me as before, and I went out to walk in the corridor. After walking up and down the same spot for an hour, I was tired, and seated myself upon a projection of the wall by the side of the corridor. The place was filled with criminals, who all, more or less, represented wickedness incarnate. The greater part seemed utterly insensible to their real condition. Some boasted of the assassinations they had committed, and pompously described their misdeeds; some dwelt with delight upon the extortion, fraud, and deception they had practised; others talked of their perjury, and those who had been its victims; many regretted that they had not committed all the crimes they might have done, and hoped they should live to get out and do the rest.*

Filthy worn-out rags covered their persons; but in the midst of all this misery, here and there a cap might be seen with a silk tassel, a coat with a velvet collar, a green velvet waistcoat with silver buttons, or a pair of trowsers with a band of fine blue cloth, or black ribbon. Those who were thus clad carried themselves with a proud and martial air, tossed their heads, and appeared to exert some authority over their fellow-prisoners. I had just observed them, and was trying to explain the circumstance, when three of them came towards me. They saluted me courteously, and inquired after my health. I recognised them. They came from a town not far from mine, and one of them had been my patient. Although they were celebrated for their crimes, the sight of them in this place of misery

* During my detention at the Bagno of Procida, I knew many who, after undergoing twenty years' imprisonment in irons, were arrested within a month of their release, charged with highway robbery and murder, which crimes had been planned during their incarceration.

afforded me some comfort;—at least, I could converse with them of our mountains, and hills, and vineyards, and of those dear to me. One of them had been in the service of a family to whom I was attached by dear and tender ties. For a moment, I forgot my misfortunes; so powerful yet was an affection which had once engrossed my whole soul.

Upon receiving their respectful salutations and offers of service, I replied courteously, but with indifference:

"Thank you, my friends; but if you wished, I suppose you could not do anything for me."

"More than you may think, perhaps," said one of them, giving himself an important air. "A Camorrista is the god of the Bagno, and, thank heaven, your humble servants are three chief Camorristi."*

I did not know what this meant, but my companion took off his cap as a sign of respect.

"If you can do anything for me," I replied, "I would beg of you to get them to return me the money which they have taken from me, for I cannot eat the soup that is brought here."

"Anything else, Signore?"

"No, my friends."

"Adieu, then," and they left me.

The purer air which I had inhaled, and this meeting with persons who knew me, had somewhat refreshed me.

* The Camorristi are a class of criminals celebrated for their crimes, both before imprisonment and while in the galleys. They have a peculiar slang language by which to interchange ideas and concert their plan of action,—maintain a most active correspondence with their fellows in other Bagni,—have regular rules and a tribunal of their own,—their own spies, affiliated members of their body,—their own executioners and regular furnishers of weapons, and sometimes even their patrons among the commandants of the Bagni themselves. Their decrees are sent from one place to another, that their victims may not escape. They are suffered to wear two long poignards, which, in many cases, are furnished them by the officers of the Bagno. They keep up their funds by insisting upon an initiatory fee. All the offices of *Panettiere* (distributors of bread), restaurant keepers, fruit vendors, and dealers of every kind, are held by them. They exact entrance-money from all prisoners, assign them their places, which they suffer them to change only in accordance with their pleasure; and are, in short, complete masters of the lives and properties of their fellow-prisoners.

The weight which had tormented me was lightened. My companion had become a perfect lamb, and seemed to try to guess my thoughts that he might satisfy my wishes. Not an hour had elapsed when the captain presented himself to me with ten shillings in his hand.

"Take this," he said; "the commandant cannot give you more at present. The laws of the Bagno forbid that prisoners should have money."

"Thank you," I said, giving him two shillings; and adding, "I can only give you this now because you have brought me but little."

"Leave it to me, Signore; I hope I shall be able to serve you:" and he went away.

With eight shillings in my possession I felt richer than Crœsus. At least, I should not be compelled to swallow that disgusting broth; I could get better bread, and buy some fruit. I felt myself quite another man. The Camorristi were, indeed, a powerful set!

The sun began to decline; its last rays were illuminating the waves. The bell rang. Twenty turnkeys opened and shut doors with their bunches of keys. The rough voice of the captain echoed through the prison; chains rattled on every side; all the prisoners ranged themselves in file round the corridor, with their caps in their hands, while an inferior official counted them carefully. When the counting was over, each immediately re-entered his room. I had not yet had a place assigned for my bed.

As the darkness came on, the room became more and more dismal; the feeble flame of the lamp, which was scarce sufficient to penetrate the dirty glass,* threw the shadows of the miserable occupants upon the grimy walls. The wretched beds, the loathsome rags which covered the limbs belonging to those livid faces, the spindle and rock-staff held by many, made it appear an assemblage of phantoms. Some shouted, some sang, some jested, some laughed, some whistled, some played fifes, some struck the table as if they were beating drums. Some were eating,

* Those whose business it was to clean and light the lamps stole a portion of the oil, and, to make the remainder last long enough, lessened the wicks and put water in the burners.

some were swearing, some playing at *Mora*, some walking about dragging their chains after them with an infernal din. In the midst of all this tumult, my brain throbbed as if it would burst from my head; my temples beat like sledge hammers; my eyelids were oppressively heavy, and a dreadful headache tormented me. "I shall be better when I have rested," I thought. But I had no bed on which to lie down, and even if I had it would be impossible to sleep amidst such noise and tumult.

The young Abruzzese who had given me the *calzaretto* was alone, unchained to any companion. Moved by what sentiment I know not, he left his place and came straight up to me. His manners, his countenance, and the frankness with which he had offered me aid, recommended him to my confidence. I told him how ill I felt, and asked him to prepare a bed for me in some corner. "If you were alone," said he, "you should have my place, but as you have a companion it would be useless to offer it; I will go, however, to the Camorrista of the room, and he will do the best he can for you."

He went, but returned directly to say that there was not room enough to sow a grain of barley, and that until the next night I must content myself with sleeping in a corner near the door. My head was so bad that I was glad to throw myself on the ground without further delay, and my bed was placed in the spot indicated.

The prisoners began to betake themselves to their resting places. The lamp was just dying out; a dead stillness had succeeded to the intolerable confusion, and was only broken by the rattle of a chain which was moved in bed, or which fell upon the floor. In spite of such occasional interruption, slumber might be enjoyed, and I was anticipating the delight of forgetting my troubles in sleep. The position of my bed was such that it was liable to be passed repeatedly throughout the whole night, and might therefore be disturbed and shaken continually; I feared that I might be thrown from it at any moment, but such was not the case. Although every one of the men who surrounded me was capable of slaying a fellow-creature in cold blood to earn a shilling, they all still had their peculiar scruples.

When silence was once established, each did his best to maintain it; they would even cover their chains with rags to prevent them from being heard; therefore every one used his utmost care not to touch or shake my bed in passing it. I lay quiet, having only taken off my jacket and trowsers, and scarcely know whether I had fallen asleep or not, when I was suddenly aroused by the smarting of a thousand punctures as if my flesh was stung all over by nettles. I turned over and over, stretched myself to my full length, curved my limbs, but nothing I could do diminished the pain; a dreadful, intolerable irritation afflicted me from head to foot. While I rubbed or scratched one part of my person, the itching became more violent in another. I was fairly worn out, and knew not to what to attribute my sufferings. Suddenly, in a fit of desperation, I tore off my shirt and buried myself again in the bedclothes. This was a most unfortunate movement. Not a place as large as a pin's point was now free from suffering. I felt as if I were enveloped in hair cloth. I sat up in bed, awoke my companion; called the *Pulizante*, who brought me a light; looked in the bed, and what did I see? A whole swarm of insects of various kinds had attacked me. The light made them fly like a routed army, leaving behind, however, abundant traces of their presence; my sheet was like a piece of printed calico. All the vermin of the place, attracted by the linen of my bed, had come to give me a welcome, and fallen upon me like a pack of hungry wolves upon a flock of sheep. No more sleep or rest for me; I passed the remainder of the night seated upon my chest.

Oh! how long are the nights of the miserable! What would I not have done to shorten those weary hours? How can I express the relief I experienced when the sun's first rays began to dance upon the neighbouring waves? With day came the noise of keys as they were turned in locks; of bolts and bars unfastened; of chains on every side, announcing that the Bagno was open. Several of the prisoners crowded round the doorway impatient to get out, but the loud voice of the captain of the galley slaves made them draw back. "All in your places," he said, and entered with four other officers. While one of the turnkeys

examined the chains, another counted the prisoners, and made them go out into the court: when the room was cleared of them, everything was turned topsy-turvy in the search for files, axes, or poignards. I kept my place, waiting till my box should be searched again. The captain came up to me, saluted me, and, smiling, said:

"I have done what I could for you, Signore; you will see the effects of it directly."

"Thank you," I answered, rising to leave the room.

"The key of your box," said a turnkey.

"Here it is," said I, taking it from my pocket.

"That will do," said the captain, "you may consider that it has been searched:" and he took the key from the man, and gave it back to me.

Whether it was the effect of sea-sickness during the passage from Reggio to Naples, or because I had not touched food for two days, or want of sleep, or all these causes combined, I cannot say, but I felt unable to move a step; and after a few minutes' walk in the court we sat down upon a stone bench. I was scarcely seated when I felt my skin again pierced, and something seemed to be walking over my person. I immediately returned to the room to change my shirt. My limbs were covered with purple spots; my linen and drawers filled with enormous vermin of the most loathsome kind. I shuddered at the sight of the filthy insects; but, alas! how often, afterwards, were they the companions of my misfortune.

Three nights were passed by me without sleep, and I ate during the time only a little bread soaked in wine and some fruit. On the fourth day I was unable to rise from my bed. I was almost insensible; my eyes were heavy and blood-shot; my respiration was oppressed and painful; I had a troublesome cough and high fever; in short, I was again attacked with pulmonary bronchitis. Thirst had parched my lips and tongue, and I asked for something to drink to moisten them. They brought me a filthy can full of water, but, on putting it to my lips, the smell was so revolting that I instantly set it down again. They then brought me a glass, and poured into it some of the water, which was of a greenish colour, with red worms swimming

about in it as much at their ease as if they had been in the sea. I was seized with nausea, and my thirst left me. The physician soon after made his appearance. I was taken to the infirmary, where they chained me by the foot to the bed. After having been bled I began to feel better.

The room in which I now found myself contained only two other patients, one of whom was a political prisoner, and unchained; it was tolerably clean, and the bed not much amiss. The chief officer of the place was a man capable of feeling for the misfortunes of those under his custody; being new to the business, he was not infected by the example of his companions. The windows of the room looked towards the south, and commanded a most magnificent prospect; from my bed I could see innumerable fishing-boats casting out and hawling in their nets. The shadows of the surrounding trees fell upon the limpid waves of the sea, giving it the appearance of a tranquil lake. At a short distance curricles were seen rapidly rolling along the road to Bagnoli. The pure air which my lungs now inhaled revived me, and in a few days I was free from my complaint.

While I was in the hospital a dear and generous friend came from Naples to visit me. He brought me news of my family, and gave me political intelligence which raised my courage, though it afterwards proved to be unfounded. Upon this occasion I was liberated from my chain to descend to the waiting-room, and, upon returning to the hospital, was allowed by the corporal to dispense with it until evening. I walked about the hospital and saw several persons who knew me, and whom I knew by report as thieves and assassins. The adjutant of the corporal was a young Calabrese, and not badly disposed. In answer to my earnest prayers, and the persuasions of Eugenio Quercia, he procured me a ring to support the chain round my instep. In the evening I was chained again, but with the iron ring changed.

The good offices of the corporal, who provided me with everything, in return for a pecuniary consideration, be it understood; the repeated visits of my Neapolitan friend;

continual intelligence respecting my family; dinner brought me from the tavern; writing paper as much as I wished; newspapers without restriction; the death of three of my enemies; the game of chess as a relief to my thoughts; the friendship of Quercia, and my ability to take off my chain at pleasure, rendered my situation more than tolerable as a prisoner in a Bagno of the kingdom of terror. My position was not so bad as I imagined it; but this I owed chiefly to friendship,—to a sentiment born of a community of feeling with regard to political and religious principles, to the common misfortune which oppressed us, and the pale figure of death which threatened us. It was greatly due to the generous soul of Eugenio, who, twelve months afterwards, was laid in the burial-place of Nisida, and whose martyrdom inscribed another page of opprobrium against the perjured oppressor.

A month passed over, when other political prisoners arrived; and, in obedience to superior orders, we were to hold ourselves in readiness to leave Nisida. I received the announcement with sorrow, but could only submit.

CHAPTER IV.

It was the month of October, 1852. The horizon shone as brilliantly as the sun which illumined it. The hills were gilded by the vivifying rays of the great planet. The atmosphere was temperate. The sea more than calm, it was calmness itself. I was waiting to be unchained from the bed. The officer whose duty it was to rivet and unloose the fetters of the prisoners came to me. On taking off my chain he perceived that the ring was rather large. He looked in my face, and said:

"This ring must be changed; it is too large for your foot."

Without saying a word, I quietly put my hand under my pillow, and took from there a coin of the realm, which I

placed in his hand. He pounced upon it like a hawk upon a sparrow, and left me my beloved ring. We then descended in front of the Bagno clad in our prison uniform, but were immediately ordered back again till after dinner. While we were upon the esplanade, about thirty prisoners arrived, among whom was one handsomely dressed, who seemed to be a gentleman. This was an unusual thing before it became customary to send political prisoners to the galleys, so that every one decently dressed was now supposed to belong to that category. The commandant Catrini, on seeing him, asked him if he was condemned for political crimes.

"Heaven forbid!" answered he.

"For what, then, are you sent to the galleys?"

"For picking pockets," answered he, with an air of importance.*

After dinner, we were again summoned, and chained together in a group. Upon reaching the shore of the island, we were placed on board the *Scorridora*, or bark employed for the transport of the galley slaves, and set sail for Procida. Although the distance was but a few miles, yet as the current was against us, and the sea perfectly calm, the prison was closed before we arrived, and we remained on board all night. At night the thought occurred to me to take off my chain, and drop myself gently into the sea. I confided my intention to Lavena, my companion, but he strongly dissuaded me from attempting to carry it into execution. He urged my ignorance of the place, the probability that I should be recaptured, and the danger of my being drowned, even if I succeeded in eluding the vigilance of the sentinel on duty at the poop. Convinced of the justice of his arguments, I laid myself down upon my mattrass and slept soundly.

At break of day, we were conducted to the prison, and consigned to the commander. After my effects had been examined, as at Nisida, I was chained to a political prisoner, who shortly afterwards went to the hospital, never to return

* Upon being asked privately why he would rather be a pickpocket than a political offender, he replied, "Because political offenders have not the same favours shown them as those condemned for common crimes."

to the Bagno, and I had the satisfaction of being alone. Upon entering the prison, I was placed in a subterranean cell, called the darkened room, on account of the celebrated but dim light which illumined it. It was very spacious, and situated twenty yards below the level of the soil. A sepulchral light was reflected from two iron gratings opening into a narrow trench recently made. The pavement was of square stones almost hidden under a coating of humid filth. The slimy walls emitted a horrid stench. Fetid green water dripped from the centre of the ceiling. Although it contained several persons, it was scarcely possible to distinguish their forms. A column of smoke, after travelling to the top of the place, found an exit through the bars. It was a tomb,—*the tomb of expiation;* a place well calculated to inspire horror, and to make me still more bitterly regret the change. My blood froze in my veins as I entered. The room at Nisida seemed a perfect paradise in comparison. There, at least, it was light and dry; the beautiful coast of Naples could be seen; the ancient Pozzuoli, and various other memorable sites. "Oh! how true it is," I said to myself, "that the worst is always to come; I shall never live long in this place." As soon as my chest and bed were put aside, I escaped from that pit of despair.

I ascended to the upper story of the prison, and met some of my companions who were in dungeons, which, though wretched enough, were not to be complained of in comparison with mine. I told them my position, but they only laughed, and afterwards added that all had to pass through the same ordeal at first, but that it might be arranged by means of money. I gave them leave to spend anything they pleased if they would but release me from the horrible tomb in which I had been placed.

After a few hours, I was called into the office of the commandant, and the captain Repaci told me that as a favour another room had been granted me, that I should be allowed to remain chained alone for a few days, and that my money would be given back to me. It was in fact returned, though twelve shillings short. I would have gladly spent all, however, to escape from the place,

and rejoiced to find that the guardians of this hell were not as incorruptible as Cerberus. I could not describe the haste with which I descended the stairs to carry away my effects. But just as they were about to be removed, a hand grasped my shoulder. I turned round and impatiently demanded the reason for this detention.

"What, Signore," answered a man of sinister appearance; "you a galley-slave, and not know your duty! Would you leave the place without satisfying the demands of the society?"

"What do you mean?" I answered.

"Well, you *are* innocent; I mean you must pay your footing!"

"How much ought I to pay for that?"

"Ten shillings."

"I have no money."

"Ah! ah! ah!—a political prisoner and no money! What have you done with what Don Peppino gave you? But whether you have or not, it is of no consequence. Your box can stop here in pawn while you go and borrow some."

"I shall go to the commandant, and he will make you give up my box."

"Why, anybody can see that you are a child, and don't know a Camorrista when you see one:" and he placed himself in such an attitude, that I could see the haft of a long poignard which he carried about him. "Go to the commandant if you like;" and with two other wretches like himself, he moved towards the barred entrance.

I trembled violently, and thinking the best plan was to pay the sum demanded, I called him back and handed him the 30 *carlini*, upon which he himself carried up my things to my new abode. This room was called the *Cameroncino*, and was a long, narrow, low cellar of the ancient castle, which had been newly discovered. It was very damp, being twelve feet below the level of the Bagno. During some hours of the day it was dimly lighted by three small windows, half protected by iron bars, and looking upon the trench.

With the exception of twelve, the prisoners here were

all confined for political offences, and the greater part of them Neapolitans. The presence of my companions in misfortune, the interchange of sentiments upon the principles which animated us, the recital of the wrongs we had suffered and the injustice we had undergone, the recollections we cherished of the cause which we had striven to advance, and some intelligence which they gave me affording hopes of approaching liberty, so animated me, that for a time I almost forgot my misfortunes.

I gradually became accustomed to the weight of my chain, and having obtained my books, passed my time in reading, writing, and the indulgence of hope. After a few days I was summoned to be chained to a prisoner named Lucisani, who had just arrived from the hospital. My troubles now began again in all their intensity. My companion, either in consequence of not having recovered from his illness, or from some peculiar disease, was unable to walk. On this account, I was obliged to remain confined the whole day to the dark corner in which my bed stood. After a fortnight I found it impossible to endure this painful state of things any longer. My eyelids had become transparent, my face horribly pallid, and my legs and feet swollen. I asked to see a doctor, and at his suggestion was again chained separately. By the payment of another eight shillings, I thus remained during two months.

In the month of March, 1853, I was once more chained with a common criminal, who spun from morning till night, and thus earned sixpence a week. He was rather respectful than otherwise, but his employment obliged him to keep seated. In order to be able to dispose of my companion, I was obliged to make up what he lost by my moving about with me. I offered him eight *carlini* a month on condition that he should give up spinning, and render me any little service I might require. He at once consented, and I was almost as well off as when alone.

Although the fetter could be slipped from my foot with a small effort, I did not for a long time attempt to take it off; others did not remove theirs; the chains were examined every morning, and I had not forgotten the trouble which once befell me at Nisida. One night, however, when my

foot was unusually painful, I determined to take off the iron, and I did so. Oh! with what joy did I move my poor foot, which had been fettered for a whole year. I could not sleep for pleasure, and was delighted with the thought that I could enjoy the same relief every night.

Day dawned. We had not yet heard the descent of the drawbridge; the Bagno was still shut, and my foot still at liberty, when suddenly the door of our room was opened, and the captain entered with four inferior officers. He had come to seek for hidden weapons, and entered by the secret door to avoid giving notice of his visit. "Every one in his place," he said; and ordered the immediate examination of the irons. I was in a corner of the apartment. In all haste I tried to replace the chain round my foot, but was unable to succeed. The turnkeys were now close to me. I renewed my efforts. The pain drew tears from my eyes, but it was all to no purpose, and I was caught in my own trap. When they discovered me without my chain, "Take him," said the captain, "to the commandant; the gentleman has earned his breakfast." At these words my blood seemed to congeal, and I had not strength to utter a syllable.

The crime of which I was guilty was punished by fifty stripes, followed by solitary confinement for two or three months, and sometimes the addition of two years' imprisonment in irons, by sentence of a court-martial in Naples. But that which most horrified me was the bastinado, one stroke of which I knew would kill me. I remained silent, fixed to the spot, while the turnkeys were vociferously ordering me to move. I gave the captain a significant look, which he understood. Pretending to speak to a turnkey, he said:

"*It is not possible* .... to find this cursed poignard; .... *too much noise has been made* .... in entering."

I continued motionless. My companions crowded round the captain and officers, to beg of them not to inform the commandant; but they were deaf to all entreaties, and took me by the arm to lead me to the commandant.

When we arrived before him, they said, "Unchained, Signore Commandant."

I trembled like a leaf, and already felt the stick upon my back. I raised my eyes; they met those of the commandant, who smiled. That smile seemed to me a favourable augury, and I took courage. After a moment's silence, he said to the man:

"Call the captain."

He appeared, and the commandant inquired:

"In what manner unchained?"

"The chain slipped over the foot."

"It is your fault, then, signor captain, and not the prisoner's. Where is the wonder, if a poor fettered devil takes off his chain when he has the chance? It is you who ought to be punished for not doing your duty." Then turning to me, he added, "You are pardoned, Signor Nicolò, and can retire."

I entered the Bagno with the captain, who fettered me so tightly, that the ring penetrated the flesh to the very ancle bone. After having thus affixed it, he said jeeringly, "We shall see now whether it slips off." I returned to my place, and on getting out in the air, found that I could not move the fettered limb.

The leg was swelled, and quite livid from impeded circulation. My companion advised me to return to the commandant, and show him how cruelly I was treated. I hesitated for some time, but at length the pain overcame my scruples, and I turned in that direction. When going thither I met the captain, and begged of him to change the iron, which he might see was much too tight.

"It is all right," he said; "it was too loose before, now it is too tight, and that equalizes the thing." And he turned away with brutal indifference.

I then proceeded to state my grievance to the commandant, who accompanied me to the Bagno, and ordered Mastro Antonio to change the chain.

Mastro Antonio was a prisoner who, in consequence of being a locksmith by profession, was employed to put on and take off the fetters of the other prisoners. He could tell at a glance whether a ring would pass over the foot or not; and thus was able to confer favours, which were repaid him in pecuniary offerings. Some favours,

however, received in a Bagno, are such as no money can repay. When he was ordered to attend to me, I looked at him and slightly winked.

"You shall be obeyed immediately," he said, turning to the commandant; but I knew his answer was addressed to me. While he was affixing the chain, he said, "Hold the *perno** fast with your hand;" and when I placed my hand upon the iron, he pressed it with his, in sign that he would favour me. I gave him six *carlini* and went away.

The commandant of the Bagno was a kind man. It is true that he received every pecuniary gratification offered him, but he only demanded it of those who could afford to give it, while he favoured all alike. While he had charge of the Bagno, with the exception of the chain, and constant dread of the poignard, a prisoner enjoyed some amount of liberty. We had journals; letters were allowed to be sent and received with the seals unbroken; some books were permitted; no restrictions were made as to the visits of friends; no supervision exercised with respect to money: and paper and ink might be had at pleasure; in short, he closed his eyes to many things which were contrary to the regulations of the Bagno. He was much interested in the political prisoners, because his own brother was a political exile in a foreign land; and as far as it depended upon himself, he never failed to treat us courteously. When a prisoner was found to have escaped from his chain, he punished him by a few days' solitary confinement, but never reported him to his superiors. The common criminals also enjoyed the same privileges as the political, in order that he might avoid complaints which should compromise him.

At this time it was reported that the king was going to make the tour of his states, and that it was probable some indulgences would be granted to political prisoners in consequence. This news spread through all the provinces; and our families were strongly advised to prepare sup-

* The *perno* is the cylindrical iron which passes through two eyes of the manacle. At one end it has a round head, at the other an opening, to which the chain is attached.

plications, ready to be consigned to the hands of the sovereign. He did, indeed, set out for Calabria; and there was scarcely one of us whose mother, father, sister, or brother, did not present a petition. The king received them, made promises and assurances, but did nothing. Our families wrote to us, encouraging us with hopes of speedy liberty: we were willing to believe them, and anxiously awaited the effects of their petitions; all our hopes vanished, however, when we learned some of the facts which occurred upon his journey.

Orders were given that the supplications should be given to one of the king's chamberlains. A young Cosentino, in spite of this, approached the monarch's carriage, in order to present his with his own hands. He was repeatedly driven back from the carriage, but obstinately persisted in returning, and at length succeeded in seizing hold of a leathern strap. While he was in this position, the hereditary prince struck him with his whip, and seeing that the young man still retained his place, caught hold of him by the arm, and consigned him to the gensdarmes, that he might be taken to prison.

A man named Stefano Papalia was imprisoned in Reggio, by the king's order, given verbally in the middle of the city.

The sisters of Giovanni Mosciari were received with expressions that would have been indecent even if addressed to a ploughman. Five judges of the grand special court of Reggio were deprived of office, for having acted with justice in trying political prisoners. When we became aware of these events, we knew it was folly to hope for liberty, or any amelioration of our condition.

CHAPTER V.

A FEW months had elapsed, when one morning the Bagno remained closed longer than usual. The number of sentinels had been doubled, and the prison appeared to be in a state of siege. No one knew what had occasioned it, and we were all alarmed. In the course of two hours we heard the commandant's voice, and that of strangers. Looking towards the drawbridge, we saw soldiers, gensdarmes, police agents, and the commissary of police, Signor Campagna, who all entered the Bagno. Immediately afterwards we were ordered to quit the rooms, and leave the keys of our boxes, or else, we were told, they would be forced open. Two carpenters, with hammers, chisels, and axes, and four blacksmiths, with iron bars and pickaxes, followed the commissary. In a moment we all vacated our rooms, obeying the injunction to leave our keys,—and the wolves set to work. After having turned everything over, broken the walls in various places, and pulled up nearly half the flooring, these beasts of prey took their departure, carrying with them every writing implement, book, paper, and the like, upon which they could lay hands. We were then ordered to return to our rooms; but what a sight met our gaze! Beds, mattrasses, and everything else, pulled about and left in the most heterogeneous mass of confusion; plates, bottles, and glasses nearly all broken, and scarcely any of our linen left. It was curious to hear the cries of distress, at the discovery of the loss each had undergone. "I have lost a shirt.—I, a handkerchief.—They have taken my ring.—My silk waistcoat is gone.—My stockings are stolen.—I have lost my drawers.—My cheese has vanished.—They have drunk all my wine." Everybody had lost something,

though some more and some less. The invading army had sacked the place.*

A man named Ciavarello, a political prisoner, seduced by promises of liberty, had consented to play the spy upon his companions. He had, therefore, informed the government, that there was a plot going forward in the Bagno, taken part in by Marrella, Dell' Antoglietta, Palermo, Collicchio, and others; that an active correspondence was maintained with conspirators outside the walls; that Mazzinian journals entered the prison twice a week; that the royal family were spoken against continually; that the correspondence was kept concealed in hiding-places in the walls and flooring; that revolutionary books were read aloud in the evening; that weapons were obtained, and many more particulars of the same nature. Upon receiving this precise and alarming information, the government dispatched the commissary Campagna to search the Bagno, and take possession of all suspected objects.

The denunciation of Ciavarello was not entirely false; some part of it was true, especially that relating to correspondence with friends, journals, books, and secret receptacles. But papers of a dangerous character were never kept; and therefore the search made by Campagna proved useless, as far as its main object was concerned. A book and journal or two, and one or two ambiguous letters were found, but nothing which could be made use of by government. Still, there was sufficient to criminate the commandant, as showing, if not connivance, at least carelessness on his part.

This circumstance caused the recall of the commandant to Naples. Catrini came to Procida in his place; and all those who were implicated were compelled to submit to

* The whole loss ought not, in truth, to be laid to the charge of the government agents. Everything was left thrown about, exposed to view; and the officers of the prison, whose morals were far from immaculate, were very likely to help themselves. One thing is certain: a few days afterwards I bought a penknife—which had belonged to my companion, Emanuel Pinto—of a turnkey. During my last stay at Nisida, in October, 1858, my trunk was searched while I was absent at the hospital, and a pound of chocolate taken away. In this Bagno, I found a volume of Ariosto, which a turnkey had sold to a common galley slave, and which had been stolen from Nicodemo Patermo.

the judgment of a special court. After undergoing four months' severe suffering in the dungeons of Naples, they were sent back to Procida with a *non costa;* and the man who had denounced his fellow-prisoners had his sentence commuted to six years' banishment. Though his information proved but of little use, the government chose thus to remunerate his efforts in its service, to encourage others to tread in his steps. This design proved successful in part.

Among those condemned for political offences, were men of every class, condition, and party. All grades were represented, from the aristocrat to the plebeian; from the cabinet minister to the common constable; from the republican to the Bourbonist. The government of Ferdinand was so alarmed at the word "liberal," that it classed all the liberals in the same category, without distinction; and the special courts sent all who were brought before them to the galleys. Adherents of the government, and bitter enemies of liberty, were condemned as liberals. Many of these, while suffering in chains, retained their attachment to the government, made every excuse for it, and threw the blame of their sufferings upon their enemies: but while among liberals, they were obliged to hide their favourable feelings towards the king. They were continually forwarding petitions to the Bourbon, reminding him of their services and attachment, and praying him to remove them from the midst of this crowd of his majesty's enemies. Government answered by means of its emissaries—"Let them give proofs of their attachment." "But what proofs can we give at the galleys?" they answered. "Watch, observe, and find out your companions," was the reply, "and the king will not fail to pardon you."

Not a word could be uttered, not a sign made, which was not instantly reported. Never a day passed without the search of some room such as we have described, but generally without effect; for, as it became known that spies were employed, persons were on their guard.

With the arrival of Catrini at the Bagno, numerous restrictions began, but not to such an extent as to prevent

us from holding intercourse with our friends. The captain and turnkeys, accustomed to make a great deal of money by the services which they rendered us, clearly saw that the restrictions imposed by the commandant would result in loss to themselves; therefore as the commandant employed severity on the one side, they used greater indulgence on the other. But with regard to the chain, not the slightest infraction of the rules was allowed. One of my companions was beaten for trespassing in this particular, in spite of every offer, and every supplication. We then began to think of trying to get rid of Catrini.

In 1848, Signor Catrini had ordered the massacre of nearly a hundred Sicilians in the Bagno. This circumstance furnished a reason for requiring that he should be removed. The prisoners all rose in a state of semi-mutiny; uttered the loudest complaints of the cruelty of the commandant, and threatened to kill him if he appeared amongst them again. In order to quell the disturbance, and calm the excited feelings of the prisoners, the government ordered that the commandant of Procida should also have the supreme command of the Bagno; so that Signor Catrini could take no steps without the approbation of his superior. Catrini remained, but merely as a chief turnkey, and never now entered the Bagno. After a few months, he was replaced by Signor Boridonna.

Boridonna was well known as a venal man. We therefore determined to collect a sum, with a view to getting the weight of our chains reduced. The plan was no sooner mooted, than £10 were forthcoming; and three of the most distinguished prisoners were dispatched to offer the sum, and intimate that a little toleration would be advisable, with regard to those who might take off their chains. He refused the offering, saying, "It would be sheer robbery to take your money. It is the express desire of the king that the political prisoners should be strictly manacled: if I can do anything else for you I will, but not from interested motives." After this, the chains were examined with the utmost rigour.

Before twelve hours had elapsed, a counter order arrived, transferring Boridonna to another prison, and giving the

command to Signor De Francesco. Before leaving, Boridonna wrote a letter to my companion, Signor Griffo, asking for the money which had been offered him, and which he had refused; and saying, that had he retained the command of the Bagno, he should have treated us well.

CHAPTER VI.

THE new commandant was more ignorant than any of his predecessors, and could scarcely write his name. The whole command of the Bagno was therefore entrusted to two of the inferior officers. The Bagno then assumed the appearance of a forge. In every corner the manufacture of poignards was carried on, manacles were enlarged, chains removed by means of the file, and fetters of every kind tampered with; nothing was heard but the constant stroke of the hammer upon the stone pavement. It would be impossible to describe the character of the scene. The Camorristi walked about armed, accompanied by their adepts and cut-throat hirelings. No one could change his place without their permission, and without paying a sum equal to ten shillings. Not a place of security remained in which we could sleep at night without fear of their mercenary poignards; not a week elapsed without murder being committed. No punishment was inflicted for escape from the chain, nor for the possession of murderous weapons. Everything was overlooked by Don Antonio, all arranged by Don Gennaro.* Money hid every defect.

But though this state of anarchy was tolerated among the assassins who filled the place, the treatment of the

* A year afterwards he was tried by a court-martial, and condemned to five years' ignoble servitude, and degraded to a common soldier of the regiment to which he belonged. He was much addicted to indulgence in spirituous liquors and good living. He played at *loto* up to 40 *carlini* a week, maintained a woman of bad reputation in his house, and yet had

political prisoners was of a totally different nature. Their chains were scrupulously examined every day, and they were threatened with the bastinado for the slightest infraction of the rule; more than one was subjected to criminal seclusion for mere trifles: they were only permitted to go out upon the *vaglietto** one at a time, and every measure was adopted to fleece them to the very utmost.

In order to escape from some of our vexations, we thought it would be well if each of us, according to his finances, should give a gratuity to the officers to induce them to grant us looser fetters. They consented to our proposal, and sold us manacles at four shillings each, and chains of light weight for ten shillings. A week afterwards, however, upon the pretence that superior officers were expected, they took away all the manacles and chains they had themselves sold us, and replaced the old ones. This was a trick in order that they might sell them over again. The turnkeys and other *employés* saw that these men were getting rich at our expense, and became jealous of them. They therefore united together and threatened to denounce the captains to the authorities unless they shared their spoils with them. Their threats alarmed the Gennaro and Antonio firm, and for some days occasioned a really rigorous examination of our chains. During the night the turnkeys kept watch over the rooms through the wickets, so that even those whose fetters were loose dared not remove them. But this state of things did not last long; the wolves came to an understanding with the dogs to the effect that the sheep might be worried by any one who could perform the operation. Then began a strife as to who should most completely denude us of our wool. Little did they care how much our poor skins bled beneath their cruel fangs! But the one who bore off the palm from all competitors was the corporal Antonio Romano.

This man had a numerous family, and his pay was only

only the small monthly salary of 10 ducats and a half. To live as he did he must have made an additional 20 ducats at least, and these he sucked from our veins, and from the privileges which he accorded to the Camorristi. Without the connivance of the captains the Camorristi cannot rob.

* The space outside the Bagno before the Pont Levis is reached.

seven ducats per month; it was therefore necessary that he should get something out of us. He began by asking to be allowed to wash our linen, and keeping back sometimes a shirt, sometimes a towel, sometimes one thing and sometimes another, with the excuse that he had lost it. Then he offered to convey letters at two *carlini* each, and he would bring us a newspaper for six *carlini*. Some of these demands were not objected to by us, because they kept up our acquaintance with the world out of doors. But that which most annoyed us was, that he pretended to lock the doors after him, while, in fact, he left them so that he could enter at any time unperceived by us, and take those unawares who had slipped off their chains. True, it was overlooked on payment of three or four *carlini*, but it made us completely his slaves. Whenever he appeared it always was—"Your money, or I will report you! Your purse, or fifty strokes!"

Though such was the man and such his conduct, I should do him injustice if I failed to add that he saved some of the political prisoners from the bastinado, and that in a case of conspiracy in which he was a witness, he conducted himself in such a manner as to deserve pardon for all his extortions. His name stands in my memorandum book as having obtained £1 from me in less than three months. But the poor fellow at length carried his rapacity so far as to compromise himself.

The temerity of the Camorristi became such that they began to threaten us in our own rooms. We were much incensed against some who pretended to treat us with respect, to further the designs of the society. It was a part of their plan to despoil us. While one would exhibit his poignard, another would ask our pardon for the insult, and promise us reparation. Death—frightful death! at their hands, was ever present to us. We sent a supplication to the minister imploring that we might be separated from them, but the minister answered: "The Camorristi are only fifty in number, surely the 800 political prisoners can defend themselves against them. It is a shame that rebels who could meet troops of soldiers should fear the poignards of these fifty cowards;" and, with this answer, he sent to

the Bagno thirty more Camorristi, true types of rascality. Nor did his good offices stop here. He informed the Camorristi of our request, and thus placed them at open enmity against us.

This fact, combined with other circumstances, rendered it perfectly plain that the object of the government was to suffer us to be murdered without letting it appear to the world that it took any part in the assassination; we clearly saw the windings of this infernal plot, and fully determined to thwart it. The Camorristi were divided into two parties, the Calabrese and the Provincials. Although they outwardly maintained an appearance of harmony, they were rent by the spirit of faction; one party desiring to dominate over the other. The party who had molested us were the Provincials; we saw, therefore, that we must gain over the other party if we would save our lives, and we resolved to exert our diplomacy in that direction.

We called together the principal Calabrese Camorristi, and informed them that the government was equally their enemy and ours, and sought to get rid of both by setting us at variance together. We read them the answer which counselled us to begin the struggle; showed them some poignards, and told them that a portion of their body were already on our side; finally, we represented to them that we would give them two hours to decide whether they were for friendship or war, for the latter of which they saw we were prepared. They left us, promising to return at the time appointed. Meanwhile, by a happy chance, other prisoners arrived at the Bagno, and, among them, two famous Calabrese Camorristi who had been in the service of two of our companions. This suddenly changed the face of affairs, and the Calabrese party was altogether in our favour. Battista Mercurio, a chief Camorrista, gathered all his party together, and it was declared that all the political prisoners were under their protection; that any offence committed among them, either by a Camorrista or a common prisoner, would be regarded by the Calabrese as a personal offence; that the persons of the political prisoners were sacred, and no one had any right to interfere with them. This resolution was made known to the

Provincials, and then the two parties contended as to which should show us the most attachment. We had become their masters for the time, but all by means of money; and when that failed they became fiercer and more terrible than ever, as will be seen in the proper place.

CHAPTER VII.

NOTHING could be more distressing than the anomalous state in which we now lived. We felt that it was ruining our health, as it had already destroyed our finances, and therefore determined to change the commandant, if possible, even at the risk of getting a worse, which did indeed prove to be the case.

Signor Sarri, a Cosentino nobleman, had obtained permission from the *Maggioria* to see his wife alone in one of the rooms of the commandant's house. Signor De Francesco, knowing that Sarri was rich, asked him for a gold chronometer. Sarri refused to make him the present, and thus ill feeling arose between them. When Sarri's wife presented herself at the Bagno the commandant refused to grant her permission to see her husband, according to the orders of the general. Sarri said little about it, but inwardly vowed to be revenged, and kept his vow. In about a fortnight De Francesco was replaced by Don Angelo Acuti. This change had been effected at the cost of £10 to Sarri.

On the news of the departure of De Francesco, we all exulted, but our joy was soon exchanged for mourning. The name of Acuti will never be forgotten, and his constantly recurring exclamations, *la canaglia** still rings in my ear, and makes me shudder.

Don Angelo Acuti was an old captain of the line; thin, pitted with the small-pox, and with a hoarse voice. Being

* He was in the habit of using this word when he would impose obedience upon a prisoner.

suspected of liberalism, he was deprived of his post in 1830, and lived in comparative poverty subsequently as a teacher and schoolmaster. He was not very ignorant, but was conceited to excess, and exceedingly obstinate. It was sufficient that he had said a thing, whether right or wrong, just or unjust, he would carry it out. In 1848, when the Constitution was proclaimed, he was restored to his rank, and placed in the corps of the veterans. Upon the fall of the Constitution he remembered his previous disgrace, renounced the principles of liberalism, and exhibited the most bitter hatred against liberty and liberals. This antipathy was quickly made known to Ferdinand; and, in order to turn it to the best account, the latter resolved to make him commandant of the Bagno of Procida. Without mentioning the subject to any of his ministers, the king signed the decree, and ordered Acuti to present himself at the royal palace before going to take possession of his new appointment.

Acuti appeared before his sovereign, who addressed him to the following effect: "To-morrow you will have the command of the Bagno of Procida. Six hundred of my most bitter enemies are confined there. I recommend them strongly to your care. Chains and the stick are the best remedies for them."* These words excited the zeal of the renegade, and he determined to give his royal master every proof of his enthusiastic attachment.

Upon his arrival at the Bagno, accompanied by his two sweet and lovely daughters, who deeply sympathized with us, he ordered a strict examination of our fetters, and himself superintended it with vigilant eye. He caused some of the irons to be changed, and posted up a mani-

* At the trial for conspiracy of Aniello Ventra, Raffaele Mauro, and Carlo De Angelis, Acuti was summoned as a witness in their favour; but, being asked some questions by Ventrà, he imprudently repeated every word the king had said to him. The Procurator-general Angiolilli, much annoyed, declared that he was speaking falsely and calumniously, and insisted that he should be tried in his turn. Without showing the least perturbation, Acuti answered that he did not fear the threats of the public prosecutor, and that the king, whom he had faithfully served, would bear witness in his favour. He was in the habit of repeating the king's words on every occasion as a proof of the friendship entertained for him by his sovereign.

festo thus conceived: "It is the absolute will of the king that every prisoner should wear a chain. Whosoever is discovered to have tampered with his fetters shall receive fifty strokes without respect of person. I shall obey the orders of my king to the letter." He used to enter the different rooms of the prison at uncertain hours, accompanied by twelve soldiers, the captain, and his confidential keeper, for the purpose of seeing that the chains were in proper order. Sometimes he came in the middle of the night with four lanterns, and went from bed to bed to shake the feet of the prisoners. Every person who entered and left the prison was subjected to a minute search. The captains trembled,—the corporals trembled,—the turnkeys trembled; we were all ill with excitement.

Notwithstanding all his care, however, some of the prisoners took off their chains, when the rooms were closed, and kept a strict watch to listen for his arrival. His appearance in the corridor occasioned such affright, that on one occasion an unchained prisoner, attempting to fly hastily, rushed with his forehead upon the iron bar which guarded the entrance to the room. This was but the beginning of the refined system of barbarity which he practised. But if, on the one hand, the father did all in his power to torment and annoy us, the daughters, on the other, did all they could to favour us. Though their entreaties were powerless to move that heart of stone, their tears bore witness to the effect produced upon them by the groans of my unhappy companions who were subjected to blows by the cruel satellites of the Neapolitan government.

When Acuti had been commandant some few months, Colonel Picenni came to pay a visit to the Bagno;* all the prisoners were sent into the court, and our boxes were again delivered over to sack and pillage. But we missed

* The following fact will give some idea of the absurdity and caprice which characterized Colonel Picenni. During the search he employed one or two individuals in each room to keep guard, and open the boxes for his agents. In one of the rooms this office was filled by Don Guiseppe Tripepi, an old man of seventy. Tripepi wore his hair rather long. The colonel looked at him for a moment, and said, "Why do you wear your

nothing this time, with the exception of a few written papers; some journals and letters were however discovered which to the authorities appeared enigmatical. The colonel made some reflections upon them to the commandant, the consequences of which were terrible to us. We were no longer permitted writing paper, with the exceptions of two sheets per month, bearing the stamp of the Bagno. We were all to write in future on the same day, and only a few lines; long letters were torn up. Letters from our families were delivered to us after a month's delay, with the greater portion of them cancelled; all our family secrets were the common chat of those who helped the commandant to examine them. We could no longer buy our dinners at pleasure; the account of our expenses was to be examined and stamped; water was measured, money seized; the chains examined every day; not a morning passed without our hearing the cries of prisoners on the *cavaletto;** women were obliged to undress to be searched;† no medicine was permitted; the prison officers were under suspicion, and the gensdarmes employed to search them; we could only see our friends twice a week. I cannot describe what our position was at this moment. It was such, however, as to exasperate our minds, and make us defy every species of cruelty.

To the numerous tribulations caused us by Acuti were added those of the Neapolitan police, who came at night to search for correspondence which had no existence save in the brain of our persecutors. So great was the timidity of the government, that it mistook shadow for substance,

hair in that fashion?" "I have always worn it so," answered Tripepi, and should have the headache if I had cut it differently." "Headache or no headache," said Picenni, turning to Acuti, "call a barber directly." When the hairdresser arrived—"Cut off that hair," cried the colonel. The man proceeded to obey, but in the way that he knew Tripepi preferred. The colonel perceived this, and said—"Cut it off to the roots!" and watched the whole operation with as much gravity as if he had been attending the manœuvres of a body of troops on the field of battle.

* The wooden frame to which those were attached who were sentenced to undergo the punishment of being beaten.

† The mothers, wives, and daughters of the prisoners who came to visit their relatives were conducted by the commandant, without regard to age or condition, into a room, where a woman stripped them to their last garment.

and trifles for things of importance. During one of the searches made by Acuti a paper was found in the chest of Cesare de Bonis, closely ruled in squares, containing a variety of Arabic figures. This paper was a design for wool work, and the numbers indicated the different colours. Acuti imagined he had made a wonderful discovery, and immediately sent the paper to the police. That body was of the same opinion, and sent for a steamer to Naples to convey Cesare De Bonis thither. In the middle of the night, when we were all asleep, the cry, *Oglio! oglio!* awoke us in affright. One jumped out of the bed to replace his chain, another called to his companion, some seemed paralysed by fear, and some stammered out a few words half asleep and half awake.

In the midst of this hubbub, Acuti, the serjeant, four corporals and twenty-four soldiers, entered and went straight up to De Bonis. They made him dress himself instantly, and, without uttering a word, conducted him out of the Bagno, and consigned him to some guards, who took him on board the steamer.

The vessel instantly departed, and in a short time arrived at Naples. When De Bonis was landed from the inner basin, four police agents met him and placed him in a vehicle which conveyed him to the criminal cells of the commissariat. Early in the morning he was taken before the prefect of police, that he might give an explanation of the mysterious sect alluded to in the famous numbered paper.

"Either a clear, true, and precise explanation, or you shall be beaten," said the governor, instantly upon seeing him.

"Certainly, you shall have it, if you desire; but, in order to avoid all misunderstanding, I must beg of you to send and buy a half-yard of canvas, twenty skeins of wool of different colours, and two needles of corresponding size."

"For what purpose?"

"To explain the mystery of the figures."

"Nonsense! you can explain it without that."

"Very well, I will if you wish:" and thereupon he began to give the explanation.

"That will do, that will do," said the prefect. "Excuse the inconvenience; you may go back to the Bagno."

Two days afterwards De Bonis reappeared among us, but with a cough caught by his exposure to the night air. This cough proved fatal, and he died at the Bagno, of consumption, aged twenty-five, leaving bitter and painful recollections to his companions.

One day, the political and common prisoners, utterly out of patience, and as if moved by a common inspiration, all cast off their chains together. Acuti was aware of it, but feigned ignorance until the next day.

The following morning the Bagno was opened as usual, and every one went out into the air; when suddenly Acuti and his followers appeared and ordered that all the doors should be shut. Thus more than two hundred remained in the court. The irons were examined, and fifty-six persons were found to be guilty of flagrant violation of the rules. He took down their names, and then made them stand in file. Lighting his cigar, his eyes illumined with joy, he exclaimed, "Forward! march!" and the lambs were led to the slaughter.

Upon arriving at the small space between the drawbridge and the entrance-gate, Acuti exclaimed, "Halt! arms!" He then went out alone, and left the prisoners surrounded by the soldiers, gensdarmes, and prison officers.

The *cavaletto* and *matascioni** were prepared, and the poor wretches were summoned one by one to submit to their fate. The beating began, and lasted eight hours. The cries of the victims were heard over the whole of Procida. The inhabitants were so alarmed and indignant that they rushed towards the spot to endeavour to put a stop to the punishment. Acuti's daughters threw themselves at his feet to try to mitigate his anger, but to no purpose. He carelessly smoked his cigar throughout the whole ceremony. At the sight of the prisoners' tears he only said, "Imbecile fools." When they uttered the customary exclamation of the lower classes when suffering physical anguish, *Maria del Carmine!* "Ah! you may appeal to the Madonna, simpleton!" he said. He mocked their

* Knotted cords previously soaked in water.

contortions, and if any of them changed their position on the *cavaletto*, he held them still with his own hand. He was not a tiger, not a hyena, but a nameless, indefinable being, the true type of an incarnate devil.

Among the fifty caught unchained was Don Andrea, a chief Camorrista, who, though repeatedly summoned, would not obey, alleging that he was not without his chain. Acuti was enraged, and ordered the gensdarmes to drag him to the *cavaletto* by force, but the gensdarmes had already had enough of it, and refused to obey him. By the commandant's side stood the chaplain of the Bagno, De Laurenzi, and Acuti despatched him to convert the Camorrista to obedience.

"Come," said he, "the commandant is waiting for you."

"Where?"

"Outside the gate."

"What for?"

"Because he wants you."

"If he wants me, let him come here."

"Come; you must obey the commandant. What are fifty strokes? Do oblige the commandant."

"You are a fool, my good chaplain!"

"Now, do not be obstinate. Come along, for the love of God; for my sake; do not give the commandant so much trouble. Hark how he is calling out; why will you displease him in this way?"

The patience of the Camorrista here became quite exhausted, and he cried with stentorian voice—"Get out, you monster! you worthy minister of God! Go and receive the fifty strokes yourself, for God's sake; you may take my place, you infernal wretch. Get along, you incarnate devil; if you utter another syllable I'll crush you like a viper, you cursed creature!"

At these words the chaplain turned away like a beaten hound, and the Camorrista escaped the punishment.

CHAPTER VIII.

This cruel, impolitic proceeding on the part of Acuti filled the whole Bagno with mourning. Scarcely any one spoke; no one felt any inclination to eat. We were all lying stretched upon our beds, when suddenly the rattling of chains and blows of hammers are heard, and a voice cries, "Take off your chains, take off your chains! Down with Acuti! death to the monster!" Similar voices, and similar cries, are heard on the second floor. "Chains off! chains off in the top story," is shouted. Immediately this story, like the rest, becomes a forge, and before night all have again freed themselves from their fetters.

The Camorristi were at the head of the mutiny, but did not carry their point without compromising 1500 persons. It was a regulation of the Bagno, that the troops should not fire upon the prisoners, except they broke open the bars and doors to escape. In order, then, to afford no pretext to the soldiers, it was agreed that no one should go out into the air; that each prisoner should keep in his own place in absolute silence; that we should refuse provisions; that we should petition for a new commandant; and to the last keep up the cry, "Down with Acuti." These measures agreed upon, I was appointed to make a collection among the political prisoners, to supply the wants of those who were without the means of buying bread for three days. In a moment I obtained £4; which was spent in bread, oil, macaroni, and maize flour, and distributed amongst the poorest. Two days passed over in making these preparations; and, to a certain extent, our ardour had cooled. Although the political prisoners had not assisted in forming the plan of the Camorristi, yet by their means it had been rendered practicable. Rocco Gerace, Gregorio d'Elia, Michele Fabiani, Leopold Zoleo, and myself, had distributed bread and money, and done our best to encourage the timid.

We were aware that the mutiny might lead to disastrous consequences to its promoters. The older and wiser began, therefore, to hesitate, and also induced some of the Camorristi to take their view of the case. But the more rash always come off best under such circumstances, and frequently emerge from the meshes of the net utterly unhurt. Unmindful, then, of the consequences, or their responsibility, when the bread came in to be distributed among the prisoners, this class raised the cry—"Away with the bread; away with the bread, until a superior officer comes." The cry was repeated by every lip, and the bread was sent away.

Although the plot lasted three days, and was shared in by 1500 persons, yet Acuti remained in total ignorance of its existence. The head and under turnkeys were aware that something was going forward; but they desired the fall of Acuti equally with ourselves, and consequently co-operated with us, without being aware of our exact object. When Acuti heard of the rejection of the bread, he immediately sent the gensdarmes to ascertain the reason. The men first applied to the political prisoners, when Spadaro explained the case to them in brief and precise language. Two of the Camorristi also spoke, and the gensdarmes took the report to the superior officer.

Acuti was too fox-like not to see where his own interests lay. He sent for the Camorristi, and told them they had better secure their own safety, seeing that the responsibility of the mutiny among the prisoners rested upon them. He made them some conditional promises, which, however, he did not keep. The Camorristi denied having taken any part in the rebellion; and even declared that they had gone so far in opposing the general feeling that their lives were very near being sacrificed in consequence. They were then dismissed, and a report of the occurrence was forwarded to the commandant of Procida.

Upon the reception of the report, Signor Rescigni*

* Rescigni, major of gendarmerie, and commander of the city of Procida, was a great favourite of the king, in consequence of the services he had rendered the throne. His majesty left him at Procida, that he might ratify the cruel measures of Acuti. Rescigni hired a large house, be-

immediately came to the Bagno, and ordered that all who refused the bread should descend and enter his presence. On this announcement every one remained silent and no one would go down stairs. The Camorristi, Spadaro, Griffo, and Parisi, had been summoned first, because Acuti had declared them to be the promoters of the disaffection. A moment more and they would have been lost. Without caring for the danger, I exclaimed, "Fellow-prisoners! will you see eight of your best companions sacrificed? Have you the heart to see them shot before your eyes? Acuti has offended us all; we are all against Acuti; down with Acuti." My words were echoed by six hundred voices and again repeated by the prisoners beneath. Encouraged by this unanimity, without giving the enthusiasm time to cool, I continued—"Away with the bread; we will none of us take the bread!" and I proceeded to present myself to the major. The cry, "Away with the bread," resounded through every angle of the building, and every prisoner declared he would not touch the bread.

"Why do you not wish for the bread?" asked Rescigni.

"Because we want another commandant."

"Take the bread, and you shall have another commandant."

"The new commandant first, and then the bread."

longing to a *codino* of Procida, who was also an object of interest to the king. During the three years that he had occupied the house, he had never thought of paying the rent. The proprietor became impatient, and applied for payment. Rescigni refused his demands, and, under pretence of reforming the civic guard of Procida, took the command away from his landlord, and threatened him with arrest if he persisted in pressing his claim for the rent. The ex-Urban chief went to Naples, and laid a complaint before the king. Ferdinand listened to him attentively, and then replied—"You are rich, and a few *carlini* and ducats, more or less, are nothing to you. I am sorry the major has deprived you of the command of the Urban guard, but you shall have it again shortly. Go back to Procida, and be reconciled to my servant, Rescigni. Dissensions between persons who are so dear to me sound ill in my ears." He returned to his post, applied no more for his rent, and he and the major became cordial friends. After a few months, however, the major was displaced from Procida, on account of the complaints of the Procidani, who could not suffer his exactions any longer.

Acuti was livid with rage, and the foam issued from his mouth. The major quitted the Bagno, and sent his report to Naples. The commandant was now left at leisure to meditate schemes of revenge, and he neglected nothing which might afford him the opportunity of sacrificing us. Four cases of grenades were carried up to the roof. The iron bars of the Bagno were all left open; the officers on duty inside were withdrawn; the turnkeys were no longer to be seen; the Bagno remained open the whole night. We all understood his villanous intentions, and without counsel, conference, or exhortations of any kind, each one remained in his place in total silence. The Bagno had become a monastery of mutes. Three days passed, and no superior officer appeared. On the morning of the fourth day, however, a steam frigate came in sight of the prison. It conveyed Colonel Flores, who came to make inquiries. In the course of an hour, two hundred soldiers surrounded the Bagno. Scarcely had the colonel arrived, when Acuti mentioned to him the names of four political prisoners, and two Camorristi,—one of whom was D. Andrea Maestri,—as the chief insurrectionists. The colonel sent for these individuals; and calling out two files of soldiers, placed the *cavaletto* in the middle, administered a hundred strokes to each of the accused, and then sentenced them to solitary confinement. After this severe punishment, he ordered the whole of the prisoners to come into the court, where he harangued them, and concluded by saying, that if any one had any complaints to make against the commandant he should do so in writing, and that justice would be done to all. At the termination of this speech, Peppino Paci, Praino, and another, whose name I do not recollect, approached to speak to him, and present a memorial, in which the injustice and abuses of Acuti were detailed. At the word "*we*," uttered by Paci, the colonel stopped him, and said, "What do you mean by *we?* I will not hear *we, we.* If you have anything to say of the commandant personally, say it, without troubling yourself about others."

"But how can each individual express his complaints without a set time being granted? It would take a long

time to speak one by one, and the commandant ought not to be present."

"Well, retire quietly for the present. In a little while you shall be summoned separately, in the absence of the commandant, when you can freely make your complaints."

The colonel shortly after retired to the secretary's office, accompanied only by his own private secretary; and then those were called who wished to make their accusations against the captain. About two hundred presented memorials; some wished to bring him to formal trial, for the beating he had ordered them when they had been unjustly accused of being found without their chains, but the complaints fell upon an indifferent and unfeeling ear.

The chaplain, De Laurenzi, meanwhile stood before the Bagno door, with the commandant, attentively watching those who went to the colonel. The reverend gentleman well knew that he should not be spared on this occasion, for there was more than one account waiting to be settled with him. Pale as death, he waited and watched without moving a limb. The commandant, with fierce look, shook his head at every one who entered the colonel's room, with a movement which seemed to say, You shall pay for this. At length he could bear it no longer, and exclaimed, as one man entered, "Fool! dolt! You ungrateful wretch! I have always favoured you. Melchiorre, you fool!" This was addressed to a man whom he had, in fact, favoured in repeated instances. As the greater part of the written complaints against Acuti had been made by the political prisoners, the colonel imagined that the mutiny had been excited by them, and therefore ordered that they should be separated from the common prisoners. He commanded that the first Bagno, a place capable of holding six hundred persons, should be given up to them. As the previous occupants left it, the soldiers entered to seek for concealed arms. Not a wall remained entire; not a stone of the flooring was left in its place, and two hundred poignards were discovered. We were then ordered to change our previous room for this. But what a scene of horror and confusion began! Chained two and two together, while some were ascending the staircase carrying

mattrasses, others were descending carrying boxes. One had a basket in his hand; another, a table under his arm; another, a bedstead on his head. Some pushed on the right, some on the left. Some had their garments stolen from their backs; others their caps from their heads; others even the shoes from their feet. Some cried, Make way! others exclaimed, For pity's sake do not kill me! as they received blows from tables, or other pieces of furniture. Some cursed Acuti in particular; others, everybody and everything in general. Some were thrown down; some crushed; some hurried along by the crowd. Oh, horror of horrors! misery of miseries! Two men only were indifferent to the scene passing before their eyes,—Colonel Flores, with his cigar in his mouth, and the commandant Acuti, who laughed in our faces.

When the staircase scene was over, one no less horrifying awaited us. We knew not what to do when we entered the room. The pavement was all pulled up; heaps of stones and mortar lay about on every side. On the right was a beam dragged from its place; on the left were broken plates, scales, saucepans, bottles. The faintest possible glimmer of light illumined the room, and the most disgustingly cadaverous odour was emitted from the filth which encumbered the floor. Those horrors did not last more than a week, however; at the end of that time we were allowed, at our own expense, to have the pavement replaced, the walls repaired and whitewashed, and the rubbish removed. In short, the place was changed from a hell to a prison.

When the colonel returned to Naples we expected to see Acuti removed from the Bagno, but he remained apparently more firmly established than ever. The inspector-general of the Bagno had no power to remove him without an express order from the king, who had given Acuti instructions to employ unusually severe measures. When he felt secure of retaining the command, he then commenced a system of retaliation against the prisoners, especially those of the class to which I belonged. My pen is utterly powerless to recount all the annoyances with which he afflicted us. He burnt the letters addressed

to us from our families, as well as those written by us to them; and while our relatives were weeping for us as dead, we were in agonies of suspense and uncertainty respecting them. The couriers were not allowed to enter the Bagno; friends and relatives who wished to visit us were repulsed with a brutality which prevented them from venturing near the prison again, and an impenetrable barrier was thus placed between us and them. If, by any chance, they were suffered to enter, the most vexatious hindrances to all private conversation were put in practice. On one side were stationed two gensdarmes to listen to the observations made; on the other, turnkeys were placed to assist in watching. The mother could not embrace her son, the wife her husband, or the child his father. The duration of the interview was fixed. No lady, or female of whatever age or station, could escape the most rigorous search. All the families of the prisoners who had taken up their abode at Procida were driven away. Persons suspected of conveying letters were arrested and brought to trial. We were forbidden to purchase bread or any other provisions in the city. The chains were examined over and over again. The surnames of all the political prisoners and those of our relatives were sent to the post-office, and all letters were detained, whether written by us or to us. Every letter bearing the name of a person not residing at Procida was sent to the police, on the suspicion that it was intended for one of us. Many families on the island received domiciliary visits, and had their houses searched. Eggs were held up to the light, fruit cut open, bread broken into pieces, cheeses split, bottles uncorked. We were constantly disturbed in the night, and were all driven to the verge of insanity.

CHAPTER IX.

THE account of Acuti's cruelties reached the capital, and the families of the Neapolitans spread alarm throughout the city. Our friends who resided at a distance applied to the authorities to obtain intelligence respecting us. The foreign journals began to reflect upon Acuti, and lay the responsibility upon the king and General Palumbo. The two latter were unwilling to be considered the authors of these barbarities, and, by means of their adherents and the official journal, stated that the commandant had acted independently, and without informing his superiors of the disturbances which had taken place at the Bagno. The government thus released itself from the accusation of cruelty, and cast the whole weight of it upon one of the hirelings.

Acuti was not a man to be easily silenced. When the general reproached him with his abuse of power, he answered, "The king gave me verbal instructions to that effect; I have only obeyed his commands."

"You speak falsely," returned Palumbo; "the king is an angel of clemency, and could not give you orders to commit such cruelties."

"I only speak the truth," persisted Acuti. "If the king denies giving me such orders, he is a simpleton" (*imbecile*).

This collision produced ill-will between the two, but the general's hands were tied, for Acuti was protected by Ferdinand. The cruelties continued; only Acuti now seldom showed himself in the Bagno, except in the corridors.

In the midst of all his ferocity, Acuti acted sometimes with an inconsistency which resulted in the benefit of individuals. In September, 1855, my family were annoyed

by a domiciliary visit, and I was subjected to annoyances of the same nature in prison. I was in bed without my chain, when twelve soldiers, Acuti, the captain, and the police of Naples came to me. Though a beating stared me in the face, I kept my countenance, coolly proceeded to replace the fetter round my foot, and Acuti turned his back and pretended not to observe me. When I was dressed, they began the scrutiny of my papers and everything I possessed. They thus spent six hours, and even undid the hem of my shirts, so minute was their search. Among my papers was a dialogue upon the government calculated to bring me into trouble. I wanted to destroy it, but it was one of a packet which they had already begun to examine. Although Acuti stood close by, while I unfolded letters with one hand to lay them before the commissary, with the other I removed the dangerous document from the heap. An occupant of a neighbouring bed saw the act and held out his hand to receive the paper from me, but seeing that Acuti observed him, instantly withdrew it. Acuti, as if to favour the manœuvre, turned away and called the attention of the police to something else. But a month afterwards he ordered me into solitary confinement for refusing to give him the explanation of a letter which appeared to him mysterious.

One of his peculiarities was suspicion. If any one saluted him in the Bagno, he, in return, caused him to be locked up and have his irons examined.

One day the post brought him a Piedmontese newspaper, which painted his likeness to the very life. He became furious, tore the paper into tatters, and rushed up and down his room, exclaiming—"The fool of a king! yes, he is a fool, and always will be. I a tiger! I a hyena! I a monster of humanity! I, Angelo Acuti! a fool! a fool!" At this moment, the relatives of a prisoner named Coppolino came from Naples to see him, and the wife was permitted to embrace her husband.

The daughters of the commandant had been suspected of favouring the political prisoners, and being unable to witness their father's severity, had left him and gone to

Naples.* For three months it was impossible to induce them to return. After the perusal of the newspaper, however, he wrote to them, assuring them that he would relax in his rigour, and begging of them to come back to Procida. They complied, and we began to breathe freely again. We could now obtain writing-paper secretly; letters from our families were delivered without delay; ours were stamped and expedited without being read; we received books and all that we requested from Naples. The woman who searched the female prisoners was dismissed. We were warned before every examination of our fetters, and in a word, everything which could soften our fate was, as far as possible, accomplished by those lovely creatures. Like a brood of unfledged nestlings, which, on first raising their heads, suddenly drop them in affright at sight of a branch, yet soon acquire courage to perch fearlessly upon it, we, who began by taking off our chains every evening, and cautiously putting them on again in the morning, trembling lest we should hear Acuti's voice, finished by keeping them off all day when the Bagno remained closed. Acuti was aware of this, but feigned ignorance. Sometimes he would enter intending to surprise us, but his daughters had whispered in the sentinel's ear, and we had received intimation of his approach.† Of course it would happen that the less adroit would sometimes be caught, but the punishment of beating could not be administered without superior orders, and the penalty was therefore usually confined to reproaches, double chains, *traverse*,‡ and solitary confinement. Whatever the measures he employed, he found it quite impossible to keep us always chained. He, therefore, proposed to the *Maggioria* to have our irons welded to our persons, so that the fetter round the

* One of the chaplains of the Bagno, who feigned himself a liberal, had found out the favours which they were in the habit of conferring upon us, and denounced them, first to their father, and then to the superior officers.

† Our companion, who was nearest the entrance, was charged with the office of watching all Acuti's movements, and when he opened the Bagno, he shouted "*Oglio, oglio.*" This was repeated by every one. The information spread with the utmost rapidity, and we acted accordingly.

‡ The *traverse* consisted of an iron bar passed through the eyes of two fetters fixed on the feet, so as to prevent any movement of the body.

ancle and the chain should be all in one; but this was not acceded to. He then himself tested the size of the fetters, reduced them so as to make it a difficult matter to get them off, and marked them with a cross with a large file, as his own sign. We were still more than a match for him, however, and this sign proved of real service to many. We obtained large fetters which we marked in the same way, and could thus laugh at his precautions. Though our position was such as to excite little inclination to merriment, we could not avoid being amused when Acuti, seeing the cross which he believed to be his own mark, would exclaim, in his loud voice, "Very well! go on to the next; all right."

Acuti's measures were well calculated to brutalize us, and reduce us to the utmost degradation, both physical and mental. We, however, did our best to neutralize their effects, at least upon our moral and intellectual qualities. Two of my companions proposed to establish a literary society, which was joined by about twenty of us. We met every Sunday evening, and each member read a composition, either in prose or poetry, which he had written during the week. All the political prisoners, whatever their intellectual or literary attainments, whether learned or perfectly ignorant, attended these literary and amusing meetings, and the pleasure we derived from them is indescribable. The favourite theme was burlesque poetry against Ferdinand. Poems of this class, written in the Calabrese dialect, afforded the greatest pleasure. Oh! how the prisoners of the lower classes exulted when they heard the tyrant by whom they were sacrificed ridiculed. Had it been possible to shorten the week, every one would have reduced it to an hour; such was the anxiety with which we waited for the Sunday evenings, that we might listen to the result of a few thoughts hastily put on paper. Our diversion was, however, soon brought to a close, for reasons which I am not at liberty to explain.

CHAPTER X.

THE Camorristi, being kept in separate confinement, could no longer exercise their dominion over the galley slaves, and consequently lost a great portion of their profits. It is true that one of their members would from time to time make his appearance by stealth; but that which he was thus able to gain or steal was not sufficient to share with others.

While we were mixed up with the common malefactors, and threatened by poignards on every hand, never a day passed that we did not give money to the head of the society to be divided among the rest; never a day passed without our receiving a visit individually from one of the set who began by humbly removing his cap, and finished by getting all that he could out of us; never a day passed that begging notes were not sent round to each of us, so that the sums which our families impoverished themselves to send to us were eaten up by prison officers and Camorristi. But as soon as we found ourselves separated from the common herd of malefactors, we resolved no longer to rob ourselves to supply those to whom we had too long submitted. Necessity had hitherto compelled us to adopt the policy, suffer, pay, and be silent; but it would now be folly to continue the system.

The Camorristi, however, thought they had the same right as ever to share the monthly income we received from our relatives, and, though no longer among us, determined to support their claim. They therefore wrote numberless letters asking for money, saying that misfortune had befallen them in their endeavours to assist us, and that it would be ingratitude on our part if we abandoned them in their miserable condition. They intreated that if we no longer regarded them as our servants, we would, at least, look upon them as distressed mendicants

who asked for alms. This humble supplication weakened our resolution, and we sent them £1, accompanying it, however, with the intimation that they were not to apply again under any pretext whatever. Not a week elapsed before they again wrote, and this time addressed themselves particularly to me and to Leopold Zoleo, who had taken a chief part in the mutiny. We were not aware that Zoleo had seriously involved himself with them, and at his instance, voted them another pound, which was despatched to them. Their repeated success rendered them more importunate than ever, but they only wasted their time, paper, and words. They then began to threaten us, but seeing we were not to to be moved, they held an extraordinary council, and condemned to death eleven of my companions and myself, all of us, in fact, who had concerted the conspiracy of the Bagno in conjunction with them.

A sentence of this nature, emanating from the Camorristi, is without appeal; it is certain death when least expected; it is death by the poignard, on a staircase, or in a corner. Although we were separated from them, it frequently happened that we came in contact with the common prisoners. The officers who distributed the bread and the soup were all friends of the Camorristi, and had free access to our rooms; through them, then, the blow might easily be struck. But it was one of these officers who gave us notice, and the very one who was to have murdered Zoleo. All of us who were condemned now became doubly prisoners, and no longer ventured to leave our rooms.*

Acuti was the declared enemy of the Camorristi; we therefore made application to him, and set before him the various obligations, religious and otherwise, under which he lay to protect us. It was ordered that no common prisoner should go out while the political prisoners were in the court, and that every person who entered our part of the prison should be strictly searched. But, in spite of these precautions, we one day discovered that an assassin, armed with a poignard, had entered in some inexplicable

* See Appendix II.

manner, and, under pretence of soliciting charity, had gone straight up to Lieutenant Griffo with the intention of murdering him. In another moment that gentleman's life would probably have been sacrificed. A single man had thus dared to penetrate into the very midst of six hundred political prisoners for the purpose of committing murder !— had consented to sacrifice himself in obedience to the orders of that mysterious tribunal. This fact alone would suffice to show what the Camorristi are, and the nature of the set to whom we had rendered ourselves obnoxious.

When we saw that the precautions of the commandant were insufficient to protect our lives, we redoubled our vigilance, and took it in turns to guard the entrance during the hours that the Bagno was open. Thus several months passed over and Acuti still remained.

The cholera morbus was now raging in Sicily, and Messina was the stronghold and centre of the infection. Twenty-four thousand persons died in less than two months, including many whole families. All the sufferings which Messina had inflicted on the Bourbon race were repaid to her, by means of the pestilential scourge. Naples was also a prey to it. Procida, soon afterwards, experienced its effects. The bells were constantly tolling the death-knell, and we believed that our turn would soon come. But whether through the mercy of God's gracious providence, or mere natural causes, the monster who had been so long our torment seemed suddenly to change his nature. That very Acuti, who would willingly have slain us all beneath the lash, swore that the cholera should not reach the Bagno. He strictly prohibited all kinds of fruit, vegetables, and sweetmeats, and himself kept possession of the keys of all the stores and of the cisterns, which he fastened with padlocks. He personally superintended the making of the bread and the soup, and the drawing of the water. We were no longer subjected to the examination of our chains, to midnight disturbance or threats. He entered the prison alone, and gave it to be understood that no one need avoid his presence because he was without his chain. The rooms were opened early and closed late. He called us his sons, and took pride in declaring: *No, the cholera shall not*

come, whatever I may have to pay. Nor did it come, but he incurred the displeasure of his royal master.

Whether the royal commands obliged him to again employ more stringent measures, whether the moment of compunction had passed, or whether reasons on which a feeling of delicacy forbids me to dwell, influenced him, I cannot say; but certain it is, that no sooner had the cholera ceased in the kingdom of Naples, than the serpent again showed its sting. In proportion as he became more severe, the more he was insulted by the rabble, who called him by the most obscene names. No sooner did they hear his voice than they cried, "The dog! the dog! take care of the dog!" When he was seen in the corridors, hisses resounded on every side. He was so intimidated that he ceased to enter the Bagno, but he left nothing undone to aggravate our wretchedness. We were thus at open enmity with him when four missionaries* were sent to the Bagno to convert the galley slaves.

Upon the day fixed for general communion, one of the fathers preached a sermon alluding to the cruelties of the commandant, and endeavouring to conciliate our feelings towards him. So exciting was the language of the preacher that Acuti could not refrain from tears. At that sight we wept too, and it was really a moving scene.

At the hour of the communion he uttered words which will ever be remembered by those who listened to him. "Commandant," he exclaimed, "have pity upon these poor victims of personal hatred; pity upon so many fathers languishing here for no crime; pity for those who drag the chain, which belongs by right to their accusers; pity, O commandant! You, too, are a man, and know not what may be the end of your career!" This man secured our sympathies, and carried our hearts by storm. Oh! would

* The chief of them was somewhat austere, and not disposed to be familiar with the political prisoners, but the other three fully sympathized with our sufferings and trials. They never uttered a word in any of their sermons even indirectly reflecting upon liberalism; but, on the contrary, one of them, on one occasion, was so carried away by enthusiasm, that he allowed some words to escape him against tyranny, which incurred the displeasure both of his superior and Acuti, and which he was obliged to qualify.

that all the ministers of the altar were loving fathers like him, instead of willing instruments of tyranny!

At the conclusion of the religious function, the preachers, who had been previously invited, entered our apartments to take some coffee and sweetmeats, which we had sent for on purpose from Naples. Our sympathizing friend used his utmost endeavours to induce Acuti to accompany them. For a long time he resolutely refused, but at length yielded to the persuasions of the superior. He would not, however, eat or drink anything. In the midst of the compliments which were passing, Signor Iarsia read a hymn to the blessed Virgin, which pleased Acuti so much that he requested to have it. The good Padre —— seized this opportunity to say to him, "Captain! we are now alone, free from the presence of the common prisoners; do listen to me, then, and suffer not your obstinacy to overcome you. Do soften the condition of these unfortunate beings as far as you can; do, for the love of God and the Virgin. They will love you, commandant; they will be grateful to you, and will bless you for ever."

"Yes, yes," answered Acuti; "I will do the best I can for them, but they must wear the chain because it is the king's will. I tell you it is the king's order, given to me verbally."

"But, then, what will your indulgence amount to? Commandant, do not let us have any quibbling. You are actuated by feelings of revenge, and a religious soul like yours should be on its guard against that."

"I have told you the king's words; I act in accordance with them, and not from revenge. Why do they refuse to go to Mass every Sunday, and compel me to drag them there as if it was to the scaffold?"*

"From this time forward they will always go to Mass, and not give you the trouble to compel them." Then, turning to us, he said, "Is it not so? Will you not all go to Mass?" All answer, "Yes, Padre."

"You hear, commandant, they all promise to attend Mass."

* This was false; the greater number of the political prisoners went to Mass willingly.

"I hear; but—they ought to pay respect to *Maria Santissima.* I wish them to recite the Rosary every evening when the Bagno is closed."

"Will you recite the holy Rosary to the blessed Virgin?" asked the Padre.

"Yes, yes, the Rosary and the Mass," all answered.

Acuti, thus finding all his objections met, rose and took leave of the preachers, saying, as he went away, "But the chains,—it is the king's will that they should wear them."

The same evening the recitation of the Rosary and the Litany to the Virgin began in the Bagno. In every room a large figure of the Madonna of the Rosary was affixed to the wall, and a lamp, or two candles placed before it. The most perfect silence reigned during the ceremony, except that for two or three evenings it was disturbed by the commandant walking through the rooms to see whether the devotions were performed. As he passed along he stopped here and there bowing before every image of the Virgin, his countenance bearing witness to the satisfaction which he experienced. But did his pleasure arise from reverence for religion? Did he really feel any respect for the enforced words which he caused us to utter? No! he was one of the vilest of hypocrites. The man who could sacrifice fifty-seven individuals in cold blood, as he did, could not be actuated by religious sentiments. His satisfaction arose at having obliged us to spring from our beds at the sound of the bell for Mass, and compelled us to submit to the tedium of reciting the Rosary aloud; of having, in short, made the prison a convent of hypocrites. "I have rendered the Bagno a monastery," said he to the surgeon Graziano. "That is true," answered D. Gracomino, "but it is a monastery of devils." "Devils or saints, it is all one to me, provided they go to Mass and recite the holy Rosary."

From this time we were less oppressed than before. Four months afterwards, he was, however, removed, and sent to take the command of another island. At his departure we all exulted, nor was it without good reason.

CHAPTER XI.

THE commandant of the Bagno was now a Sicilian nobleman, a captain of the line, named Ferruggia. He was upwards of fifty, was a fine, handsome man, of gentlemanly manners, and of a kind disposition. No sooner had he taken the command, than the place became changed, comparatively speaking, from a pandemonium to a paradise: an angel had taken the place of a demon. His wife and daughter, aged twenty, were also characterized by extreme kindness, and contributed to foster his amiability of heart. We were no longer subjected to the examination of our chains or our correspondence; we could see our friends without restriction, and enjoy unrestrained intercourse with them during their visit. Packets which arrived for us were but very slightly examined; females were no longer searched; and we were at liberty to remain in the open air as long as we chose; in a word, our state was, in every respect, the reverse of that which it had been previously.

The leniency of Ferruggia was very displeasing to Major Rescigni, who, in order to ascertain the truth of the accounts received by him, sent his son to the Bagno one day, to watch the proceedings of the commandant. Ferruggia had received warning, and as the major's son reached the prison, he met him, and threatened him with violent proceedings if he did not instantly leave the place. This circumstance was the first cause of bitter enmity between Rescigni and Ferruggia. One of my companions formed an attachment to Ferruggia's daughter, and was betrothed to her with the consent of her father. This was a second cause of enmity on the part of the major. Three persons escaped from the Bagno during his command, and twenty-four others attempted flight. He unceremoniously dismissed a chaplain, the intimate friend of Rescigni, from

the Bagno, for having entered without his orders. He also permitted the political prisoners to leave the Bagno, and entertained them at his own house. All these circumstances were brought against him; and after four months we lost him, to fall back into a state of things worse and more anomalous than ever.

We were now under the command of the old captain Areti, the most honest man of the kingdom of Naples. He scarcely knew how to read and write, and was therefore accompanied by the corporal Galera, a thoroughly venal, bad man. Areti was the bitter enemy of the Camorristi; was affectionate towards the common prisoners, and respectful in the extreme to the political prisoners, whom he called the victims of the rascal (*Birbone*). He would not suffer a man to undergo the punishment of beating on any pretext whatever. He was the declared enemy of the police and the Jesuits; was charitable; did everything in his power to soften the lot of the prisoners condemned to labour; showed no indulgence to thieves, considered as such all who were in the service of Ferdinand, and was, in every sense of the word, a good man.

Corporal Galera, his secretary, was altogether the reverse of the captain, and left no stone unturned to rob us of all we possessed. To serve his own interested ends, he induced Areti to treat the Camorristi with favour, and thus the greater part of them returned among the other prisoners. We enjoyed under the old commandant the same privileges as under Ferruggia, except that our boxes were examined every week to search our correspondence: but the examination was conducted in a manner peculiar to himself. When he entered the Bagno, he brought with him a paper on which were written the names of the persons whose effects were to be examined, and who, on reading their names, might remove anything calculated to criminate them. Upon arriving, he stopped for a time in the central room, to joke with the Neapolitans in their Lazzaroni dialect. Then he would laugh, and say, "My dear children, I cannot help myself, I must examine your boxes; excuse the trouble I give you. If I find anything,

you have only your own stupidity to thank." And he would begin the search.

On one of these occasions, he found a poem against the government in the possession of a prisoner named Fabiani. When his secretary explained its nature, he turned to Fabiani, and said, "You richly deserve a hundred strokes for allowing me to find it, not for having written it. I know very well that you cannot speak well of the king; I should not, if I were in your place; but I would not have believed you could be so stupid as this. I shall report you to the major, and it will be your own fault entirely whatever may be the consequence."

On leaving the Bagno, he heard a prisoner address my companion, Luigi Praino, as Signor Commissario; and imagining from this that he had formerly been a police agent, he came up to him, and said, "Son of a dog, so you have got caught, have you? You have made many a mother's son weep in your time, I will be bound! Your chain becomes you well, and if I had my will, I would put two more round your neck, you cursed animal!" But perceiving his mistake, he made a thousand excuses to Praino, and when he saw him again, stayed to chat with him for half an hour.

The tenderness of his heart was truly remarkable. He never went into the hospital without giving money to the invalids who took snuff, that they might provide themselves with it. A day seldom passed that he did not afford help to some miserable inmate of the Bagno, either in money or in clothing. If he was compelled to inflict punishment, he hurried it through, and tried to forget it as soon as possible.

One morning, two of my companions of the lowest class quarrelled and fought. When the occurrence reached Areti's ears, he sent the serjeant, with orders to chain them both up in their places. Shortly after the man returned, to say that his orders were obeyed.

"What have you done, Don Peppino?" asked Areti.

"I have chained up the two men who were fighting."

"Why, what a stupid animal you are. Don't you know that you are never to obey orders of that kind with-

out asking me a second time? Go back again, and set them at liberty."

"But then—" objected the serjeant.

"But then?" interrupted Areti,—"I cannot sit down to my dinner while those two political prisoners are chained up there by my orders. They wear the chain by command of the king, but their condition shall not be aggravated with my consent."

"If you do so, captain, they will take advantage of it. Leave them as they are, at least till after dinner."

"Don Peppino, you had better not provoke me; go and liberate them directly, or else I will break your head."

As the serjeant went to obey his orders, Areti left the Bagno, saying:

"Is it likely I could eat, while my two poor children were suffering? I shall never be able to stay here, if my subalterns act like tigers."

This tranquillity was too agreeable to last long; the Camorristi disturbed it; and after we had passed through three months of wretchedness and uncertainty, Colonel Rodriguez was sent from Naples professedly to set the Bagno in order. He no sooner arrived than he issued orders to the effect, that any one who neglected to give up his poignard within twenty-four hours, should, in case it was found in or near his place, be punished by a hundred strokes a day, two days in succession; that persons near the place in which a knife should be found, should receive the punishment of fifty strokes.

The tenor of this decree produced great effect among us, and some little among the lowest of the common prisoners, but scarcely any at all among the Camorristi. It was unanimously agreed by us, that the poignards with which we had provided ourselves when in dread of our lives from the Camorristi, should be immediately thrown away, and in less than an hour four hundred were safely disposed of. We thus left ourselves without arms; but such was not the case with the rest of the Bagno. The greater number of the common prisoners gave up their weapons; though some of them, and all the Camorristi, hid them as well as they could in secret places, or induced the turnkeys to take care

of them.* Three hundred weapons were given up to the colonel, who, supposing that this must include the whole number in the Bagno, neglected to make any search; so that nearly a fifth of the prisoners remained armed, while we had yielded to the fear of beating. Before taking his departure, the colonel summoned the Camorristi, and, almost as if making a request, recommended them to keep quiet, and endeavour to maintain order in the Bagno. The Camorristi promised to accede to his desires, and he left us.

CHAPTER XII.

It seems utterly inconceivable that a colonel, surrounded by force, and armed with full legal powers, should, instead of employing his legitimate authority, have recourse to the Camorristi to aid him. Such is the fact, however, and clearly shows how the government favours this class of men. To leave it without a shadow of doubt, I will narrate a fact which occurred at the Bagno of Capua. In 1858, Ferdinand II. went to pay a visit to those fortresses where a great number of prisoners were engaged in labour. As the king approached a prisoner named Madonna, the latter entreated his majesty to be pleased graciously to remove the Camorristi from the prison, because of their overbearing insolence and their exactions towards the other prisoners.

"Why, how many Camorristi are there?" asked Ferdinand.

"Eight, your majesty," answered Madonna.

"Well, there are two hundred of you, and you can get rid of them for yourselves. The favour that I will grant you is not to make you pay for doing so."

* When a search was to be made, the turnkeys would inform the Camorristi, and take charge of their poignards until it was over. Some of the inferior officers of the prison were tried by court-martial for this connivance.

"But we cannot get rid of them because we have no weapons, while they are provided with poignards."

"Very well, very well, I see you are a chicken-hearted set" (*siete veramente conigli*), said the king, and turned away.

Although we feared things would remain in the state in which the colonel left them, yet some changes took place which rendered our position more secure. New iron bars were added to those which already existed in the other stories of the Bagno. Each class had its provisions separately prepared. Persons employed in the service were chosen by those who were interested in the choice; all communications with the common culprits was cut off; the keepers were held responsible for any accident which might arise from their want of care; every prisoner was examined before he went out into the court; the keys of the different rooms were consigned to the commandant, who personally verified the state of the bars and bolts. In a word, all possible precautions were taken to secure us from the attacks of those who would have murdered us unhesitatingly, had the opportunity been afforded them.

Such regard for our safety on the part of those who had more than once seemed bent upon our destruction, was quite unlooked for by us, and its cause greatly excited our curiosity. Our wonder ceased, however, on learning that we owed this care to the representations of certain Neapolitan families, who had alarmed the capital by saying that the government had placed us in such a position that we were liable to fall by the assassin's poignards, and that the king's intention with regard to us was evident. These reports, by no means unfounded, reached the ear of the monarch, who, with ill repressed rage, said to the minister of public works—"Do make this set of Lazzaroni old women hold their tongues; I am tired of hearing them talk."

CHAPTER XIII.

About a month had elapsed, when one evening after the Bagno was closed, the commandant approached an iron grating, and in a low tone of voice, said to Don Francesco Bruni, "The Jesuits are here; it is a bad sign when the crows are about; take care of yourselves, my children, for I fear them more than the devil." Three hours after this warning, a sound of keys announced that the Bagno was unlocked again. The door opened, and the Rev. Padre Vigilante appeared among us.

With a commanding air and in a loud tone of voice he ordered us to assemble round him, and to listen to what he was going to say. When we had obeyed his invitation he began, "I come here, sent by God in the first place, in the second, by the king. Will you receive me?" (General silence.) "Am I speaking to the dumb?" (Still not a word.) "God and the king have sent me for your conversion, and the good of your souls." ("Indeed?") "Will you not then cheerfully receive me? Will you not hearken with attention to the words of God? Will you not confess your sins with contrition? Will you not save your souls?" ("Well, go on.") "This evening it is so late that we shall give only a very brief instruction to serve as an introduction to our holy exercises. To-morrow evening we shall begin regularly. Let us go to the chapel at once. Now, all of you come."

"You do not know what you are saying, Padre," answered Michele Fabiani; "we are surrounded by dangers, and besides are all ill with colds caught in consequence of being kept so much shut up."

"Who are you, to speak in the name of your companions?" asked the Jesuit, with imperious air and harsh voice. "What do you mean by putting yourself at their head in this manner? Are you the interpreter

of their will? or were you placed here to lord it over them?"

"You may call me what you please, Signore. We are all one family here; there are neither heads, nor servants, nor interpreters among us. The interest of one is the interest of all, and the interest of all is the interest of each. If you go round the rooms you will hear nothing but complaining and coughing. In this case, only actual force can compel us to expose ourselves to the dangers which we have so carefully avoided hitherto."

"Silence, Mr. Cicero," answered the monk, angrily. "Silence, Mr. Spokesman. The fear of increasing your colds is perfectly imaginary, and the fear of the Camorristi equally so. I will stake my life upon yours. Where Padre Vigilante is, no one will dare to harm you, or even think of such a thing.* Come along at once. A few minutes' exposure will not kill you."

We all remained silent, and one by one withdrew from him, thus making him clearly understand our disinclination to listen to him. Perceiving the movement, he ordered Fabiani to return to his place; and turning to the commandant said, "Make them go out in the corridor," and went away.

The captain and the turnkeys shouted, "All out; all out;" but no one stirred. The monk stood with his back against the door, which led to the upper story of the Bagno, as if he would assure us that no harm should reach us from that direction, while he angrily and impatiently complained that none of the prisoners came out in spite of the orders given them. The commandant, who, as I have already said, heartily hated the police and the Jesuits, was in reality quite delighted at our obstinacy, although he was

* The reverend gentleman was quickly convinced that the race of men met with in Neapolitan dungeons are not frightened by mere words. The day before the monk returned to Naples, the poignard of an assassin penetrated the vitals of Filippo Scali, who died two days afterwards, leaving us all in grief and consternation—the greater, because he had received a pardon, and had been sent for to receive the intelligence when the bloody deed took place. Padre Vigilante himself was much affected by the occurrence, and the fate of the amiable Calabrese induced him to take measures against the Camorristi.

obliged to pretend the reverse. The Jesuits were sent to the Bagno with powers superior to any local authority. The commandant was, therefore, compelled to submit to their orders, and was much afraid of them. On this account, he said beseechingly to us, "My dear children, you were quite right not to wish to go out; but a few of you must go to the chapel for a short time, or else I shall get into disgrace." Upon this, about ten of us went to hear the ranting of a monk, one of Vigilante's companions, whose name I do not remember. The sermon lasted only about ten minutes, and then everything resumed its usual course.

On the following morning we were summoned to attend Mass. Padre Vigilante again came to pay us a visit, and proposed that we should all confess, declaring his belief that after we were reconciled to God, the king would grant us some indulgence. This address produced considerable effect upon the multitude, so that nearly all attended Mass and the sermon, and many confessed. The religious services were held every day during a week, and then the monks returned to Naples, bearing with them three hundred petitions addressed to the king; the greater part of them copies of a form drawn up by Padre Vigilante, and conceived in the following terms:

"Sacred Royal Majesty,

"Sire,

"N. N., condemned for political "offences, confesses to your majesty, that being seduced "by the enemies of the throne, he was led to offend against "the most righteous of monarchs, but that he is now peni- "tent and implores your majesty's clemency."

Had the Rev. gentlemen really come to save our souls or relieve our bodily sufferings, or if they had come to make discoveries of importance, or to wring from us humble supplications to his majesty, I should scarcely have thought their visit worthy of passing notice; but the fact is, that the ministry were endeavouring to make a classification of the prisoners, and these Jesuits furnished them

with minute information. From that time, the king decided to banish as many as possible from the kingdom, and soon began to put his design into execution. Some commuted sentences and a few free pardons caused the power of the chief Jesuit to be greatly venerated in the Bagno,* and was the exciting cause of altercations, disputes, arguments, discord, and political schemes, which naturally and inevitably led to enmity between companions in the same cause, victims of the same tyranny, and enemies of the common enemy. The monk knew very well what he was about when he sowed the seeds of discord among a multitude consumed by hunger, overcome by grief, and worn out by sufferings of every kind. It is not all who can maintain firmness under trial, or constancy in endurance, and who are gifted with virtue and strength of will to die for the principles which have led them to chains and imprisonment. Hence, though some of the Jesuit seed fell among thorns or upon stony ground, some portion fell upon a soil well prepared to receive it and render it eminently fruitful. The government attained its object, thanks to Father Vigilante, who organised a species of *espionage*, which enabled it to observe every act of the political prisoners, and hear every word which was uttered relative to itself.

It is truly fearful to think of one companion keeping close watch over every word and act of another; but I have said enough to show that the political prisoners formed a strangely antagonistic and heterogeneous combination. Moreover, the monk introduced three clerical prisoners among us condemned to chains for sacrilege, and to whom was assigned a monthly stipend as sacristans of the Bagno chapel. These three worthies, and all who had abandoned liberalism, formed the telegraph wires by which information was transmitted to the monk daily or weekly, as to who confessed, who went to Mass, attended chapel, spoke against Jesuitism, cursed the king, favoured liberalism, anticipated political changes, longed for the fall of the Bourbon

* Thirty-two political prisoners, four years of whose punishment, at most, remained unexpired, were set at liberty at the suggestion of the Padre.

dynasty, refused to petition the monarch, and defied misfortune, preferring death to the smallest concession which could offend their honour, their virtue, or their political creed. Such men as these, in spite of the danger they incurred in braving the hatred of the Jesuits, and risking confinement in solitary dungeons in Bagni, where a more severe discipline was enforced, lost no opportunity of warning and reproving their comrades, and endeavouring to open their eyes as to the nature of the conduct which they were pursuing, but all to no purpose. Indeed, their admonitions and endeavours to recall those who had wandered from the path of rectitude served only to increase and embitter the dissensions, and split the political prisoners into two parties,—the party of the Jesuits, and that of the men of honour and virtue.

In proportion as discord and division gained ground, the rumour of speedy pardon was artfully circulated, in order to draw those into the net who had hitherto resisted the snare. While the political culprits had divided themselves into two parties, Padre Vigilante, on his part, had arranged them into three classes; those who had suffered themselves to be gained over by him, the penitent, and those who were obstinately unreconciled to the throne: in other terms, such as were deserving of liberty; those who merited alleviation of their punishment; and those who were not worthy of any consideration, and were fit only to be left to rot in their cells.

Although various measures of prudence had been taken to restore calm to the Bagno, and everything was done to guard us from collision with the rabble who still eyed us askance, yet disorder and alarm were frequent, in consequence of quarrels among the lowest grade of prisoners, and the Camorristi ever sought to keep up the agitation as being profitable to themselves. A week never passed without a wounded or murdered body being seen carried along the corridors;—that a disturbance did not take place, or a robbery did not occur. The poignards which had been hidden, when the *cavaletto* was feared, had again been brought out. The war which they could no longer carry on against the enemy was now declared against their own

party; Calabrese were against Calabrese; Provincials against Provincials.*

The report of these horrible scenes was conveyed daily to the ears of the supreme authorities, who were, at length, so worn out with their repetition that they resolved to give the command of the Bagno to a more active, energetic, severe, and crafty man; to one, in short, who possessed the requisite qualities for re-organizing the state of the prison. Thus ended the command of the good but ignorant Areti, to give place to that of D. Camillo Campajuola, the Attila of penal establishments. We were now, for the fifth time, handed over like a flock of sheep to a new shepherd.

CHAPTER XIV.

D. Camillo Campajuola, the son of a commandant of a Bagno, was born, brought up, and educated, so to speak, among galley slaves. He began, as a private soldier, to perform the office of turnkey in penal institutions; and after a long and meritorious career, reached the grade of sub-lieutenant of marine, from which body all the officers employed in the prison are chosen. So many years passed among men stained with blood and crime of every kind, had made him quite expert in discovering the arts, intrigues, and designs of the prisoners. He recognised at a glance a Camorrista, an adept, a cut-throat, or any one who had the smallest leaning towards the Camorristi. He held this kind of prison plague in utter detestation; and wherever he had been in command, had always effected its extermination. Before administering the punishment prescribed by the regulations, when circumstances rendered it desirable, he would give a lesson

* The mob of the Calabrese Camorristi was composed of Neapolitans, Catanzaresi, Regginesi, Cossentini, Pugliesi, and Potentini. That of the Provincials was formed of Saleritans, Abruzzese, and natives of Terra di Lavoro.

of discipline with a stick, which he always carried with him. There was scarcely a Camorrista who had not enjoyed a taste of his Indian cane, and received a dozen blows from it. He was the terror of all who sought to exercise illegitimate control in the prison. "Where I command," he used to say, "I will allow of no other commander. Where I steal, I will allow no other thieves." The reign of the Camorristi was over then, and their destruction determined by Campajuola. He destroyed them, in fact, gradually, though not without the aid of the Jesuits, whom he secretly hated, as much as his predecessor.

However strict the commandant of a Bagno may be, he will never succeed in carrying out his plans unless he is obeyed to the letter by his subalterns, and has those under him upon whom he can implicitly rely. Campajuola, having had the command of several Bagni, knew from experience what men were likely to be most useful to him; and therefore requested General Palumbo to send him two officers, in whom he knew he could place entire confidence. His wishes were complied with; and D. Antonio Cavalieri, and another, D. Antonio Conti, replaced two who were there on his arrival.

The two new turnkeys (*Comiti*) had some qualities in common, and others quite peculiar to each. Both had a fondness for strong drinks and the lottery, and were so ignorant that they could not even write their names. Cavalieri was distinguished for courage, daring, roughness, impertinence, exaction, pride, and reserve; the other, for hypocrisy, cunning, timidity, and intense hatred of the political culprits. The one was to be managed by the administration of *carlini;* the other would refuse money from the political prisoners, to receive it from the tavern keeper.* The one was openly savage and perfidious; the

* In some of the Bagni of the kingdom, there are restaurants, or taverns, in which the prisoners can be supplied with necessaries at a high price, and with some reduction of weight and quantity. These taverns are kept by the prisoners, who obtain the privilege on payment of a certain sum to the *Maggioria*. But as such privilege would be valueless without the concurrence of the commandant, and the vigilance of the serjeants, the keeper is compelled to enter into an agreement with all the *employés*,

other apparently gentle, but in reality a monster. The one had been a Camorrista in the army; the other was a true police agent. The one was well adapted to his post in the interior of the Bagno, which was peopled with evil beings; the other as well adapted to the exterior, where the most watchful vigilance was necessary. Such were the different offices assigned to them, and they fulfilled their duties in a way which did honour to their profession.

CHAPTER XV.

If the office of the new commandant had been limited to keeping the prison in order, freeing it from the turbulence of the Camorristi, and leaving us as he found us, our condition would have been greatly improved; but it was one of his duties to watch us attentively, and penetrate the secret recesses of our hearts as far as possible.

Under the command of Areta, we had the opportunity of writing and receiving clandestine letters, and some journals likewise reached us; but under Campajuola this was impossible. The dog which kept watch at the Bagno gate would scent out a secret at the bottom of an abyss. Campajuola's mastiffs were obliged, under the vigilant eye of their master, to bite, when they would rather have secured a piece of meat by their indulgence. More than one courier had been prohibited from approaching the Bagno; and the rest would no longer aid us in carrying on our secret correspondence. Prohibited objects were sought out in boxes, baskets, and toilet appurtenances,

from the highest to the lowest, and allow each a perquisite, according to his grade. The result is, that no provisions are allowed to be sold in the Bagni by any other than the tavern-keeper; that, however bad his goods, they must be accepted and paid for like the best; that the weight is always short; and it is an understood thing, that the correct price of any article purchased outside the Bagno walls shall be carefully kept from the knowledge of the prisoners, that they may not complain of the sum charged them by the tavern-keeper.

and their attempted introduction rendered for the future insecure and perilous. The conventional meaning of the language we employed in writing was detected; every piece of intelligence which circulated among us reached the ear of the commandant as if by means of an electric wire; and all the restrictions to which we had formerly been obliged to submit were now redoubled. These circumstances were warnings to us to conform to the new order of things, and to endeavour to make the best of what had befallen us.

To tell the truth, Campajuola generally behaved in a gentlemanly way to those who were gentlemen; but his courtesy was forced, and in many cases it was clearly evident that a struggle was going on between his words and his real feelings. Four different times he raised his hand to strike as many of my companions, because they contradicted him when he falsely accused them.* The chain, however, had become a mere formality, as we wore it only when we went into the corridors, or court-yard, to take the air; for which privilege we paid a species of monthly tribute, which was shared among the serjeants, turnkeys, and other officers employed in the interior of the prison.

The commandant would have reduced us to stricter order, and kept continually forwarding report after report to the *Maggioria*. But he either received no reply, or was told verbally, "Leave things just as they are; they have suffered enough, and the government is quite satisfied." The general, in thus expressing himself, said less than

* The reason why Signor Campajuola ceased to strike the condemned will be found in the following fact, which proves that superstition may sometimes be subservient to utility. The serjeant, D. Antonino, educated in the same school as his superior, D. Camillo, had also been in the habit of beating those committed to his charge, and for the most trifling offences. One day, while he was cruelly beating a galley slave, the man uttered an imprecation upon him, wishing God might strike him dead. Antonino was of a temperament inclining to apoplexy, though until that moment he felt no symptoms of its approach. Whether he was unusually excited in consequence of the man's reproaches and maledictions, or whether it was the will of Providence that he should experience their effects, the fact is, that upon returning to his house he was seized with an apoplectic fit, and fell dead upon the floor. His death was hailed with rejoicing in the Bagno, and produced a great effect upon the commandant, who accepted it as a warning to himself.

the truth. We were reduced to mere walking skeletons. Three hundred brave youths had died chained to their beds in the hospital; our families had been reduced to misery; and who knows how many poor orphans were begging their bread in consequence of our iniquitous captivity?

When Campajuola saw that he could do nothing in reference to our chains, he began to make war against our hair; and posted up notices without number, prohibiting beards, moustaches, and imperials. We turned a deaf ear to his orders, and persisted in preserving our hairy adornments: but he was not a man to allow his designs to be frustrated lightly. To employ direct force to deprive us of our beards, was a somewhat imprudent and dangerous undertaking; he therefore ordered the captain to allow none of the political prisoners to leave their rooms, unless their beards were shaved, declaring, that if a single man were seen outside with a beard, the captain should be held responsible, and severely punished. This order was strictly enforced, and there was no other alternative, but either to remain in our rooms, or to shave our beards. The greater number adopted the last plan, and deprived themselves of the whole of their hairy appendages; others adopted a middle course, and half shaved; some also shaved a considerable portion of their heads; and a few were contented to shut themselves up in their rooms, to protect their hair from interference. Among those who shaved half their heads, as a protest against the absurdity of the order, was Peppino Paci, who being reputedly a republican, was believed by the commandant to have adopted this method as a republican sign. Hence a fresh notice soon appeared on the walls, thus worded:—"In passing along the corridors, I have observed some of the prisoners with their hair cut in a strange and significant manner. As the regulations of the Bagno forbid the hair to be cut in this fashion, it is expressly prohibited that any one cut his hair like Paci. Whoever shall disobey these orders shall be severely punished. The captain of the interior, and the turnkeys of the floor in question, shall be responsible for the execution of this order."

If, on the one hand, Campajuola tormented us about trifles in this fashion, on the other we were relieved from fear that any insignificant word written in our letters should subject us to punishment as under Acuti. If he observed such he feigned not to understand the meaning, and the letters left or entered the Bagno. But, in really serious cases, he burnt the letters without informing us. This indulgence was not, however, prompted by his own inclination, but was ordered by government, which deemed it advisable to spare the expense of trials which would but have condemned us to a few additional months of imprisonment.

We thus passed several months without knowing anything of the political world, when a fortunate event occurred which gave us the opportunity of receiving newspapers, prohibited books, secret letters, and even fire-arms, had we wished for them. In the evening, when the prison was locked up, the custody of the doors and windows was confided to the soldiers of marine, who were expressly prohibited from interchanging a word with us. But in the midst of so many soldiers there were some members of "Young Italy," who cared little for the prohibition, and talked with us at our windows, gave us the current news of the day, and one of them, a corporal, offered to be the bearer of our letters to Naples if we would so employ him. At first we refused his offers, believing him to be a spy; but shortly afterwards we were convinced of our mistake, and employed him on several dangerous embassies. As it was his duty to go to the capital to take the reports of his superior to the *Maggioria*, we were certain that he would avoid compromising us for his own sake, and we received, through him, intelligence which greatly alleviated the tedium of our confinement. But this did not last long. The commandant became violently enraged by discovering that, in spite of his orders, we obtained information of which he was ignorant. He reproached the serjeant on duty outside, threatened the one inside, raved against the turnkeys, but all was useless for a time. He was not satisfied, however, with half measures when he had once determined on a thing. Resolved to find out the method

by which we became possessed of news, he did discover it, though fortunately the name of the generous corporal remained a secret, and we were spared the grief of seeing him beaten, degraded, and obliged to bear us company in irons.

Profiting by our freedom from the chain, to which I have already referred, I set on foot an amusement which was found to be both agreeable and instructive. I formed a small theatre as well as circumstances would permit, and once a fortnight we performed a tragedy, which was followed by an amusing farce. The excitement occasioned by these agreeable and instructive representations was intense. Every individual among us, whether nobleman or plebeian, took his share in arranging the scenic decorations, erecting the stage with bedsteads, and contributing to the toilette requisites of the actors. Campajuola was aware of it, though he would not appear to know, but when one of the officers told him of the decorations which he had seen in our rooms, he ordered that they should all be taken away. I was in fact deprived of them, and they were given to the parish priest of Procida to be used in Passion week. When they took away my first drop-scene, I immediately set to work upon a second, and used coloured paper instead of having it painted by the artist, from whom all his implements had been taken. The commandant knew of this expedient, but as he received no formal report of it, he allowed us to retain the substitute, and make use of it for two months, only keeping a vigilant eye upon the pieces which we represented. One of our number composed a drama called Masaniello. We were arranging it for its exhibition the following Sunday, when the commandant sent for me, and said, "Without a moment's delay, give me up everything belonging to the theatre. You may represent Masaniello when you have the republic. In the Bagno everything is prohibited which tends to unite people together, and I do not choose to be compromised. I might have done otherwise, and caused the Bagno to be searched for your painted papers, but you had better give them up without making any disturbance. Obey at once, if you do not wish to be placed in solitary confinement."

"With regard to the paintings," I replied, "I can obey you immediately, as they are all in my own keeping, but as to the wood tressels I do not know where they are."

"Then I can tell you," he answered, taking a paper from a small drawer in his desk, and reading—"The planks of the tressels under the bed of D. Giuseppe Figurelli; the feet under the bed of Nicola Folino; the decorations probably in the possession of the director of the company."

"Well, then," I answered, "you might just as well have spared yourself the trouble of calling me. I assure you I did not know, Signor Commandant."

"It is convenient to be ignorant, sometimes, Signor Nicolò; but I know this, that if you dare to replace any of the things, you shall pay for it handsomely by being sent to Pescara."

"You need not give yourself so much uneasiness, I shall not think of doing so."

I returned to my room accompanied by the captain, to whom I gave up everything, to the last morsel of carpentry; and thus finished our theatre, theatricals, and diversion. We all deeply regretted it, as it was a great relief to us in the state of moral depression in which we were. An evening of theatrical amusement was quite a festival for us. To the heart which suffers a smile brings joy.

CHAPTER XVI.

When Campajuola commanded the Bagno of San Stefano there was a prisoner named Giuseppe Chianese, who had on various occasions been favoured by him. Reports to his prejudice were circulated, but when he came among us as a fellow-political sufferer, he was received with cordial affection, and the character of spy which had preceded him we believed to be a calumny. For a fortnight his conduct was perfectly unexceptionable and above all suspicion. Belonging to the province of Reggio, he passed the whole

day with his fellow-countrymen, who admitted him to their full confidence. After a short time, however, it was discovered that he had the acute ear and eye which characterize the spy by profession, that he had been represented to us in colours only too favourable, and we had indeed reason to repent not having believed the accounts which had been given us of him.

Chianese was constantly going out to speak to the commandant, now upon one excuse, now upon another, but always with such specious pretences as to the object of his intercourse with him, that we took it all in good faith. We could not for a long time understand how it was that the first thing in the morning the place would be examined in which a journal or a letter had been hidden over night. It was a true puzzle until we discovered that Chianese was the organ of communication between us and the commandant. Before he went to bed he would write down all that had been said and done among us, and throw the paper out of the window, when the sentinels would pick it up and carry it to the commandant. It was he who informed Campajuola that the soldiers talked with us, and they were, consequently, forbidden to enter the Bagno, and the turnkeys took the place of the marine guard.

CHAPTER XVII.

One morning in March, a deep silence reigned throughout the Bagno. The captain was walking thoughtfully up and down the corridor; the turnkeys appeared to be under the influence of fear and astonishment; the soldiers were not at their usual games; the sentinels were doubled; visitors were forbidden to see the penal criminals; everything about us was subjected to strict search; the wives of the prisoners were prohibited from coming to the prison, we were not permitted to go out into the court-yard; the

Bagno, in short, was apparently in a state of siege. This unexpected change of affairs made us suspect that a superior officer was expected, or that some political movement had occurred in the kingdom. No superior officer made his appearance, however, and therefore our hopes rose with regard to the second contingency. Before evening we learned from a person, whom I cannot name, that Pisacani had disembarked at Sapri, and begun the revolution. In our actual condition such news could not be otherwise than welcome to us all. At that moment all discord and ill-humour were forgotten, and joy beamed on every countenance. Although prudence counselled us to moderate our transports, it was not possible to restrain the expression of our feelings. The turnkeys perceived our jubilant air, and when they were convinced that the event of Sapri was not a mystery to us, they explained it more clearly for our benefit. The commandant was informed that we knew of it, and, being unable to contradict it, was determined to give us a counter blow. He therefore informed us, by means of Giacinto Fanelli, that the revolution had failed, and that all the rebels had either fled, been arrested, or killed.

This was the sincere desire of his heart, and his wishes were shortly after gratified. Though the revolution had not failed when Campajuola declared it had, yet it fell two days afterwards, carrying with it fresh victims, rivetting fresh chains, bereaving more families, and destroying our hopes, though not weakening our courage.

"When revolution once begins," said Luigi Praino, "it is not so easily arrested; we must wait with patience. The tyrant will at least be convinced that the desire for liberty is not extinguished in the breasts of the Neapolitans."

For four days this exceptional state of things continued in the Bagno, and we were all disposed to believe that affairs were progressing according to our wish. But on the fifth day matters returned to their original state, and we could no longer indulge our illusions, joy vanished, and reality, with its lugubrious aspect, returned. The dissipation of this brilliant ray of light caused us less pain than the cruel jests of the prison officers, who went up and down

the corridors singing snatches of songs ridiculing the events which had just taken place.

Though the Bagno returned to its former state of calm monotony, a change took place in reference to the visitors whom we were permitted to receive. Our friends were greatly annoyed by the search to which they were compelled to submit before entering the prison, and it was only in the presence of the captain and turnkeys that they were allowed to converse with us. The examination of the articles sent to us was so minute and vexatious that we were almost deprived of the power of providing ourselves with anything. Many of the political prisoners had their clothes destroyed, and even their very boots turned inside out, but without anything being discovered.

Five months had elapsed since the unfortunate occurrence of Sapri, and we received intelligence that the Bagno was placed under the direction of the Jesuits, who were coming to make arrangements accordingly. Padre Vigilante returned amongst us once more, accompanied by government agents who settled with him the modifications to be made in the interior of the Bagno. New pavements were ordered, fresh partitions to be made, buildings to be erected on the right, windows and doors to be enlarged on the left, rooms to be vacated, and various other things of a similar nature. All these changes were a source of grievous annoyance to us, and even caused the death of some of our number. The space previously appropriated to each was insufficient to allow of freedom of movement; when, therefore, these three rooms were to undergo alterations, those who were turned out in consequence were obliged to accommodate themselves as best they might among the others, and filled up every corner so as scarcely to allow of room for walking through the chambers. It is impossible to imagine the confusion which ensued, or the vast increase of flies and vermin consequent on the over crowding. We were reduced to a complete state of desperation. But that which most seriously affected us was the damp from the new stone flooring, and the clouds of dust we were compelled to inhale from morning to night, and which covered our beds, clothes, and everything about us. We ate, drank, and

breathed dust. While in the act of changing our linen it became black, and in spite of the most frequent ablutions which circumstances permitted us, our persons were never in a comfortable state of cleanliness. An epidemic cough reigned among us, and more than twenty cases of hemorrhage from the lungs occurred. Some expectorated dust, some blood; some struggled through, while others fell a sacrifice and quitted this life without the comfort of a tender hand to wipe the death agony from their brows.

Several months elapsed without bringing us any change of importance, except some fresh spiritual exercises,—not performed by the Jesuits, however, but by clergymen of Procida; one of whom, instead of preaching the gospel, uttered a diatribe against liberalism, and by means of allegorical similes, described us as visionaries, fools, and scoundrels. This holy being was a certain Montefusco, who had been persecuted by the government for his political opinions, and who, in order to regain his good name, came to insult us in our sufferings, and tell us that the punishment inflicted upon us by a monster of despotic tyranny and perjury was perfectly just and richly merited.

CHAPTER XVIII.

THE Bagno remained closed longer than usual upon one occasion. The serjeant entered, to give us warning to adjust our chains, as was always done when the visit of any of the superiors was expected. We asked who was coming, and were told Colonel Salazar; but it was not known with what object. The serjeant had just left us, when the chaplain of the Bagno, Signor Scotti, came in hastily, evidently the bearer of some intelligence which much delighted him. Approaching Signor Tripepi, he whispered in his ear—"Capital news; rejoice; liberty; you are going

to your homes. A colonel is come to send you away!" Telling Tripepi not to mention it, he departed. No sooner was he out of hearing, than Tripepi repeated what the chaplain had said, word for word,—and the delightful intelligence was known to all in a single second. Coming from the chaplain, we could not do otherwise than believe it; and doubted not for a moment that our lot was soon to be totally changed. Oh! what castles in the air did we build! What senseless words did we utter in the delirium of our joy! what hopes! what a bright future! We were soon embracing, and taking leave of each other; some preparing their wardrobes for removal; some dancing like lunatics; while some kept perfectly still, as if overwhelmed with the intelligence. Many wept; and others walked up and down, talking to themselves like demented beings. It was a scene to which my pen can do no measure of justice, and I must leave it to the imagination of the reader.

We were all on the tiptoe of expectation, awaiting the summons to freedom, or at least to some great improvement in our condition, when the serjeant entered, with a list of twelve persons, who were called to go to the colonel. Upon hearing their names, the rest offered them the most affectionate adieux, wishes for a happy return among their friends, entreaties to be remembered by them, and parted from them with such expressions as, "Take care of yourselves!" "God be with you!" "The Madonna protect you!" "Good bye! Good bye!" How can I describe the anxiety with which we waited to hear the result of their interview with the colonel. We counted the minutes, and the very seconds. After about an hour of painfully intense expectation, our twelve companions returned as they had gone. At this sight our elation was suddenly damped. We tried to reassure ourselves, by thinking that they might have come back to fetch their clothes, and other property; but this hope was dashed by the manifest gloom which overspread the countenances of our already disabused colleagues. When they re-entered, twelve more were summoned, and so on in succession, until the magnanimity shown towards us by our king, Ferdinand II.,

had been communicated to us all. He wished to send us to the Argentine province.

Colonel Salazar had come to the Bagno, to read to us the copy of a convention made by the king with the president of the Argentine republic, and the pardon which his gracious majesty intended to confer upon his rebellious subjects:

"His majesty the king, our master, deigns, in the fulness of his clemency, to commute the penalty of the political prisoners to banishment from the kingdom to South America. His majesty has made satisfactory provisions for his pardoned subjects, and stipulated the following conditions with the republican government:

"1st. The Republic will assign to each group, composed of five persons, twenty-five acres (*arpenti*) of land, five barrels of flour, two horses, five cows, a bull, two spades, two mattocks, two ploughs, two axes, and fifty *patacoons* to build a hut.

"2nd. The timber required for building may be taken from the woods nearest to the place of residence of the respective groups.

"3rd. The doctor, the chemist, and any other person who has a family of five persons, will be considered as a group.

"4th. The chaplain will be considered as a group, and have twenty *arpenti* of ground.

"5th. Each group is compelled to cultivate the space of ground assigned to it within four years.

"6th. After the second year, each group shall begin to pay 25 *collonati*, up to the sum of 250 *patacoons*," etc. etc.

As the secretary finished reading the convention, the colonel addressed each prisoner separately, and asked him whether or not he would accept the favour offered by the king. The answer was very various. Some accepted immediately; some as promptly replied, No; while others asked for a fortnight, some for a week, to consider. Others, again, begged of the colonel to decide for them. Some burst out into imprecations against the king, which made

the colonel laugh till the tears ran down his cheeks. Pasquale Cristao made no reply at all, until again and again pressed to do so. "Well," said he at last, "I have five children of tender age, and my wife has delicate health. If you think I had better accept the offer, write Yes; if not, write No." The colonel turned to his secretary, and said, "Write, Not accepted." Among the most striking answers which Salazar received, were those of Nicola Laureano, a Neapolitan Lazzarone, and Domenico Dell' Antoglietta, a nobleman of Puglia.* "Well," said he to the former, "and what do you say, Culalolo; will you go to the Argentine or not?"

"What do you think, Signore? I have petitioned to be sent home, and he (may the evil one take him!) wants to send me to the other world. I won't go there. He may go and dig his plots of ground himself, and join the souls of his father and mother, and blessed wife. Write, that I don't mean to go if he wastes a phial of blood as his grandfather did. No! I would see a bullet in his forehead before I would go. That is my answer, and if you like to write it, write it."

The colonel laughed immoderately.

"And what do you say, Signor Dell' Antoglietta?"

"I say, that whatever favour might be offered me by a tyrant I would refuse it. I will never accept anything from Ferdinand II., not even my liberty."

Two days afterwards the colonel left us, to go round to the other Bagni, and we then all busied ourselves in writing letters to our families to ask advice, request them to follow us if we went, beg them to send us money, sell property for us, or to make them our adieux, according to circumstances. Among five hundred individuals, however, only forty-four decided to go. These the government obliged to make a demand, conceived in the following terms, in order that it might not appear that any one was

* Dell' Antoglietta brought himself into trouble more than once by his independent replies. When a Jesuit found him alone in his room, and inquired why he would not attend service in the chapel with the rest, he answered, "Because I do not choose. You would spend your time a great deal better in going to convert the tyrant. It is he who wants to be made a Christian, and not I, who have to drag this chain for being one."

compelled by force, or by the cruelty to which he was subjected, to take a step which might prove fatal to him:

"To his Excellency the Minister of Public Works.

"Excellency,—N. N., political prisoner in the Bagno of Procida, implores his majesty's government to allow him to go to South America, to the Argentine republic.—Bagno di Procida."

This petition was to be signed in the presence of the commandant, who examined and sealed it as a voucher for its authenticity. Everything, in short, was done to give an appearance of legality to another act of barbarity in addition to the many already committed by the Bourbon king. But this time his plan must be considered to have failed, so small was the proportion of those who accepted the offer compared with those who refused it. Even among those who at first availed themselves of the permission, many quickly repented and made request after request to be excluded from the number sent out. With the exception of four or five of us, all the rest were labourers or artisans about whom the government cared little. It was prey of a nobler character which they wished to entrap, but their arts and wiles remained without success.

The letters which reached our families, and the official journal, spread the intelligence of the sovereign's clemency throughout the whole kingdom. At first it was received as a real favour; but when the conditions, coupled with the munificence of the sovereign, were made known, a feeling of anger and disgust succeeded to the lively pleasure occasioned, in the first instance, by its announcement.

The discontent, however, though general in the different provinces, scarcely reached the ears of the monarch. It was the interest of the respective intendents to make it appear that every arrangement of his majesty was well received by his faithful subjects. But the murmurs which circulated in the capital could not fail to be heard by the minister, and would naturally be reported to the head of the state.

The humblest woman, or the most miserable Lazarone, can get up a demonstration sufficient to frighten the

Neapolitan capital. A word uttered by such individuals is repeated by thousands and thousands of tongues with the rapidity of lightning. But in this case, it was not one woman, or a single man, who initiated the murmur against the king's project, but hundreds of families who had husbands, fathers, and sons, entombed in the Bagni.

For a month or more, nothing was talked about but South America, and the infamous conduct of the government, which was heartily cursed without any fear of the consequences. The women were not contented with employing such language as, "After eight years' confinement at the galleys, to think of getting rid of them now by sending them to be devoured by serpents and savages, or to die of hunger, or to be shipwrecked;" they came in crowds to the Bagno, to conjure their relations not to accede to the American scheme. "He wants to send you off to die," they would say; "do not go, my child. He must liberate you soon, for he is up to his neck in water. There will soon be bloodshed whether he will or no." Such words, uttered by lips foaming with rage, were heard by the soldiers, serjeants, and turnkeys; but they paid little or no heed to them, and only laughed at these outbursts of natural grief. The government would have arrested the expression of such complaints in their birth, but they were too general to be summarily dealt with; and even the most determined royalist said that it was an act of barbarity to send us to die in America, after eight years of the martyrdom which we had undergone. It was therefore thought the best to let the people talk until they were tired. After a month had elapsed the clamours ceased, and the government continued its old course with the utmost indifference.

Meanwhile Padre Vigilante again appeared, accompanied by three other monks. The spiritual exercises were recommenced, and with greater vigour than ever. It was made compulsory for all to attend Mass in the morning and preaching in the evening, for ten days. In spite of all severity, however, many always refrained from attending, either because they were already ill, or feared to take cold from remaining uncovered for two hours in the winter time.

When the monk was aware of this he entered the rooms scolding and gesticulating. He visited every corner, looked in the beds, and even went into closets, to see if any of the political prisoners had hidden themselves to escape the preaching. One day, when, in spite of his menaces, upwards of fifty remained in their rooms, he ordered the commandant of the Bagno to take a sheet of paper and write down the names of those who refused to listen *to the word of God.* The commandant obeyed, but his self-love was much wounded by the tone of command employed by the monk, who treated him like a scrivener. From this circumstance he became the secret enemy of the Jesuit, though he was forced to suffer and be silent. The monk had given it to be understood that the recusants should be punished; but he afterwards tore up the list, and satisfied himself with administering oratorical correction.

During six months we were constantly expecting to see those of our colleagues depart for America who had decided to go; but it was not the case. Notwithstanding that some of them repeatedly made the most impatient entreaties to be sent away, the government turned a deaf ear, and merely said—"At the right time."

We had almost forgotten all about it, however, when one morning Colonel Salazar returned to the Bagno to propose to the common prisoners the same thing as he had proposed to us on his former visit. Precisely the same formalities were observed with regard to them as in our case, and in three days he left again to carry the same proposition to the other general establishments. Although this kind of transportation was a positive advantage for those prisoners who were condemned for terms of imprisonment in irons varying from twenty to thirty years and had but small hope of ever leaving the Bagno alive, yet out of six hundred persons only a hundred and twenty accepted it in our Bagno. But, taking all the penal establishments together and including those who were in exile, the numbers amounted to several hundreds whom the government might have sent away if it really desired to do so.

The departure, however, was finally given up, and for more than one reason. Before our families were aware of

this act of the government, the Piedmontese press began to open a fire upon Ferdinand and bring to light many of his acts of barbarity. The French consul had given him to understand that the proposed arrangement was distasteful to his government. The English government made a very decided remonstrance against it, and the Jesuits put the finishing stroke to the work, by reminding the Neapolitan government of the agreement into which it had entered with them. They had undertaken to direct the Bagni, and advance the funds necessary to meet the expenses of rope-making and other kinds of work, on condition that the government should furnish them with a sufficient number of penal servants adapted to labour, to reimburse them for the money expended. If the government shipped off the condemned to America, it would naturally be the strongest and most skilled labourers who would profit by the opportunity, and thus the interests of the Reverend Fathers would suffer. On this account Padre Vigilante remonstrated with the minister Morena, who, recognising the justice of the Jesuits' claims, advised the king to abandon the scheme. When the monk was asked by Signor Ferolla at what time the first shipment of prisoners for America would take place, he answered: "If the political prisoners wish to go they will be at liberty to do so, but the government has made an engagement with regard to the common offenders which it must keep." This engagement was the contract above alluded to. All these reasons, added to the more powerful one of the small number of political prisoners inclined to accede to it, induced the government to abandon the plan which it had at one period quite determined to adopt.

The reasons which led the king of Naples to wish to send us so far away may be easily divined. After eight years of cruel torment he would have willingly placed us on board a vessel to traverse a distance of 6,000 miles,—and with what provision for our comfort during the voyage!—to people a desert where our floor would have been the bare earth, our roof the canopy of heaven; where a wild tribe might at any moment assail us and make us their prey; where our most intimate companionship would be with

boas; where, in short, the hand of the gentleman must grasp the plough and spade in order to provide for his own subsistence. Oh, marvellous Bourbonic clemency! How ardently didst thou sigh for our destruction!

But it is not always the tyrant's turn to laugh! There is a power superior to his which overcomes him at the right moment. Ferdinand was cut off when he least expected it, and such may be the fate of his accomplices before long.

It must be confessed, that had the government pursued a wiser course it might have succeeded in driving all, or nearly all, it wished from the kingdom. If, instead of sending the colonel to make the proposition to us all indiscriminately, it had made it appear like a particular favour to each, numbers would have supplicated the king that it might be conferred upon them, and the advocate Mazzei, the chief promoter of the scheme, would have grown rich by it.* But a proposition made voluntarily and a provision offered unasked, proved to demonstration that the government was compelled to make some improvement in its abominable and tyrannical system; and hence each preferred to stay at home and wait to see the result. Man is so constituted that he desires the good he cannot have, or which he has difficulty in acquiring, and refuses that which falls spontaneously into his hands. I do not say that transportation would have been any great privilege for us, but it would certainly have been an improvement upon the state in which we then found ourselves. The word America was now never pronounced. A dream would most likely have left a stronger impression, so strangely wayward and inconsistent a creature is man.

Some months passed in this absolute calm, when Padre Vigilante again came to superintend the labour which was carried on on his account. His first visit was paid to us. Some of his adherents humbly kissed his hand and reminded him of the sovereign favour which he had promised to obtain for them.

"You are right, my children," said he; "I did promise, but I have been unable to do anything at present because the government is a little out of humour. But if you would

* See Appendix III.

all go to South America for a little while, I would risk getting myself into trouble to get you off immediately."

"Go yourself, *Padre mio*," answered Pietro Grande; "we would rather die where we were born."

The Jesuit's renewal of the American proposition produced a renewal of our anger and hatred against the plan. Without waiting to say adieu, nearly all who had crowded round him abandoned him before the last word was well out of his mouth. From that time the monk lost a great deal of his influence, and the greater part of the adherents whom he had numbered among us. We resumed our monotonous mode of existence, but from time to time received political intelligence, which reached us by means absolutely secure and undiscoverable by the commandant or his agent, Chianesi.

The three clerks who were among us, in consequence of the custody of the chapel having been committed to their charge, were on intimate terms with the chaplain of the Bagno. The latter came daily to say Mass, and they begged of him to consign to the courier letters containing supplications addressed to the king. The chaplain accepted the commission, and promised that he would safely dispose of them in the manner requested. Believing that the letters referred solely to the supplications, he made no difficulty about obliging them. It then occurred to the most astute of the clerks, Angelo Cosentino, to enjoy the monopoly of sending supplications from the Bagno, and, through the medium of one Catinante, he offered to send a supplication for four or five *carlini*. I could not say how many petitions were thus clandestinely despatched to Naples, but, for my own part, I sent and received upwards of twenty letters, with extracts from foreign newspapers. I despatched but one petition, enclosed in a letter addressed to a friend who well understood what it meant, but I received from him sometimes one small article, sometimes another, in which long communications were concealed. The other political prisoners obtained news by the same means, and though nearly all the intelligence afterwards proved to be false, it served at the time to encourage us and keep up our hopes.

CHAPTER XIX.

No novelty occurred until December 10th, 1857. On the night of the 11th the town of Procida was brilliantly illuminated. We asked one of the jailers the reason, but he merely replied that he did not know. Early the following morning, however, we learned it from the wife of the tavern keeper. The illuminations were in connexion with a demonstration of rejoicing, in consequence of an attempt to shoot his majesty having proved unsuccessful. Our curiosity knew no bounds, and we left no means untried to obtain correct information respecting an occurrence which might have had so weighty an influence upon our destiny. Fortune favoured us this time, and by means of —— we received the exact particulars of the event. The sacred person of his majesty Ferdinand II. had been attacked by the bayonet of a common soldier named Agesilao Milano.

This event was the cause of renewed restrictions with regard to our acquaintances outside the Bagno. The political prisoners belonging to the province of Cosenza were repeatedly examined in the hope of finding some explanation of Milano's attempt; but he was an obscure individual, and his name was unknown. From that time to this the government has been unable to discover that he had any accomplices, though the prisons are filled with men actuated by the same feelings.* Agesilao was alone in the conception and execution of the project, and suffered alone on the scaffold, leaving behind him the character of a hero or a lunatic, according to the different views of men. At all events he will not soon be forgotten, and may be looked upon as a rare character.

* Many individuals are still in prison on the simple suspicion of connivance with Milano. The mention of his name by a youth would be sufficient to throw him into a dungeon.

CHAPTER XX.

At noon on the 2nd September, 1858, a *scorridora* arrived at Procida with orders to transport to Nisida, Praino, Damis, Paci, Marrella, Mascolo, Grilli, Faivano, Dell' Antoglietta, Filaci, Argentini, Salsa, Pellegrino, Paventi, and myself. No time was allowed us to make any preparations; and, after having hastily put our things together, and being securely ironed two and two, we were hurried on board the bark and conveyed to Nisida. The commandant Laudi had been informed of our approaching arrival by means of the following report:

"Signor commandant, you will receive fourteen political prisoners from the Bagno of Procida who have subjected themselves to increased punishment by their bad conduct. You will please to keep them apart from the other prisoners, and inform me of the fulfilment of these orders.

"The Sub-Inspector,

"Rodriguez."

This report, which painted us in such black colours, made a deep impression upon the mind of the captain, and being a really well-disposed man, he made inquiries of some of the other political prisoners as to who and what we were. As the information he received respecting us was highly satisfactory, he looked at the matter in a new light, and decided to ameliorate our condition by every means in his power.

What had we done to deserve increased punishment, and to warrant our persecutors in denouncing our conduct as so atrocious? For my own part, I had never been guilty of an irreligious act, but had given absolute proof of being moved by contrary sentiments. The longer I thought of it the less could I unravel the mystery; but Giustino Faivano, struck by a sudden thought, exclaimed, "Gentlemen, I have found out the cause of my punishment. You remember that I threatened to make Padre Vigilante give an account

of what he had done with my straw toilette table. Well, this is the monk's revenge."

Faivano was one of the most industrious workers in the Bagno, and executed a magnificent piece of straw work. At the suggestion of Padre Vigilante, he sent it to the minister of public works, hoping to receive a handsome recompense. The monk himself was the bearer of the dressing table, as well as of various other objects. After the lapse of a month, the minister ordered the commandant of the Bagno to pay some sums to the prisoners for work which they had executed, but Faivano was not among the number. He was much annoyed, but said nothing, hoping the omission would soon be rectified. Two months passed over and the money was not sent. Then he wrote to the monk to inquire what had become of his work. The father answered—"I presented it to the minister, but have received no answer respecting it as yet. Meanwhile I send you the sum of twelve *carlini* on account." Two months longer, and still no further payment. Faivano then wrote repeatedly to the monk, but without success. Angry and out of patience at the treatment he had received, he not only expressed himself warmly against Padre Vigilante, but declared he would bring him to justice to make him give up the toilette table. The commandant, who was offended by Vigilante's overbearing airs, favoured Faivano's project, and even urged him to put it into immediate execution. Before deciding to do so, however, he wrote a very strong letter to the Jesuit, impugning his conduct; the effect of which was, that he received £2 as the price of the toilette. The monk did not forget the importunity of Faivano, and took the earliest opportunity of revenging himself upon him. He designated him as a man of the worst character, as far as religion and morality were concerned; and thus it was that he was included in the list of *mauvais sujets*. These reflections brought to the mind of each of us some cause of offence which we had given the Jesuit father; and any slight doubts we might feel as to whether he was really the cause of our sudden removal to Nisida, were set at rest by the declaration of the Inspector-general of Penal Places. In answer to some persons who

entreated him to release us from our exceptional state, he remarked, "I have no power to do so; the order came expressly from the king. The minister's hands are tied; no one can do anything in the matter but Padre Vigilante."

Upon our arrival at Nisida we were temporarily confined in a place near the chapel in which we had scarcely room to move. This was not from cruelty on the part of the commandant, but because there was no other place in which he could keep us apart from the rest of the prisoners. For many indulgences which we received we were indebted to Filippo De Girolamo, Rafaele Mauro, and some of the political prisoners, who exerted their influence, both with the chaplain and the commandant, on our behalf.

The chain now tormented us more than ever. During a year we had been unaccustomed to it, and it was indeed a heavy affliction to find ourselves again bound two and two together, shut up in a dismal hole, deprived of intercourse with our fellows, and not even permitted to breathe the free air of heaven. We remained in this place three days without sleeping, but loaded with favours by the political prisoners who were there before our arrival. For a week, breakfasts, dinners, and suppers, which may be described as luxurious considering the locality, were provided for us. At the end of that time we were permanently placed in two little rooms secured with padlocks, with express orders not to communicate with any one. But what power can contend against that of gold? We managed, from the very first, to converse with the common prisoners,* with the connivance of our jailers; while the prisoners vied with each other in showing their regard for us, and fulfilling any request we might make to them. The chain was our greatest affliction. The commandant was not unduly harsh or rigorous. The serjeants were venal though timid, and the turnkeys most covetous though they affected delicacy. We were not ignorant of the course to be followed in such cases, and entered upon it without loss of time. We soon collected twelve ducats and divided them according to the respective

* It is a usual thing in the Bagni, when a criminal is subjected to more than the ordinary severity of discipline, for the others to render him any service in their power.

grades of our guardians. By these means we obtained toleration for taking off our chains on condition that we made the monthly payment which we had before been accustomed to do, that we retained them in the day-time, and never suffered ourselves to be seen without by the common prisoners. Once more rid of our irons, we could again sleep, and felt that we had regained our liberty.

I became very unwell, and was compelled to go into the hospital, where, however, I was permitted to have my own bed, and provide myself with anything I liked for my dinner. I enjoyed the privilege of total release from my chain, of being in a room apart from the multitude, and of taking exercise in the corridor of the hospital. I also had the pleasure of meeting with Schiavoni, Ventra, and Carlo De Angelis, who received me with characteristic marks of goodness of heart, and loaded me with favours. My state was much better than at Procida, but it was much more difficult to obtain the necessaries of life. The island was too small to furnish us with many of the provisions to which we had been accustomed.

The hospital was quite a mystery to me. It contained about eighty prisoners, not more than ten of whom could be considered ill. Almost all were busy with spindle and distaff, and passed the greater part of the day in spinning flax. At the hour of dinner quite a market was held. Bread, meat, fruit, and soup were sold. Some purchased the bread of the Bagno; some, soup made of beans; some, the soldiers' rations; some, onions, figs, potatoes, or maize bread. Some sold their whole dinner, and lived upon half a loaf of black bread, in order to save money and obtain their release from the Bagno. Others agreed with the cook for the price of their dinner; and the cook, instead of preparing a meal for all, would prepare sufficient only for those who had not sold it to him, and then again sell the meat which remained uncooked to the Bagno. Owing to this arrangement, those who were ill would often get water instead of broth, and rotten eggs instead of fresh. No one, however, ventured to complain, lest he should be sent back to the Bagno. From the surgeon to the scullion, every one looked for his perquisites, wrung from the veins

of these miserable mortals. The doctor received a monthly sum from the contractor, in order to keep the hospital full and save the provisions, by ordering his patients spare diet; the apothecary had, beside his pay, recompense proportioned to what he saved; so that he gave water for medicine, and a solution of honey for syrups. The cook and the distributor of the soup made short weight and measure of the articles they gave out. It was to the interest of the wardrobe keeper to make the clothes last as long as possible; and he always made the invalids wear old garments. The laundress was miserably paid, and returned the linen as it was sent to her,—dirty, stained, and ill smelling. The surgeon's assistants were utterly incompetent for the office they professed to fill, or confided it to others still more ignorant.* The chaplain was a perfect model of incorruptibility, but he was obliged to keep silence because he stood quite alone. He never received any gratuity from any one, and always condemned the captain and surgeon for doing so; though his opposition was useless, because they were two to one. Not wishing to mention the robbery which went forward to his superiors, he would take no part whatever in the administrative affairs, and left the others free to do as they pleased. His brother chaplains hated him with mortal hatred, both because his example was a constant reproach to them, and because he advised the dying not to leave their money for Masses. On one occasion, a common prisoner was at the point of death, and sent for him to confess. After having communicated, the dying man told him that he had four ducats, which he wished to leave to the chaplains, to say as many Masses for his soul.

"Have you any family?" he asked.

"Yes, Signore."

* They were called *Prattici*, and were entrusted with bleeding, applying leeches, bandaging wounds, dispensing medicine, assisting in distributing the soup, etc. A certain Antonio Luppini, who was reprieved from eighteen years' service at the galleys for his good offices as a spy, obtained the post of assistant, though he was so ignorant that he could not sign his name. The others went to visit their families in Naples, and left boys to supply their place. The surgeon shut his eyes to this, because he could not help himself.

"Are they poor or rich?"

"Very poor."

"Well, then, send your money to them. If you wish Mass to be said, I will say it for you gratis."

The dying man gave the money to the commandant, in obedience to the injunction of the priest; the fact thus became known, and drew upon the chaplain the rage of his companions.

And the captain! He was the chief artificer in the edifice of peculation. In a hospital thus organized, it was only natural that spies should exist, to keep the doctor *au courant* of what was said about him; others to give information to the apothecary, and so on, down to Monsignor Napoleone Napoli, who distributed the fruit. I occasionally entered the sick-ward, and stopped to speak to one or another of those whom I knew; but I took care never to utter a word for or against the medical treatment which they were under, or in reference to the quality of their medicines. It happened, however, that a Neapolitan, who was ill of jaundice, had one medicine given him instead of another, and having found it out, made the most violent complaints against the apothecary. I had just before been talking with this man, it was therefore supposed that I had opened his eyes to the mistake, and I was accused to the doctor of doing so. The following morning I was prohibited from entering any of the rooms, on penalty of being again forced to wear my chain.

On hearing this threat, I thought it well to provide for the worst, by procuring a chain which I could slip off and on my foot at pleasure. Corporal Ficcocello was gone to Naples, and had left the custody of the hospital to one Pilone. The latter had been an acquaintance of mine at Procida, so I ventured to mention what I wanted to him. He acceded to my request, and changed my fetter for another which I chose. I offered him two *carlini*, but he refused to take them.

I had been in the hospital a week, when one morning it was placed in a state of siege. Colonel Longhi had come to the Bagno, with a commissary of police, a judge of instruction, and a major of gendarmerie. After having

turned Clemente de Cesare's room inside out, they came to the one in which I was with Schiavoni, Aniello, and Ventra, and made the most rigorous search, but without finding anything. In searching the adjoining closet, however, they discovered a bag of books, which Schiavoni had concealed, and also several letters belonging to another prisoner.

No sooner did the commissary of police catch sight of the letters and books, than he called the judge. The judge went, and the objects discovered were presented to the colonel.

"To whom do these books belong?" asked Signor Longhi, turning to us.

"They are mine," answered Schiavoni; "but they are all innocent, and permission was given me to have them by the minister."

"Then why did you hide them? They cannot be such as you pretend."

"They are perfectly innocent, Signore; and I hid them, not because they were prohibited, but that I might not lose them, as I have many others."

"What other books have you lost?"

"Books which cost me a great deal, but which the minister thinks are better in his library. Officers who can hardly read often come to search, and mistake mole-hills for mountains."

"But this time, those who have come to search are not so ignorant," answered the judge's chancellor.

"That I did not know. Had I been aware that your excellencies—"

"Very well," interrupted the colonel; "let us see what they are."

The books were then minutely examined from the title-page to *finis;* and the examiners, having found nothing criminal in their contents, laid them aside and looked at each other.

"Nothing criminal," at length said the judge to the colonel.

"Signor Schiavoni," said the colonel, "the books are not criminal, but you have rendered them so by trying to

hide them. I ought to take them away for your want of confidence, but I will leave them."

"A thousand thanks," answered Schiavoni, courteously bowing.

"If it had depended upon me you would not have had them," said the major of gendarmerie, as he walked away; "it is the colonel's doing, and so you may be grateful to him."

CHAPTER XXI.

I HAD been a month in this place, when Signor Landi made his appearance about noon one day, and told us we could no longer use our own linen, nor provide our own dinners, but that we must submit to the rules of the hospital. In consequence of these orders, we were all chained, not excepting Schiavoni, who had hitherto been at liberty by order of the minister. The following morning the doctor dismissed me from the hospital, and I returned to the Bagno.*

I had only left the hospital two days, when the next room to ours, separated from it only by a door of wood, was attacked by the greater portion of the common prisoners, for the purpose of assassinating the *caffettiere*, a Neapolitan Camorrista. He, however, perceived their design in time; and assisted by two of his room mates, with poignards in their hands, kept at bay the multitude, who, in consequence of the narrowness and lowness of the door of the Bagno, were compelled to enter one by one in a stooping posture. When the crowd saw that the entrance

* These changes occurred through the intrigues of one of the commandant's secretaries, who, to favour a secret enemy of Schiavoni, represented to the captain the trouble to which he might be subjected by allowing things to continue as they were at the hospital. The captain, who was timid, and under the control of the secretary, instantly set about making changes, which he carried to excess. He was like an infuriated animal, which is indifferent as to what or whom he tramples under foot in his rage.

was guarded against them, they began to throw showers of stones, which battered our door, but did no harm to any one. The soldiers, meanwhile, had given the alarm, and began to fire their musketry to frighten the people. This had the desired effect, and the prisoners gradually retired to their places. The commandant then entered with his subalterns, took away the coffee apparatus, sent off the coffee maker to the hospital for security, and placed his companions in strict confinement. Four days afterwards the coffee dealer returned to the Bagno.

This assault upon the Bagno was the commencement of disturbances, which split the crowd into factions, though it had always before been united. But the common prisoners still continued to go out into the court-yard together, and to the waiting-room. It was rather a state of ill-feeling which existed between them than a declared hostility.

A week after the affair of Minello the coffee maker,* on the Sunday evening, some Camorristi were summoned to the reception room, to speak with their relatives. Here were also Russo Martino, Rotturea, and Calabresello, who, it was said, were the promoters of the movement against Minello. All were armed; some with razors, some with poignards or other weapons.

When the audience was over, they were all retiring together, and had reached the corridor of the Bagno, when Minello drew his razor from his pocket, and assaulted Russo Martino. Martino, however, being defended by Rotturea, parried the blow aimed at his throat. The other Camorristi immediately acted on the offensive, and a struggle took place, which finished by one of the traitors receiving wounds, and being sent to the hospital. The quarrel had taken place in front of the guard-house; the soldier on duty fired his musket upon the combatants, and thus gave the alarm. The prisoners who were in the court-yard of the Bagno heard the signal, but, ignorant of

* This man, who had been repeatedly sent to the Vicaria at Naples as a thief, was afterwards sent to the island of Tremiti with other thieves; and finally condemned to thirty years of irons, for having assassinated a soldier at Tremiti.

the cause, kept perfectly quiet, though they remained upon the watch. They no sooner, however, caught sight of Russo Martino's bleeding face, than, as if by a preconcerted signal, they separated into three parties, and cried, "Death to the Provincials!" The utmost commotion followed. Poignards glittered right and left; stones were thrown on every hand; some were flying on one side, some on another; and to increase the confusion, a shower of balls fell from the terrace. After repeated shots had been fired, the struggle in the court came to an end, but was kept up in the room contiguous to ours, in which Minello had been attacked. This room was called *Le quattro porte*, in consequence of the four doors it contained,—one opening on the corridor, one into our room, and two into different rooms situated near. In one of these were the Provincials; in the other the Calabrese. All the doors were shut, but some of the windows were partially open. Through these, stones were cast by both parties, and violently striking against our door, hit some of the prisoners, who had not had time to escape. The commandant enters, disperses the assembled multitude, takes charge of upwards of twenty who are wounded, sends them to the hospital, and all is finished like a dream.

From that time forward the different classes of prisoners were separated. The common prisoners had different provisions and attendants, different hours for seeing their friends, different days for going into the court-yard. Before these arrangements were made, however, the Bagno was closed for four days; and both parties of the common prisoners refused to eat the bread until a superior officer should come.

On the third day after this refusal, Colonel Rodriguez arrived. When he was about to address the prisoners, he stopped before our door, and cast a glance at us through the iron grating. We pretended not to observe him, and retired to the corners of the room. He would have liked us to humble ourselves before him, and beg of him to lighten the rigidity of our seclusion. Our indifference, therefore, offended him; and upon descending to the office of the commandant, he reproached him for having dealt

with us too leniently. He said we had not complained, and therefore our condition must be tolerable, and the commandant must have favoured us more than he ought. He added, "They are ordered to be kept in strict confinement by the king himself, and you ought to obey his orders." This was all he said; but it was more than sufficient to make the commandant tremble for himself. From that moment he began to carry out a system of extreme severity. He prohibited us from taking our two hours' exercise in the air; forbade any one to approach the entrance to our room; ordered that we should be kept strictly chained; and that we should eat the soup of the Bagno.

All these restrictions, although mitigated by those whose duty it was to enforce them, afflicted us exceedingly. Being ignorant of their cause, we sent the jailer to the commandant, with a request that he would come and speak to us. He came at once; and in reply to our complaints of his increased severity, said that we had compelled him to it against his will, and repeated the words of the colonel. "How is it," he added, "that you have been three months in strict confinement, with such an unfavourable report against you, and yet you do not try to remove it? You do not know what measures are to be taken against you, and to what severity you will have to submit. Because I have been more tolerant than I ought, and have pretended not to see what you were doing, you have profited by it to get me into trouble. I shall do nothing more for you. I am not going to risk my epaulette, which I have gained by forty years' labour. You wished to make a show of indifference and heroism,—so much the worse for you. I know very well which way the wind blows, and will soon change its current by stopping your supplies. You shall have no more money than the government allows,—thirty *carlini* a month." We tried to soften him, by assuring him that we would immediately write a petition, expressed in exact accordance with his wishes, if he would have the goodness to forward it for us.

He left us; and the petition was written and signed by

us all, with the exception of Dell' Antoglietta. When it was consigned to him, and he had examined its contents, he appeared much mollified, and informed us that if the inspector granted us any favour, he would increase it as much as he could, as in that case he should have a point of defence.

In the petition, we asked to be allowed to take the air during the hours permitted by the regulations of the Bagno, and to see our friends if they came. In the course of two days, the commandant received orders to allow us to take exercise in the court-yard during the hours when the Bagno was closed; but to inform us, that under present circumstances, the second part of our request could not be complied with. The speed with which the answer was sent convinced the commandant that the inspector was rather favourably inclined towards us than otherwise. He therefore decided to close his eyes again to some infractions of discipline, and that very evening permitted D. Domenico Damis to speak with a friend who came from Naples to see him.

The marriage of the hereditary prince had taken place. Reports of an amnesty were widely circulated. Every letter we received spoke of speedy liberty. The friends who came to see us, rejoiced with us in our happy prospects, but none of us dared to hope that we should be permitted to revisit our native soil. We knew that a classification of prisoners had been made, according to which some were to be sent into exile, and we doubted not that we were among these. Our conduct had been declared atrocious and abominable, when we had done nothing whatever to merit such epithets. How, then, could we hope to have justice done us?

"You will go to your home," said Luigi Praino to me. "Your sentence is only a few years, and any amnesty, however qualified, must embrace you."

"Thanks for your kind predictions," I returned; "but I feel sure I shall never be allowed to return home. The same hand which sent me here, will send me further yet."

CHAPTER XXII.

FERDINAND II. had already set out for Bari to meet the future queen of the Two Sicilies. Before leaving Gaeta he said to the minister of public works: "Get rid of that *canaille* before my return!"—the *canaille* signifying ourselves, who were to be sent to the New World.

On the 15th of January, we had just dined, when the door was opened abruptly and the commandant entered our room. We were without our chains and fled, some on one side, some on another, to put them on. He laughed at our commotion and said: "Never mind, never mind; keep as you are, and come outside with me."

We looked at each other with affright, but the serjeant smiled as if to encourage us. All left the room with the commandant, some with their chains on, some without. Outside the middle door of the Bagno we found the judge of Pozzuoli and his chancellor.

When they saw us they unfolded a large sheet of paper, and began to read a list of ninety-two names. After having written ours, the judge, the captain and subalterns, all uncovered their heads and read to us a decree of pardon, by which his most clement Majesty, after ten years' imprisonment, commuted our remaining sentence into perpetual exile from the kingdom.

The reading of the royal decree was followed by one by the minister, in which it was stated that we should be sent from Nisida to Cadiz, to be thence conveyed to New York. We endeavoured to obtain further particulars from the judge, but he cut us short, by saying—"I have no orders to take any refusal of the grace. You will leave in a fortnight. Your families will have an opportunity of seeing you; you will be provided with everything necessary; if you are ill, the doctor will see you immediately;*

* Marrella, Pellegrini, and I, went to the doctor because we were really ill. He said, "If you wish for a certificate of good health I can oblige

—the commandant will receive instructions for the rest." *

No sooner had the judge left the Bagno, than the captain gave orders that our doors should be opened, and that we should no longer be treated as prisoners. We were allowed to move about the Bagno at pleasure; our letters were not read, nor were we watched in any way. It is good policy, sometimes, to aid an enemy in his flight.

We immediately wrote to inform our families, and request supplies of money; hastily made such preparations as were possible, and sent to Naples everything which we could not take away with us. We were in constant expectation of receiving replies to our letters, when we saw two ships of war approach the island. No doubt these were the vessels which were to convey us to Cadiz. In a few minutes afterwards they did, in fact, cast anchor not far from us, and we were secretly warned to be prepared for our departure at any time.

This sudden blow seemed to paralyse us. We were all without money, and had informed our friends that a fortnight would elapse before we sailed. Early the following morning we were summoned to the reception-room to present ourselves before a commission, composed of Colonel Rodriguez, the commissary of police, and a colonel of gendarmerie. Having read our names aloud, Rodriguez spoke to us to the following effect:

"I am pleased and satisfied with the compliance and obedience which you have shown. The commission whom you here see is empowered to supply you with everything necessary to remove every appearance of your being condemned criminals. You will be taken hence to Cadiz, and will there be informed of what further concerns you. Upon going on board you will receive twelve ducats, and the same sum at Cadiz. On your passage to Cadiz you will be treated with the consideration due to you as gentlemen

you directly." "But I am ill," said Pellegrini. "You do not understand me, I see," said the surgeon. "He has received orders to give no certificates of illness," said I, "that is all." The surgeon smiled, and we left him.

* The commandant was ordered to enter our names on a list, mention what we required and the social position of each.

and the subjects of misfortune. The steamer will remain at anchor for two or three days, so that you can see your friends, and your families will be allowed to embrace you. You may now go, one at a time, and the tailor will supply each of you with what you require." So saying, he took off his cap and saluted us, as did the other two, and went away to the office of the commandant.

As we separately quitted the room, we were conducted into a place where two gensdarmes searched us most rigorously, taking from us every paper we had about us, and every object of clothing provided for us by government. In exchange for the government clothes which some of us wore, he gave us garments provided for the purpose; but to those from whom he took nothing, he gave nothing. Our boxes were examined with equal minuteness, and immediately sent on board, the expense of which removal we were obliged to defray. Before our effects were embarked, a lieutenant of the line demanded the porter's pay, so that none of us could refuse to give it. When all was in order we were placed between two files of soldiers and gensdarmes, and conducted to the place of embarkation. Here four boats awaited us to take us on board the corvette war steamer the "Stromboli," commanded by Captain Cafiero.

CHAPTER XXIII.

Before commencing a fresh recital of our adventures, I must close the present with a word regarding Rodriguez. The colonel in question is the most immoral soldier in the kingdom of Naples; but, in consequence of his Spanish origin and strong attachment to Bourbonism, the king of Naples always protected him in spite of his well-known vices. It was he who recommended the Camorristi to maintain order in the Bagno of Procida, and thus recognised their authority. He it was who ordered the severities to which we were subjected at Nisida, because we would not

humble ourselves to him. He bitterly reproached Captain Landi for taking off our chains before we left the Bagno; promised to give us proper clothing, and then gave us none at all; made a profit by what the government had appropriated for our use;* obliged one of our number to embark in an almost dying condition; and, finally, gave orders for the corvette to sail, after solemnly assuring us we should wait a week longer before doing so. He had no need to make use of such falsehoods, except to follow the example of his master, who, after having sworn voluntarily to the Constitution, wickedly promoted the civil war;—his master, who organized the 15th of May, and broke the oath by which he had called God to witness his sincerity;—that oath which, in order to prove forced, seven of God's ministers were called together, two of whom offering some opposition, were persecuted, and, with difficulty, escaped ruin;—and this perjury was declared to be *no perjury* by the assembled ministers of the Lord of Hosts.†

When we went on board the corvette we found Poerio and our other companions who had been at Montesarchio. The moment in which we met and embraced each other was truly one of joy. Many of us were moved to tears, but the meeting of Schiavone and Pica was truly tender. At sight of each other both seemed for a moment benumbed

* The government ordered that each prisoner, without distinction, should receive six shirts, six pair of drawers, six pair of hose, a jacket and coat according to his condition in life; a cap, a pair of trowsers, waistcoat, and a pair of shoes. The priests were to have the dress peculiar to their order, and everything decent.

† After the fall of the Constitution a petition was circulated throughout the kingdom, in which the king was entreated to abolish it, seeing that his Majesty's subjects were perfectly happy under his uncontrolled paternal government and preferred it to the government which had brought so many misfortunes upon the country. Liberals were compelled to sign this petition by threats of denunciation if they refused. But this did not satisfy the king. He desired to cancel the thought from the minds of the multitude, that he committed perjury in abolishing the Constitution. Seven bishops and dignitaries were therefore assembled at Naples to absolve the king from his oath. They declared that the king was under no obligation to maintain an oath wrested from him against his will. Two of the bishops opposed the sacrilegious decision, and refused their signatures to the paper. Their refusal was reported to the monarch, and they were so persecuted that they with difficulty secured their personal safety.

with joy, then burst into tears, and did not regain their serenity for an hour. In the afternoon we left for Procida, where other companions embarked, and then went on to San Stefano, where we arrived in the evening.

Others joined from there next morning, and we had another day of recognition and enjoyment. Who could describe the melancholy satisfaction we experienced in recounting our mutual misfortunes; each of us had particulars which we felt it of importance to communicate; and while we were talking together, all kept turning and looking round as though we feared that we were surrounded by spies. In the middle of the day the corvette was towed out by the war steamer, "Ettore Fieramosca," and we now really set forth towards our place of destination.

After five days of fair weather we entered the Straits of Gibraltar. Here we were obliged to stay in consequence of the sea being exceedingly heavy, and our stock of coals insufficient to reach Cadiz. We returned a short distance, and, on the morning of the 26th January, cast anchor in the Bay of Algesiras, on the coast of Spain.

A Spanish deputation came to ascertain the state of health of those on board. The "Ettore Fieramosca" fired twenty-one shots, and hoisted the Spanish colours. The fort of Algesiras quickly returned our friendly salute, and our ship's boat was sent to the town to buy bread and other articles. We stayed here three days, during which time no Spanish boat was suffered to approach us. If the sentinels of the corvette perceived a boat coming alongside of us, by signs and voice they ordered it to keep at a distance.

The captain's secretary received permission to go to Gibraltar, and each of us gave him some commission, hoping to buy articles cheap, as it was a free port. We thus provided ourselves with handkerchiefs, flannel, stockings, shirts, gloves, and other things of which we were most in want. Our steamer, too, laid in a stock of coals, water, and fresh meat, and then sailed for Cadiz, which city we reached the following morning, and both vessels cast anchor.

In consequence of the haste of our departure, some formality had been neglected with reference to the papers

of the commander of the frigate. We were, therefore, refused a sanitary certificate, and were compelled to perform quarantine. The yellow flag was hoisted, and we were declared infected. The Neapolitan consul was applied to by Colonel Brocchetti, and informed of the occurrence. In a few hours the yellow flag gave place to the Spanish colours, which were saluted by firing of cannon, according to custom. The Spanish guns shortly afterwards responded to the Neapolitan, and liberation from quarantine was granted us.

We were now in the waters of Cadiz; close to a city which was the first to rise at the name of liberty; among vessels of war belonging to free nations; beneath a beautiful sky; within sight of roofs which covered who can tell how many hearts which sympathized with ours? And yet we were slaves, prohibited from exchanging a word with any one who might wish to come from the city to offer us their friendship or give us a cordial salute.

The government which, after ten years of suffering, tore us from our mothers, brothers, and dearest ties;—that government which had reduced us to the miserable languid skeletons we were;—that government which well knew how unjust was the sentence which condemned us to chains;—that government which ordered the bastinado as the best method of destroying us;—that government which kept men in their death agonies chained to their beds in a hospital without permitting them the sight of those dear to them;—that government whose registers contained the names of four hundred of our number already dead;—that government which conferred the favour of perpetual exile on those who had ceased to exist five years before;*—that government which, in short, excited the world's horror by its name alone;—that government itself chose to give a specimen of its kindness, consideration, compassion and clemency, and ordered that we should be clad, served and treated on board as if we were military officers. Thirty thousand ducats were voted for the expenses of our voyage. When Ferdinand said to Morena, "Send this *canaille*

* In a list of ninety-two exiles, twelve were included some of whom had been dead five years, some a shorter period.

away before my return," he added, "but let them be well treated;"—make a golden bridge for a flying enemy. If, therefore, we enjoyed neither the food nor the clothes provided for us by government, it was not the fault of the king but of the greedy animals that surrounded him.

On our first arrival at Cadiz we requested the Neapolitan consul to come on board, that we might converse with him *vivâ voce*. He came, and was lavish in his protestations of sympathy. But whether he would not, or, as was more probably the case, could not help us, his sympathy was limited to mere words. When he went on board the corvette, Baron Poerio, Settembrini, Spaventa, and Pica represented our unfortunate condition to him. They complained that after ten years of absolute inactivity and deprivation of pure air we were crowded on board a vessel like bales of merchandise, and begged of him to obtain permission from the Spanish government for us to land, even if we had to remain in a place apart as a virtual prison. "Your request is reasonable," he answered, "but I fear compliance with it is impossible. I will, however, do the best in my power to serve you. I assure you, upon my honour, that your condition afflicts me to the soul, but I have little opportunity of aiding you. The arrangements made respecting you I cannot alter; they are in Colonel Brocchetti's hands."

His emotion was testified by a tear, but that it was transient may be imagined from the fact that we saw him no more for a fortnight. The greater number of us presented a spectacle to excite compassion. When the "Stromboli" left San Stefano, upwards of thirty passengers began to experience sea sickness, and for seven consecutive days vomited incessantly. Baron Poerio had suffered from a renewed attack of bronchitis which had repeatedly threatened his life. The consul must, therefore, have been worse than Nero himself had he remained untouched by the sight of, not the men, but the phantasms, the ghostly looking beings who seemed to have emerged from the tomb to meet him as he came on board.

Scarcely had he left us the second time, than he gave us to understand indirectly that his efforts to obtain per-

mission for us to go on shore in Spain were useless; the orders were, that we were to leave the corvette only to go on board the vessel which was to convey us to America. Notwithstanding this announcement, the most intelligent amongst us thought of sending a protest to the Spanish government, and another to the English and French consuls. This we did, after some reflection and consultation.

We did not expect to reap any material benefit from the step; our only object was to make it generally known that we were at Cadiz, and that we were subjected to slavery and gross injustice. In this design we succeeded, and were enabled thus to influence, to some extent, those who had us in their power.

Baron Poerio, meanwhile, grew worse from day to day, in spite of the remedies which the ship afforded. His health was a matter of deep interest to us all. Remaining on board greatly increased the violence of the attack under which he was labouring. We therefore thought of drawing up a report of his state, and sending it to Colonel Brocchetti, the commander of the frigate which escorted us. Cesare Braico, Angelo Salsa, and I, signed the declaration, that the Baron's life would be imperilled unless he was allowed to leave the ship immediately. When Brocchetti received the statement, he at once sent the surgeon of the frigate to see the Baron and decide whether our report was true or not. The surgeon having confirmed it, the colonel himself came to pay the Baron a visit.

Poor Poerio was worn down with a cough, loss of sleep, difficulty of breathing, total want of appetite, the fatigue of the voyage; was as pale as a corpse, and was truly a pitiable object. The colonel no sooner saw him than he was moved to compassion; and feeling for him the esteem which he so well merited, told him that he would be permitted to land at Cadiz, and remain there until he was better, and also that he might be accompanied by any one person he chose.

The Baron, though scarcely able to speak, thanked him courteously, and inquired if the rest of his companions in misfortune would be allowed to land.

"No," answered the colonel; "yours, Baron, is an exceptional case, and I will take the responsibility upon myself. For the others, it would be folly to think of it."

"I am much obliged for your kindness, colonel, but I shall not leave the ship until the others do so. I would rather die among them than live away from them while we are all under the same sentence."

Neither the entreaties of the colonel nor our prayers could induce this truly noble man to go into Cadiz. Nothing would persuade him to retract the negative answer which he persisted in giving from first to last whenever the subject was mentioned. The colonel went away deeply mortified, and Poerio was left to his misfortunes. Providence, however, kindly preserved him. The same night a slight amelioration in his symptoms took place; he slept a little, and in the morning was declared better. There was not one among us who did not love him as tenderly as we esteemed him highly; but our love and respect were greatly increased by his refusal to go to Cadiz at the price of being separated from his companions,—by his choice rather to die on board than to leave us. The joy is indescribable with which the intelligence of the slight improvement in his health was received. He continued to get better from day to day, until we again had the pleasure of his company at table with us.

The protests which we had sent to the consuls, the daily visits of the different officers of the ship to the town, and probably other causes, had occasioned the news to spread, that on board the Neapolitan corvette were sixty-six rebels whom the government were sending to America, and we could not understand why none of the citizens ever came near us, even from curiosity. On one occasion, when we had just been expressing our astonishment at their coldness, the quartermaster returned from the city, bringing with him some chocolate wrapped in printed paper. The packet was opened, and the paper thrown aside as of no account. As it lay upon the table in the middle of the room, Silvio Spaventa, formerly a member

of parliament, took it up from curiosity. He had scarcely looked at it when his eye caught the word *Napolitanos*. This drew his attention, and he perceived that the paper was part of a journal, which contained a long article respecting us. He then began to translate it for our benefit, and as the crowd increased, he recommenced reading. At this moment of pleasurable excitement, we forgot to exercise caution as to the means by which we had become possessed of the paper. Our imprudence cost us dear, as it deprived us of receiving further intelligence in a similar manner. The quartermaster had heard, as well as the serjeant and pilot, and the captain was informed that we had received a newspaper as the envelope of some chocolate. All chance of receiving news again was over.

After the perusal of the journal, we began to discuss its contents; and, as according to the old proverb,

> "Di medicina, politica, e cuoco,
> Ognuno sanne per natura un poco;"*

so we all took it upon ourselves to give an opinion. We all agreed in believing that the shopkeeper of whom the quartermaster had purchased the chocolate had wrapped it in the newspaper intentionally. Nor were we mistaken, as we afterwards learned.

The journal contained a motion of the deputy Olozoga, made in the Spanish parliament. He inquired what the government of Her Majesty meant to do when we arrived at Cadiz. "It is true," he continued, "that our government maintains friendly relations with that of the Two Sicilies; but it does not therefore follow that Spaniards are to become the jailers of his Neapolitan Majesty, or that the Spanish government should be the accomplice of his barbarities." He came to the conclusion, that if we succeeded in escaping from the fangs of our oppressor, it would be the duty of Spain to receive and protect us. But how could we escape? Had we not been accompanied by the "Ettore Fieramosca," things might have turned out

* Of medicine, politics, and cookery, everybody knows a little by nature.

differently, and Ferdinand might have perished some months sooner.

"We are still numbered among the living," we said to each other, as we listened to the words of Olozoga. "We thought that no one cared about us, but here is a generous soul, who calls us what we are in reality—victims of the king of Naples. We thought we were dead for the world, but who knows how many lips may be uttering our names, both in near and distant regions?"

When we thought of the excitement caused at the Spanish court by our expected arrival, we were still more unable to understand the apparent indifference about us of the inhabitants of Cadiz. We, however, observed some changes going on around us. The sentinels were doubled at night, and two additional men were placed at the poop of the vessel. The boats of the frigate watched round the corvette, and if any of us approached the bulwarks we were strictly guarded. These new arrangements, though palpable enough, did not produce any very great impression upon us, as we were accustomed to strange proceedings on the part of the government of Pulcinello. We were, however, totally mistaken about the Cadiz population, as we found when we subsequently received a clear explanation respecting their séeming coldness.

CHAPTER XXIV.

Colonel Brocchetti, meanwhile, was doing his best to hasten our departure for America. There were several vessels in port, but he had not hitherto succeeded in chartering one. Close to us lay a beautiful ship, the "David Stewart," which had been engaged for some days in unloading tobacco. We knew that we were to go in a sailing vessel, and every day kept wishing that we might be sent on board this ship, which particularly excited our admiration.

We spent our time in watching the craft which entered and left the harbour, looking towards the city opposite to us, or casting our eyes admiringly upon our favourite object, the "David Stewart," when one evening the quartermaster returned from Cadiz, apparently in a state of the greatest consternation, and with scarcely any supply of provisions.

"What is the matter?" inquired the pilot, as he ascended the ship's side; "what has happened?"

"Nothing, nothing," was the reply.

"Don't tell me,—I know better."

"Well, if you must know, then, the Spaniards will not let us have fruit, or meat, or anything else. To get the little you see here, the consul and force were necessary."

"Why, how is it?"

"They say that we keep slaves on board, and call us Neapolitan dogs! If I had not run away, heaven knows how it would have fared with me."

This dialogue, which we overheard, caused us some satisfaction; and we waited for further particulars. The most absolute mystery had been preserved with regard to our departure. If we ever extracted a few words from the subalterns upon the subject, they were so contradictory and absurd, that they could not be depended upon. This state of things made some of us hope that we should not, after all, be sent to America, but we were sadly deceived. The white negro traffic had been entered upon between Brocchetti and Captain Prentiss, of the "David Stewart."

It was mid-day; the table was spread for dinner; most of us were seated ready to commence, when a boat came alongside the corvette. A handsome young man of twenty, dressed in a sailor's uniform, with a gold band round his cap, nimble as a fawn, but with an air of dignity and composure, rapidly scaled the corvette ladder and sprang on board our vessel. He asked for the commander, and was immediately conducted to him. Scarcely exchanging two words with him, he descended with the same agility as he had mounted, but cast meanwhile a scrutinizing glance upon the few who were upon the deck, and was apparently under the influence of some violent emotion. The boat

began to move off, when he cried out in a half suffocated voice—"Settembrini! where is Settembrini? Let me see Settembrini! Where is my father?"

Before he ceased to speak, Rafaele Piccolo rushed to tell his father, but in his haste fell all his length on the deck. Lamed and half stunned though he was, he shouted—"D. Luigi! your son! run and see him!"

The father at first seemed stupified with the announcement, but rushed precipitately to the companion-ladder, ascended, looked towards the boat, and exclaimed—"My son! my son!" and fainted. Two friends who stood near supported him. He quickly recovered, but emotion caused the tears to stream from his eyes. While his feelings of paternal affection were thus violently agitated, the commander approached him, and said that he should soon be allowed to see his son and talk with him freely. "I could not detain him now," he added, "although my heart prompted me to do so. You are not allowed to speak to any one unless the colonel gives me express orders to that effect. Had I been at the head of affairs I would have spared you this grief; but do not be afraid, the colonel is a gentleman."

These words somewhat calmed the agitation of the poor father, though he remained in doubt as to whether he should be permitted to see and embrace his beloved son. The young man had made himself known on board the frigate. He told the colonel that he was at Lisbon when he read in a newspaper of the arrival of the Neapolitan exiles at Cadiz with his father among their number; that, moved by filial love and respect, he had asked permission of the captain of the vessel to which he belonged to go and see him before he embarked for America. The colonel received the young man very kindly; told him that his affection for his father did him credit, and that his just and natural desires should be granted as soon as possible. The frigate's boat was immediately despatched, with orders to bring the father to meet the son.

Upon receiving the summons to go on board the frigate, D. Luigi Settembrini appeared perfectly paralysed with joy, but a few moments after descended to the cabin to

adjust his dress. He was, however, so nearly bereft of his senses that he could not put on his coat without assistance. Having somewhat recovered his composure, he left us to enjoy the delight of clasping in his arms the tenderest object of a father's love, a dear son! He remained on board the frigate several hours, enjoying the delight of association with him, and, radiant with joy, returned to us, who shared in his happiness. We all, from the oldest to the youngest, sympathized most warmly in the pleasure afforded to both father and son by the meeting; but Rafaele Piccolo's emotions were more than enthusiastic, they were perfectly delirious. He could not think or talk of anything else for some time.

Before they parted, it had been arranged that the young man should be near the corvette in a boat, to make and receive parting signals when we departed from the port. Acordingly, Rafaele Piccolo first, and the rest of us in turn, began from an early hour to watch on deck for the boat which was to contain the younger Settembrini. But we watched and watched, and looked and looked in vain; nothing could be seen of him. The steamer on board of which he said he was going had got up her steam, and we expected to see him pass immediately. But no, the steamer passed and the young man never appeared, and we were thoroughly mortified and disappointed. But had Rafaele Settembrini departed with her? No. Like the hero of a romance, he reappeared when we least expected to see him. His father, no less than ourselves, imagined him on his way to America.

The last bales of tobacco had been cleared out of the "David Stewart," and the vessel was light. Captain Prentiss had been on board the "Ettore Fieramosca," and Colonel Brocchetti had visited the American ship. The Neapolitan consul had communicated with the agent, and the terms of the agreement were nearly settled. We were told that we should leave in the course of a few days, and probably on board the "David Stewart." This announcement was made to us, however, in a mysterious manner, and did not come from the commander himself; so that we were kept in the greatest state of uncertainty.

One day, while we were indulging together in dreams and surmises upon the subject, the captain of the corvette had been summoned by the colonel, and remained on board the frigate until late at night. Before he retired to rest, he went into Poerio's cabin and told him that he had been summoned to make arrangements for our departure, and that we should not remain on board more than a week longer at farthest. The following day the Neapolitan consul confirmed the intelligence, and showed us the contract between Captain Prentiss and himself. The agreement could not be more satisfactory if it were only adhered to, and, as it turned out, we had no cause to complain on this account.

All reasonable doubt was now removed respecting our departure, and yet we could not realize that it would take place. But when we saw that the carpenters of the frigate and corvette went every morning on board the "David Stewart," we then felt sure our departure was no longer doubtful. From that moment our language and thoughts took a totally new direction. We thought and spoke only of America and New York, and saw only the "David Stewart." Since it had been decided that our destiny should be confided to the slayer of the giant Goliath, the shepherd had become the very idol of our hearts. The more we looked at him the more beautiful did he appear to us. As he was moved by the agitation of the current, our eyes followed his undulations, and when his prow was actually in front of us, on one occasion, Gregorio Filaci provoked the hilarity of us all by exclaiming enthusiastically—"What would'st thou, my beloved? Wherefore dost thou so regard me? Oh! my beloved, I shall join thee before long."

Captain Prentiss required men suitably qualified to attend to us upon the passage, and had spoken to the Neapolitan consul upon the subject. Rafaele Settembrini, knowing this, determined upon introducing himself to the consul as an English emigrant, and offered to work his passage to New York as cabin steward. He did so, and was accepted by the captain. Vincenzo Giachetti and two other Neapolitans, who were on their way to America,

agreed with the consul to go on the same conditions, and a Venetian, in addition, as cook.

One day, not a vessel was to be seen near the "David Stewart." The carpenters had left and taken away all their tools; the American sailors were on the yards setting the sails in order; one of the anchors had been raised; the signal of departure floated from the mainmast; Colonel Brocchetti came to us and told us that we should sail on the morrow for New York. He was lavish in expressions of regret that he had not been able to show us more indulgence, or to come more frequently to visit us. "I did not come," he said, "because I well knew how many things you would request of me which I should be unable to grant. My hands are absolutely tied, and I have no choice but to follow out to the letter the written orders which I have received. I feel more for your situation than I can express, but I cannot remedy it. If any of you wish to write to your family, you can do so, and I will send for your letters before you sail. I recommend you to leave them open that I may ascertain that they contain nothing of an illegal character, but you need be under no doubt but that they will be sent safely. I give you my word of honour that I will post them myself at Naples. If any of them are for the capital, I will myself consign them to the hands of those to whom they are addressed. I wish you a prosperous passage and good health;" and he went away. Time proved that he kept his word with regard to the delivery of our letters.

Early in the morning, both the "David Stewart" and the "Ettore Fieramosca" weighed anchor. Upon going on board we found the commander Cafiero and an English gentleman, who was the agent of the vessel. When the latter saw Poerio, he politely saluted him and inquired after his health in good French. After having exchanged the usual compliments and explained his connexion with the vessel, he told us that our arrival in America was joyfully anticipated; that an enthusiastic demonstration awaited us when we disembarked, and triumphal arches would be erected for us to pass under. While talking to us in this strain, his eyes sparkled with enthusiasm, and he

seemed fully to participate in the pleasure which his recital caused his listeners. "The people of New York," he added, "will do everything in their power to make you forget the sufferings which you have undergone. The land of liberty is a charming country. In the course of forty days all your troubles will, I hope, be ended." These words of comfort were sweet to our ears after our long ten years' experience of grief, and descended into our hearts like a salutary life-conferring balm. The manner, too, in which they were uttered, bore clear testimony to the sympathetic kindness of the speaker. The Baron expressed his most cordial thanks, and several of us followed his example. The agent was so much moved by our manifestations of gratitude that he could scarcely speak for a moment. To terminate the scene, the Baron changed the subject by making inquiries respecting the state of the wind and weather in reference to our passage, and the interview thus terminated.

When all was, at length, ready for starting, Cafiero and the Englishman went away, and we were left in the care of the American captain, though still in the talons of the eagle. Two hours elapsed, when the American ship was towed out by the frigate.

No sooner had we really set sail, than the Neapolitans who were to attend upon us presented themselves before us. Our first inquiries were as to the reason why none of the Cadiz people approached our vessel. "Can it be," we said, "that they no longer care for liberty?"

"You are indeed mistaken if you think so. From the first day of your arrival they had prepared sweetmeats, wine, dinners, and everything calculated to demonstrate their sympathy for you. When it was known that you were not to be allowed to land, a tumult took place, and the people applied to the government to prevent men from being treated as slaves in a port of free Spain. They declared that you should not be allowed to sail for America, and sought to ascertain the day of your departure in order that they might unite together for this purpose. When the governor became aware of it, he declared that he could on no account permit of the carrying out of their generous

intentions; that it would be contrary to international law, inasmuch as a ship of war was the representative of the nation to which it belonged; that it would be better to keep perfectly quiet and refrain from any open manifestations of sympathy, which, instead of serving, might greatly harm you, as Colonel Brocchetti had said that if the slightest excitement occurred at Cadiz he should order you to be kept confined below." "We ourselves," said Giachetti, "were secretly hurried on board last night without any previous warning, on purpose to keep the people ignorant of the time you were to sail. Oh! you have no idea how many friends you have at Cadiz. The tea-dealer who sent you the journal never saw me without making inquiries after you. The Neapolitan sailors were several times insulted and obliged to return to the ship in a hurry."

We were now satisfied as to the cause why none of the Spaniards approached us, why we were so strictly watched all the time we lay in the harbour, and why the time of departure was kept a secret up to the last moment. Turning towards the city which was gradually receding from sight, we exclaimed, "Thanks, O generous people! unceasing thanks: your cry of sympathy was stifled, your helping arm was paralysed, your impulse of affection was arrested; but we will give you full credit for your kindly intentions. Your good-will, your desires, your indignation against our jailers, your hatred against the tyrant who hurries us into exile at the risk of our lives, will never be forgotten by us, but must secure for you our eternal gratitude!"

Upon arriving at Cape St. Vincent, the frigate separated from us, left two hundred *colonnati* for Captain Prentiss, and returned in the direction of Cadiz. The American ship unfurled her canvas and went on her way towards New York. In proportion as the distance increased between us and the frigate we began to feel relieved of the load which had oppressed us, and experienced that we were at length free. In a few hours the Neapolitan flag was utterly lost sight of. Would that it had pleased Heaven that the despotism from which we suffered should disappear with her!

CHAPTER XXV.

WHILE the frigate accompanied us, we were as if under the influence of a spell, and were comparatively indifferent to the circumstances which surrounded us; but when once freed from its magnetizing influence, we began to be ourselves again—not ourselves of times gone by and never to be recalled, but still ourselves to a great extent. After having walked the deck from stem to stern and from stern to stem, I went downstairs to prepare my bed. How did I reckon on finding myself once more between clean sheets!

The first person I met was a lad dressed like a steward, who was arranging some bottles upon a table. His appearance struck me, and I stopped and addressed him in English. Beyond informing me, however, that his name was John, in reply to one of my questions, he appeared little disposed to be communicative, and I soon quitted him.

I was not the only person on board struck by John's appearance and manners. Nearly all my companions felt great curiosity respecting him, and tried to talk with him; but as they spoke to him in Italian, or very bad English, he feigned not to understand them, sometimes laughed and held down his head, and always avoided going into the light.

Rafaele Piccolo was one of the most pertinacious in endeavouring to make John understand by words and signs; and, as if drawn by some secret power, kept close to his side. "I am sure, gentlemen," he said to us, "that I have seen this face before either in a dream or in reality. I cannot tell where, but I feel sure I have seen it quite recently. Yes, I must have seen it."

Without waiting for an answer, he rushed on deck and hastened towards Don Luigi Settembrini.

"What is the matter, Rafaele?" said the latter.

"Matter! why either I am mad or else he is here!"

"Who?"

"Rafaelluccio."

"Where?"

"Below in the saloon."

"Oh! you *are* mad, Piccolo."

"Well, just come and see," and both descended to make their observations.

D. Luigi had no sooner seen the steward than he turned pale, but curbing his emotion he merely said to Piccolo:

"You are quite mistaken," and walked away. Father and son had recognised each other. Satisfied with being reunited, both comprehended the parts they had to play, and played them to admiration.

At dinner-time we had each an ounce of fresh bread and two American biscuits, a little macaroni, which looked like shoemakers' wax, a small piece of meat given to some, but not to all, a couple of nuts and two figs, some raisins, and a little wine. John moved about actively and pretended to wait upon us, but with the exception of some slight services the other attendants did not allow him to do much. Though this was remarked by some, it did not attract any great attention, because very few of us had seen young Settembrini on board the corvette, and the metamorphose was so complete as to deceive all but the narrowest observer.

The next day came, and with it, as I have already said, we obtained our freedom from the ship which had accompanied us. With the disappearance of the frigate the fear of Settembrini's discovery had also disappeared; both father and son, therefore, thought they might openly recognise each other. The deacon Piccolo ran about dancing for joy and saying to himself, "I recognised him; I said so; when I have seen a person once I never forget him." The ship's crew, who did not understand a word of Italian, could not enter into the meaning of our tumultuous delight, thought that we were quarrelling and seemed nearly frightened out of their wits. The Moor, James, alone comprehended the scene, and cried like a child with pleasure. Captain Prentiss walked up and down near the helm, and was an unmoved spectator of the occurrence.

Another metamorphose had taken place in John. He was now transformed into second pilot, wore a uniform with gilt buttons, and carried in his hand a roll of paper, the certificate which proved him to be what he professed. In this dress, and accompanied by his father and several of us, he presented himself to Captain Prentiss, who was struck with astonishment at sight of him. Young Settembrini spoke English well, and told the captain as much as he thought necessary, showed him his papers furnished duly with stamps and signatures, and when he left the bronzed veteran, mutual feelings of friendship existed between them.

While we were staying off Cadiz, one of the mates of the corvette on hearing us speak of America, answered, "You will perhaps change your minds." We understood what he meant, but it had never come into our thoughts to alter the direction of the ship, even if the opportunity should occur. Indeed, until the discovery of the young pilot, the last thing we should have dreamed of would have been to go anywhere else but to America. The Neapolitan government had promised us a premium of a hundred ducats upon our arrival in New York. Though a few among us might be rich, the greater number were entirely without means, and it certainly was not the most desirable thing in the world to land in a strange country without a *sou*. On this account, therefore, we quietly pursued the way traced out for us, and meanwhile laid plans and built castles in the air innumerable. But after the discovery of Rafaele Settembrini all hesitation vanished, and upon its being proposed to us whether or not we would go to England, we all answered unanimously and unhesitatingly, *Yes*.

At the first announcement that the steward John was the son of Settembrini, it seemed scarcely possible, and we looked at each other in amazement; but upon being assured of the fact we regarded his arrival among us as a mysterious interposition of Providence in our favour. As Raphael was the name of the angel who guided the young Tobias during his long journey, by a happy coincidence a Raphael had unexpectedly appeared among us to direct the course of our journey. As the angel according to apochryphal Scripture

had been sent by divine love, so this Raphael had been moved by filial love. The former was to guide a single man to the port of refuge; this one was to guide sixty-nine. The one fulfilled his work professedly by the will of God; the other accomplished it by the assistance of the same power. The one saved Tobias; the other saved from impending death the victims of an execrable tyrant.

This apparition we held to be miraculous, and believed we owed our lives to Rafaele Settembrini. The best wishes of my heart will ever be thine, dear Rafaele! Had I but the opportunity of thus manifesting my gratitude, I would erect a statue to thee! But that is not in my power. All that I can do for thee is to bear thy image eternally graven on my breast, ever keep it in mind that my life is due to thee, and look upon thee always as the envoy of God!

The sea had begun to prostrate the greater part of us. Poerio was again attacked by his complaint. Braico and Dino were more like ghosts than men; and so more or less were Ventra, Maffei, Marrella, Suracia, Morgante, and others. The salt meat disgusted us; the water was discoloured and fetid; the Venetian cook knew nothing about cooking, and had utterly disordered our stomachs; the ship rocked about without advancing, and none of us believed that we should ever reach America alive. "It is true that government had promised me a hundred ducats," said Rafaele de Ruocio; "but the question is, shall we ever live to see New York?" The proposition then to land in England was most cordially welcomed by us all.

When we had taken this resolution, Settembrini, Spaventa, and two others, accompanied by the pilot as interpreter, repaired to Poerio's cabin, and sent for the captain. Upon his appearance, Rafaele at once began to explain that it was not our intention to go to America; that we had been placed on board by force; that we were free citizens; that though we had the most friendly feelings towards the government of the United States, we were indisposed to take so long a voyage after ten years' imprisonment and suffering, and consequently refused to pursue our present course; that he, in short, would be responsible for any harm which might happen to

those whom he was conveying to a foreign land against their will.

The captain roundly refused to accede to our wishes. He declared that his honour was pledged to land us in America; that he had not received the whole of the passage-money; that, in a word, he was determined not to alter the direction of the vessel. Meanwhile, the cabin had gradually filled with the political captives; the captain turned pale; the perspiration stood in drops upon his brow; his eyes looked glassy; he trembled from head to foot, and murmured, "*Compelled! compelled!*"

"No one offers you any violence," said Rafaele Settembrini.

The Baron said to those who had assembled since the interview began:

"Gentlemen, the captain thinks that we threaten him; let me beg of you to retire."

Several at once obeyed, but some of the most curious remained. When the captain saw that it was in his power to go to America or not, he again declared that he did not mean to deviate from the directions which he had received,—and so left us. The crew, on becoming aware of what had taken place, were overcome with fear, and seemed to watch us most suspiciously. The friendly Moor, however, was overwhelmed with joy, and manifested his approbation by words and smiles.

"What shall we do?" asked Settembrini, Poerio, Pica, and Spaventa, looking at each other.

"What shall we do," repeated Ricci, who stood near, "if it is decided that we are not to make use of force?"

"Oh! no," answered D. Luigi; "by employing force we should sacrifice the advantage we possess over the captain."

"Then let us put what he has said on paper, with a formal protest against the illegality of his conduct," replied the other three.

"Be it so," answered Settembrini, and, with his son, set about drawing up the document in question.

If the sailors were afraid of us, we on our part feared lest they should think to guard themselves against us by

closing the hatchways and confining us below; we therefore kept a sharp look out all night, taking it in turns to watch. The anxiously looked-for morning dawned. The paper was prepared in English, and only awaited our signatures before being presented to the captain. Before we signed our names, however, Settembrini called us all together to hear the contents. After having finished reading it, he said, "Gentlemen, every one is at liberty to do as he thinks best about signing this document. Each must decide as to what is most for his own interest. If you go to America you will have a hundred ducats; if you do not you will have nothing. As soon as we land in England we shall make known our situation to that generous people. If they take a favourable view of our conduct we shall meet with sympathy, protection, and help. I hope and trust that they will receive us favourably; but the result is uncertain, while the hundred ducats of the Italian government, on the other hand, are quite certain."

He had scarcely done speaking when all cried, "The paper! the paper! England!" I took the paper round to each, and obtained the signatures of all. This being done, the captain was again summoned. Settembrini spoke to him, and asked him whether he had changed his resolution. Upon receiving a very decided reply in the negative, he placed in his hands the protest, signed with sixty-six names.

The paper contained in substance the same observations which the pilot had made to the captain in the first instance, with the addition that we should endeavour to maintain on board the harmony which ought to reign between a ship's crew and the passengers; that the regulations would be scrupulously maintained by us; but that on setting foot in America, we should summon the captain before a judge, and accuse him of having forced us thither against our will, and employed the American flag in carrying white slaves captive.

The captain read the protest, but at first seemed to consider it of slight importance: when he reached the last paragraph, however, he read it over and over again;

then repeated his refusal, but somewhat feebly. In the course of an hour he sent for Settembrini, and told him that if we were willing to be landed at the Canaries, he might, perhaps, consent.

"Either England, or the nearest port to England," said Settembrini, and left him.

Another hour elapsed, and the captain sent for him again, to ask him if he would be contented with being landed in Portugal.

"Either England or Ireland," replied Settembrini this time, and again left him.

We awaited the result of the protest, but without showing any anxiety as to the decision whether for America or England.

A third time Settembrini was called, after the lapse of another hour.

"I will land you in Ireland," said the captain, "but you must bind me, confine me below, and give the command of the ship to the chief pilot. I can then declare that the command was taken from me by force; can claim the rest of the passage-money, and shall not break my word of honour."

"You labour under a mistaken idea," answered Settembrini; "you are free either to go to America or Ireland. We shall not offer you the smallest violence so long as we are on board your vessel, but shall square accounts with you at New York."

"But I shall lose the rest of my passage-money if I voluntarily take you to Ireland."

"You will lose nothing, but will gain by the stores, which would have served for the whole passage. Although they are legally ours, I give you my word of honour that they shall be left with you without opposition."

"But my engagement?"

"Your honour is secure. You engaged to convey exiles to America, but not free citizens. You thought we were going voluntarily, and not against our inclination."

"You refuse, then, to confine me below?"

"Certainly; it is sheer folly to think of such a thing."

"Then suffer me to explain the case to the crew, and consult with them."

"Do as you please,—only do not say we forced you."

"No, no!" he said; and went to call together both pilots and the crew. Having read to them the paper which he had received, he asked them if they were willing to go to Ireland. Upon receiving an affirmative reply from all, he turned to the helmsman and said, "Ireland."

Notwithstanding that he gave this order, we felt doubtful if the direction of the vessel was really altered, and therefore begged of our friend Rafaele to keep a close watch over the compass. He went at once to inspect it, and declared that we had altered our course, and were proceeding towards Ireland. Still we felt anxious, and scarcely a moment passed that some of us did not urge the second pilot to look at the compass. Our importunities at length wearied the young man, and he said, "I must not go so often; it looks like want of faith on our part, and may offend the captain and crew. Those who like can go and look for themselves. It is not difficult to ascertain whether we keep right for Ireland; if the needle points to N.N.W. we are in the right track.

"Very well," answered the priest Del Drago; "that is enough for me. I will stand sentinel over the compass."

From that time forward he closely watched the needle, with a perseverance which deserved our warmest thanks.

The Venetian cook dressed our dinners in the most disgusting manner possible, and had reduced us to such a state that we could hardly eat at all. We talked to him, and begged of him to pay more attention; but it was altogether useless, for he was utterly ignorant of the culinary art. The three Neapolitans who ought to have served us suffered from sickness, had much to do, presumed upon the sympathy we had shown them, or else liked best to eat and do no more than they could help. Whatever the cause, they left us to do almost everything for ourselves. Each of us was his own servant, and his neighbour's too, in part. Poerio was attentively waited upon by Palumbo; Braico, Pica, and Schiavoni, by Grilli. Those who could not help themselves were kindly assisted

by those who were better able to move about, and felt honoured and gratified by being permitted to offer their services. The arrangements for dinner were every morning entrusted to four individuals of our party in turn, who watched the cook, gave out the provisions, and did their best to render things orderly and comfortable; but the evil, so far from being cured, was scarcely alleviated. We went to table hungry, and we rose from it hungry. With the exception of two or three ounces of bread, about as much fruit, and a glass of wine, the rest of the dinner generally went away untouched. It is true, that provisions of a kind to which we were unaccustomed and the low physical condition to which we were reduced, tended to give us a disrelish for food; but the most powerful cause by far was the incompetence of our impostor cook. What were we to do in this state of things? To have recourse to the ship's cook was to fall from the frying-pan into the fire. All complained, but no one did anything, until at length I declared I would try my skill. My proposition was most welcome to all; and great was the curiosity to see how I should acquit myself in my new profession. The Moor was highly delighted at the dismissal of the Venetian, because he had grievously wasted the provisions. I did not disappoint the expectations of my companions, and my dinner was pronounced excellent. The dishes were emptied from the first to the last; and had they been double in number, their fate would have been the same. I, however, felt no inclination to repeat my effort. The task was too fatiguing, disagreeable, and contrary to my tastes. I replied to the general expressions of approbation by thanks, but declared that my duties would end with the day. This caused the greatest disappointment, and I was entreated to continue, if but for a few days. I persisted in refusing, until the judge, Marrella, came up to me and said, "Why, Antonio, what do you mean? you must finish now you have begun." I could not help laughing at the old man's earnestness, and was obliged to comply with the general wish.

Among all the sixty-six, only one expressed regret at my undertaking. This was Gregorio Filaci, my dearest and

most intimate friend. He no sooner knew of my descent to the kitchen than he followed me, and calling me aside, said:

"What! have you taken leave of your senses? How can you think of beginning a thing which is certain to end in annoyance to yourself? We all have our different tastes, and you will be expected to satisfy everybody. You will find it impossible, and then you will have ill-will and bad temper to put up with. I beg of you to give it up directly."

I was not to be moved by his words, which were the true dictates of experience, but expressed my resolution to continue in the unpleasant post which I had undertaken to fill. This I did until I had ample proof of his foresight, and abundant reason to regret that I had not followed his advice.

The Neapolitan government, on our departure from Naples, had separated us into two distinct classes. The same order was maintained by Brocchetti in contracting with the American vessel, and the consequence was that all did not enjoy the same advantages. It is true that the difference between the first and second class was very slight; but still the difference existed, and was the more felt because there were those in the first class who ought to have been in the second, and in the second who quite deserved to be in the first. In order to prevent any unpleasant dissensions, we took some measures with a view to proving that we felt ourselves all equal in view of the common misfortunes by which we were smitten, and therefore desired to have the advantages and disadvantages of our lot in common.

But the captain's ideas differed from ours upon this point, and he gave orders to the Moor not to swerve a jot from the contract. On this account, I was unable to render my services acceptable to both classes, and ingratitude and slander were my portion.

CHAPTER XXVI.

MEANWHILE, the ship, which had run only a hundred and fifty miles in the course of ten days, now began to fly swiftly over the water with a fresh and favourable wind, and we were rapidly approaching our destination. On the fifth day of our accelerated speed, Rafaele Settembrini ascended to the mast head and exclaimed, "Land, land! Ireland!"

An unanimous burst of joy succeeded this announcement; and such exclamations were heard in rapid succession as,

"Where is the land? I do not see it."

"There, there."

"Those are clouds!"

"They are mountains!"

But while we wasted our time in these and similar comments, the ship industriously pursued her way. Seagulls began to make their appearance, and a flock of wild-ducks passed close by us; the distant masses of clouds proved that there were hill tops in their vicinity; land was near, and our sufferings were about to end.

As we approached the land, the wind rose and the sea became tempestuous. A flag was raised as a signal that we wanted a pilot. In about an hour, a sail approached us bearing a pilot, who came to guide us into port. It was a work of some difficulty to get alongside and aboard of us; but the pilot, accompanied by another sailor, succeeded, and his boat disappeared.

The pilot immediately went to the captain, and told him that had we been an hour sooner we might easily have entered port, but that it was then impossible. He took charge of the helm and gave orders which our crew at once began to execute. The newly arrived sailor was as ragged as a scarecrow. He held a Rosary in his hand, made the sign of the cross when he saw us, and said,

'*Catholic, Catholic!*" He looked so hungry, and cast such wistful glances at a half-picked bone which lay upon a dish, that Luigi Palumbo took him below, and set before him the remains of dinner, including a quantity of meat which had not been brought to table. I cannot describe the interest with which we watched this poor hungry creature, as he consumed, one after another, upwards of twenty portions of meat, besides cold provisions of every kind. When he had finished he made the sign of the cross, and returned on deck.

By means of tacking repeatedly we arrived close to shore, but it was impossible to enter the harbour for the present. We therefore continued to walk up and down, and watch the pilot's movements throughout the whole night. In the morning the wind had fallen and the waves were comparatively calm. The New York flag was hoisted, we entered port, cast anchor, and now we had really reached the Irish shore!

We all hastened to see about our baggage. The captain left the vessel for two hours, and on his return informed us we could land. Several boats were near, and we entered them in groups of ten or twelve. The Baron, Dono, Ricci, Palermo, and others whom I do not remember, were in the fifth group. On setting foot on shore, Signor Dono threw himself flat on the ground, and kissed it three times. We gave two *colonnati* to the boatmen and proceeded towards the town, which was Queenstown.

CHAPTER XXVII.

When the "David Stewart" cast anchor opposite Queenstown, our first impressions were indescribable. The distant city seemed to present itself to us through a mist of romance, sadness, and brilliance. The houses appeared to be arranged like a staircase, the last step of which was Belmont. The colour of the fronts and roofs of the houses looked strange

to our eyes. The immense chimneys, rising upwards from the housetops and emitting clouds of smoke, suggested a contrast to the mildness of our climate. The brilliancy of the windows, emblazoned by the sun's rays, caused us a thrill of excessive contentment. In short, we experienced sensations which, though simply natural, are utterly unsusceptible of translation into spoken language.

As we landed, a number of loiterers cast their eyes upon us with wonder and curiosity. Truly they might well stare at us, for we were indeed strange beings; strange as to the manner of our arrival, strange as to the fashion of our dress, and stranger still from the confused air with which we looked at everything so new to us. Nearly the whole of us were dressed in a manner not to excite curiosity only, but laughter; and when we observed that some did laugh we did not feel offended, because we knew it was but too natural for them to do so. While such was the deportment of the people, we began to recover from our momentary embarrassment, and appreciate the comfort of being able to walk with unfettered foot after being chained for ten years, of looking round without a jailer to command us to keep our faces in one direction, of opening our mouths without a turnkey stifling the words in our throats, of being free!—a sensation which he alone can enjoy to the full who has lost his liberty for a season.

This state of indifferent curiosity on the part of the people of Queenstown did not, however, long endure. That which suddenly changed its character was the sight of the priests with the Canon Del Drago at their head.

The costume of the Neapolitan priests is different from those of Ireland. The former may be recognised a mile off by their long black tunics and triangular hats. Five of the priests who were with us were thus dressed; but Del Drago united to these other peculiarities which rendered him more conspicuous and an object of greater interest than the rest. He wore round his hat a red cord with two tassels which hung from one of the corners; carried a cane with a large silver head, and had an emerald ring on his finger, emblematic of his doctor's degree in theology. His large person attracted atten-

tion, and the style of his dress gave rise to the belief that he was an ecclesiastical authority. No sooner was he seen in the town than crowds surrounded him crying out, "The bishop! the bishop!" and in a moment the rumour of the episcopal presence was universally spread. It was a strange sight to observe the crowd pressing round the Canon, and I felt quite moved to see the people kneeling right and left, some kissing the hem of his garment, some asking his blessing as they prostrated themselves on the ground with a reverence approaching exaggeration, while an ever increasing crowd was following him.

They then wished to know who and what we were, whence we came, and what we were going to do. To mere curiosity succeeded the deepest interest. Whenever one of us stopped for a moment, there a little group was formed, not of people of the lowest class, but of merchants, ladies, and gentlemen. When they began to understand who we were, and learned that we had escaped from the talons of tyranny, a sentiment of delight was expressed in their countenances, and their sympathy was unbounded. We were no longer strange beings worthy only of a passing glance of curiosity, but victims and martyrs and friends deserving of the most cordial and affectionate welcome.

Poerio and Settembrini sent a memorial to the mayor of Cork explaining our condition, and some of the particulars connected with our arrival. The journals began to speak of us; the electric telegraph signalized our advent, and in a few days the whole united kingdom was made aware of the presence of the Neapolitan exiles.

But to what purpose would all this excitement and talk have tended; what would have been the good of this waste of paper and show of sympathy if it had stopped here? In a foreign country, without friends, without means, ignorant of the language, the sentiment of affection would not suffice for us; we stood in need of material aid. This truth was quickly felt, and a subscription was opened in our favour. In less than a week a sum was collected which was equally divided among us by the Baron, to whom it was handed. This subscription was the precursor of a larger and more extended one which was shortly afterwards opened in

London under the patronage of the chief noblemen of Great Britain. I need not speak of the results of the latter, as they are sufficiently well known.

When we landed, our luggage had remained on board the vessel awaiting orders to be taken on shore. These orders arrived, and the Custom-house officers of Queenstown offered us the use of a steamer to remove our packages. We accepted the offer, went to the "David Stewart," and returned two hours afterwards with all the goods and chattels which we had brought with us from prison. The landing of our baggage was the occasion of no small confusion. Above a hundred boys and men, young and old, beset us; one seized a mattrass, another a chest, another a trunk, and so forth. Finally, the packages were stowed away in a store place belonging to the Custom-house until further instructions. In Naples, the Lazzaroni, who act as porters, are utterly insatiable in their rapacity. I believe this race of men are about the same everywhere; but in honour of the Irish, I must say, that no sooner were they made aware that we had just left prison, than they instantly abated their previously extortionate demands, received whatever we chose to give them without a murmur, and appeared heartily ashamed of having at first sought to impose upon us.

In the course of a few days we were informed that our luggage would be given up to us without any formalities of any kind. We then provided ourselves with cars instead of porters, and each carried away his own.

A few days after our arrival, Filaci, Morgante, and I, went together to Cork, where we found several of our companions. I liked the city exceedingly, and had great pleasure in exploring it accompanied by my beloved friend, Filaci. We went to see a church, and ascended the tower, which commanded a view of the town. On leaving the church we met Settembrini and his son, who told us to go at once to the Custom-house, and a sort of passport would be given us. We went and received a paper upon which was written the name, surname, condition, and country of each Neapolitan exile.

I returned to Queenstown, and in the course of a few

days, Settembrini, Spaventa, and some others who had gone to London, sent word that we were to leave Ireland in three different parties. The Sardinian government placed the sum necessary for our journey to London at the disposal of its consul. The first party left. How it was received I need not here relate.

The second party had reached England, and we were expecting the summons for the third, which arrived in five days. I wished, however, to visit London simply for the pleasure of seeing the place, having resolved to remain in Ireland as my residence. Our departure was fixed, and a ticket for the steamer which was to leave the next day was given to each by the Sardinian consul. I went in the evening to see the Baron and take my leave of him. I had done so, and was exchanging a few words with another companion, when I heard the noise of some one falling. I turned round and saw the Baron in the act of rolling down stairs. Terror almost deprived me of sense and motion. I feared he must be killed. Providentially, however, he escaped with a contusion of the left eye, and some slight bruises besides. This accident produced general alarm among the exiles. Excitement and hurry ensued; but the knowledge of the happy escape of the person whom we all so highly reverenced and loved, restored calm to our spirits, and our fears on his account were speedily dissipated.

The following morning I went on board the "Flora," bound for Bristol. At noon, Luigi Palumbo came to me with a pair of woollen stockings.

"What does that mean?" I asked.

"Take them," he said, "they are yours, and you will soon have something else."

I took the stockings and waited to see what the "something else" would prove to be. In two hours' time he called me and gave me a kind of cape made of scarlet cloth, saying that the donor hoped I would wear it when we entered Bristol. I was really curious to know to whom I was indebted for this emblem of republicanism.

"Several of them," said Palumbo, "have been sent to me by the Baron with directions to distribute them among

us. The donor is a lady of Cork." As I was examining my cape, Gaetano Gascola came to me to ask whether I should wear it on my arrival.

"If you will put yours on," he said, "I will wear mine."

"And so will I," said Guistino Faivano.

"And I," said Luigi Palumbo.

"And I will too," added the old man, Crispino.

"And so will we," added several others. But after all we agreed that it would be better to keep them in our trunks. We never knew the name of our generous friend. I have preserved mine perfectly fresh, and am desirous of knowing the giver that I may tender her my thanks.

The passage from Cork to Bristol was very agreeable. About ten o'clock the following morning, the steamer slowly entered the river of the city to which we were bound. As we approached the town the "Flora" suddenly appeared to be decked with flowers, so numerous were the gay banners with which her masts were adorned. When I saw this strange sight, I asked an English gentleman what it meant.

"It is in honour of the exiles," he said; "the vessel is dressed in gala attire."

I was delighted at this announcement, and reported my discovery to my companions, who, like me, had been ignorant of the significance of the gay colours. From the moment the steamer entered the river with its numerous flags streaming in the wind, on each bank we saw white handkerchiefs fluttering as the sign of salutation. At first we did not understand that these salutations were addressed to us, but as soon as we became aware of it, we waved our own and bowed in return. As we approached the city the manifestations became more animated, and sounds met our ear of "Hurrah! hurrah! hurrah!"

When we reached the town, crowds on both sides the river made the same demonstrations, with the addition of eight or ten flags borne on tall poles. The vessel stopped, and five gentlemen presented themselves. One of them addressed us, saying: "I hope you will honour me, as your companions have done, by partaking of some refreshment

which I have prepared for you;" and he showed us a paper signed by each of the exiles who had passed through Bristol. At this moment we saw Pica, accompanied by Lamensa, and a professor of Italian in the city. The gentleman who urged us to accept a dinner was Mr. Henry Allen of the Angel Inn. The pleasure he felt in giving us the invitation was apparent in his countenance. He looked as if he had never experienced a happier moment. He could not express what he felt for us, nor we the gratitude we entertained for his kindness, because each was unacquainted with the other's language; but eyes, looks, and smiles all spoke eloquently enough.

In about an hour and a half we perceived a steamer at a distance also decked out with all its colours. On board it was the Mayor of Bristol, who came to give us welcome. He was accompanied by three reporters and other gentlemen. When he came on board the "Flora," we all joined him in the saloon. He expressed the great pleasure afforded him by our presence; said that we were welcome guests in the land of liberty, with many other things of the same nature.

Signor Pica replied to his courteous and cordial expressions with a few words indicative of gratitude and respect. Scarcely was this reception over when a gentleman, waving his hat, cried, "Down with the tyrant! liberty for ever! Hurrah for Italy! hurrah! hurrah!" All the English on board responded to his exclamations, and the same triumphant demonstration was repeated three times. We now went on deck previously to landing, when the fifth act of a drama which I shall never forget awaited us. Though my heart received the profoundest impression, I find it utterly indescribable. During my thirty-seven years of life I have had cause to weep thousands of times, but my tears have been caused by grief. In Bristol my tears flowed copiously, but from the contrary cause, excess of joy.

Three carriages were waiting for us on the wharf, and more than twenty thousand persons were assembled. At the moment we quitted the steamer, the cries of "Hurrah!" mounted to the skies. The people crowded round us to shake hands, so that the police were obliged to interfere,

to make way for us to get into the carriages. We were scarcely seated when a musical band began to play, and the carriages moved along through this mighty mass of people, who were intoxicated with joy, and filled with enthusiastic love of liberty. Shouts of "Hurrah!" continued; hats were waved, handkerchiefs fluttered on every hand. Not a shop, not a door, not a window or aperture of any kind but was occupied by the excited populace, who made the air resound with their acclamations. From time to time the carriages stopped, and then the scene became more moving. The people clung to the doors and windows of the vehicles. Young and old, male and female, all wished to shake hands with us. We were obliged to keep our arms extended for those who liked to take our hands. Sometimes we saw three or four contending as to who should seize upon them first, the hands of all coming into violent contact in the struggle. In one of these contests my hand unfortunately became entangled, and the blow which I received dislocated my right thumb. I still suffer from this slight accident; so that the effects of this charming and paradisaical scene are feelingly recalled to my recollection by any change of weather.

In the midst of these warm-hearted demonstrations we reached the Angel Inn, where a dinner was served luxurious enough to satisfy diplomatic requirements. About twenty English gentlemen sat down to table with us, and we were cheered by the strains of the band. Healths were drunk, followed by the noisiest rounds of applause. Several gentlemen spoke, and their speeches were accompanied by cheers. Signor Pica replied, as often as circumstances rendered it necessary; and his oratorical efforts were also much applauded. I, too, said a few words, which met with indulgence, and were to the following effect:

"From the moment that the 'David Stewart' changed its course for England, our souls were cheered by the hope of a warm reception by this free and generous people. When we set foot on the Irish shore, the hopes which we had indulged began to be realized; but you, O people of Bristol! have far exceeded our most sanguine expecta-

tions. Thanks, generous people; thanks, a thousandfold! since we can repay you in no other manner. This day at Bristol is the brightest of our lives. Could the tyrant who has driven us into exile see the homage offered by a free people to the martyrs of liberty, he would die of grief and vexation. Should the time ever come that we are permitted to revisit our desolate families, then, seated beside our mothers, our wives, and our children, we shall scan the history of our past misfortunes; and the sublimest, the most striking, and the most affecting page, will be that in which the Bristol demonstrations are registered. Accept again, then, our thanks, and the assurance that feelings of gratitude for you must dwell eternally in our memory."

When the dinner was over, a number of gentlemen entered the room, and then began the writing of addresses, and exchange of visiting cards. Shortly after, a beautiful copy of Diodati's Italian Bible was presented to each of us, sent by Miss Allen. We then left the hotel, and again entered the carriages to make the tour of the city, still accompanied by immense crowds, never tired of shouting "Hurrah!" while the spectators from the windows were equally persevering in waving their handkerchiefs. Upon reaching an appointed spot the carriages stopped, and Mr. Allen made us enter a photographic establishment, and have our likenesses taken in three different groups. From hence we went to Clifton, where we again alighted to enjoy the delightful prospect. Here also the people besieged us, pressed our hands, and asked for our cards, that they might know us by name.

About six o'clock we left for London, where we arrived late at night. Two omnibuses were awaiting us, and some of our companions were ready to receive us. We were conveyed to the hotel of Mosciaro, where a Neapolitan dinner was prepared for us, and to which we did ample justice. After dinner, Antonio Gracea and I were conducted to a private lodging in Alfred Street, Bedford Square.

I stayed in London several days, and visited the most remarkable objects, such as the Zoological Gardens, the

Tunnel, the Museum, the Crystal Palace, St. Paul's, and other sights of interest. I then left again for Bristol, in company with Gracea, who had also resolved to return to Ireland. Before leaving London, I received £9, and £2 in addition, for my expenses to Ireland.

From Bristol we re-embarked for Ireland. Exactly twenty-four hours after embarkation we again stepped on Irish ground at Cork, whence we soon departed for Queenstown. Ten days after my return I received £12, and two months later £37, to complete the sum of £60, which the committee assigned as my share of the subscriptions for the Neapolitan exiles.

On the 9th of August, I quitted the place in which I first inhaled the breath of liberty, and came to live at Cork.

I have now spent more than a year in Ireland, and may say that I have lived in an atmosphere of sympathy and affection. Wherever I have gone, I have found counsel and encouragement. Scarcely a single exception has occurred throughout the whole of this period, to the all but uniform kindness and politeness which I have received. I should feel myself wanting in gratitude to Providence, and in regard to the generous friends I have found here, could I allow this concluding page of my varied story to close without an expression of deep and heartfelt emotion. My last thought and wish shall be dedicated to the welfare and prosperity of those who have so kindly sought to cheer the sorrows of the Neapolitan Exile during his sojourn in the British Isles.

Amongst the numerous inhabitants of Bristol who manifested real sympathy and kindness to the Neapolitan exiles on their visit to that city, in passing from Cork to London, a few may be mentioned as having more particularly exerted themselves to give them a hearty welcome, viz.: Mr. and Mrs. John Hare;

the Misses Cunningham; James Poole, Richard Benson, E. S. Robinson, and John Beattie, Esqs.; and their countryman, Sig. G. Damiani.

Were their memories as faithful as their hearts, a large addition would be made to the names of Swanton, Dawson, Elliott, Reilly, Cuff, Allen, Clark, Mead, Warren, Newman, Ballon, Jennings, O'Leary, Minici, and De Vericourt, who one and all exerted themselves to make the exiles forget their past sorrows, and look forward to the future with hope and confidence.

APPENDIX.

I.

THE soup of the Bagno was not always made with beans. Three times a week it was mixed with *pasta* of a very inferior kind. Once a fortnight, ½lb of beef was added. The following list will give a clear idea of the provisions supplied to the prisoners:

Monday, Wednesday, Friday, and Saturday, soup made of beans, boiled with all the dirt and extraneous matter clinging to them, and very insufficiently cooked; six ounces in weight when raw, but not more than fifty *acini* when cooked. The *Zuppa*, after being cooked, was poured into a large tub mixed with a great quantity of watery settlings, in which it was boiled. The distributor mixed the water and beans together, so that each ration was half liquid and half beans. Tuesday, Thursday, and Sunday, a spoonful of *pasta* made of bad flour, weighing four ounces when raw, reduced to three *cotta* by cooking. In order to increase the number of rations, the *pasta* was boiled so much as to become a nauseous gelatinous pap.

An ounce of common oil for every three persons, but reduced to nothing by the large quantity of water into which it was poured to cook the beans.

Rancid bacon, sometimes maggotty, and cooked just as it happened to be, half an ounce per head, but reduced to two drachms by those whose interest it was to do so. The bacon was beaten in a mortar to about half its bulk. Besides the slices which were secreted by those who were employed in beating it, it was so placed in the boiling water as to rise to the top on one side of the boiler, and was then abstracted and given secretly to the corporal and inferior officers on duty in the kitchen.

Salt four drachms per head, but lost in the boiler full of water.

Ox flesh, sometimes mixed with buffalo, not unfrequently in a state of decomposition, nine ounces per head every other Sunday, but reduced to five by cooking, and to four by theft. The raw meat was divided into portions of 5½ lb. Every portion was subdivided into ten rations after it was cooked. Two or three portions were taken from the mass, and the number made up by diminishing the others. The portions laid aside were shared among the usual company, but sometimes the captain of the galley slaves would come in for a bit.

During certain months of the year, instead of the *pasta* on Tuesday, six ounces of white beans were given, or a *rotolo* of vegetable broth, reduced to twenty ounces. Sometimes as a favour the prisoners were allowed to have the vegetable broth raw, and instead of thirty ounces, they received twenty-five or twenty-six.

Water for drinking in abundance if the season was rainy. Two *caraffes* a day if dry. In the latter case it came from Naples. If it failed to arrive in time, a partial supply was obtained from the cistern, and was muddy and full of red insects. The bottom of the cisterns were covered with mud, partly produced from the earth, and partly from the refuse deposited by the soldiers upon the pavement from which the rain descended into the cistern. In Nisida, the water fails almost every summer. In Procida it was measured out to us by order of Acuti, and for washing our persons we had to buy it of the islanders at sixpence a barrel. Upon my arrival at Nisida, water was exceedingly scarce.

The commissariat for the prisoners was supplied on contract. The contractor-general received 2½*d.* per day for each prisoner. He contracted with a sub-contractor to take it at 2¼*d.*; the latter again to another who took it at 1¾*d.*, and here the monopoly ceased. Each prisoner's dinner is supposed then to cost 1¾*d.*, but from this sum deduction must be made of the expense incurred by the last contractor in order to purchase the silence of those included in the following table:

	£	*s.*	*d.*
The Captain of the Bagno (monthly)	2	0	0
The Surgeon	1	10	0
The Chaplain	1	0	0
The Serjeants	1	10	0
The Purveyor	2	0	0
The Bakers	5	10	0
	13	10	0

With this payment of £13 10*s.* a month, to which must be added the profit made by the contractor, 1½*d.* is all that can be calculated upon. Hence it is that articles of the worst quality are furnished, that the officers of the Bagno submit silently to every imposition, and keep the mouths of the prisoners shut by violence. The commandant Catrini sentenced a prisoner to fifty strokes for complaining that the bread was bad. Sometimes it happens that the commandant is honest like Areta, and then the contractor has to be on his guard; but such commandants are rare, and even they are compelled to restrict their investigations and observations within certain limits. In the case of Areta himself, having ordered that some bad fruit sent to the hospital of Procida should be thrown away and more purchased at the expense of the contractor, he was deprived of the command of the hospital within two days. The reception room of General Palumbo was not impenetrable to gold!

The corporals, meanwhile, and the different officers of the prison, not being able to pick the bones of the contractor, fleeced those under him to the misfortune of the prisoners who were already unfortunate enough in having to bear their chains.

It is no wonder if the greater number of the prison officers and those connected with them are venal, since the miserable deficiency of their pay renders it indispensable that they should augment it by some means.

	£	*s.*	*d.*
A turnkey in the prison of an arrondissement receives monthly a sum about equivalent to .	0	10	0
The chief turnkey of a district prison . .	1	14	0
The chief turnkey of a provincial prison . .	2	10	0
Chaplain of the Bagno	0	16	0
Captain of galley slaves (*Comito*) . . .	1	15	0
Corporal (*Agozzino*)	1	0	0
Soldiers (*Marinari custodi*)	0	15	0

II.

The following is a specimen of the Camorristi code, and the cases which are deemed sufficient to merit the penalty of the poignard:

Any one who brings an accusation against a Camorrista is considered worthy of death.

Any one who reveals the hiding-place in which poignards are concealed is worthy of death.

Any one who by word or deed offends a Camorrista is worthy of death.

Any one who bears witness against a Camorrista, unless required by the Society to do so, is worthy of death.

Any one who makes a complaint against a Camorrista to the superiors is worthy of death.

Whoever is suspected of acting the spy against a Camorrista is worthy of death.

When any one was to be tried, all the members of the Society met together. The chief Camorrista was the president. Another took the place of accuser; the rest gave judgment. After having stated the case, the accuser left it to be decided by a majority. When sentence of death had been pronounced, all the members' names were placed in the ballot-box, and it was thus decided who should be the executioner of the condemned criminal. The utmost mystery hung over their meetings, and their sentences were always kept secret. Although the execution was to be performed by a Camorrista, it was seldom effected by the hand of a member of that body, if the criminal in question belonged to the lowest class. In that case, a wretched and desperate hireling was engaged. Armed with a poignard, and stupified with liquor, he was posted in a corner of a staircase or doorway, with instructions to kill the victim, and the assurance that he should be made a Camorrista as a recompense. When the hired assassin took his post, three or four pairs of Camorristi, chained together, watched the movement of the intended victim, and, the lamb having approached the place of slaughter, sometimes finished that which their agent began. While one set of demons aided the murderer, another sacked the place of the murdered man, and despoiled it of everything but such articles as might be recognised by the commandant. They engaged witnesses to swear that the deceased had attacked the murderer and commenced the quarrel, and took every means

for securing him a light punishment. The following day, they gave a dinner in celebration of the happy event, and invited to it their most attached adherents, and, very probably, some future victims. The murderer was punished by beating and solitary confinement, tried by a court-martial, and received an addition of two or three years to his sentence of imprisonment. While a political prisoner was condemned to the Ergastolo for sending a clandestine letter, a murderer who shed his fellow-prisoner's blood in the most barbarous manner, was condemned to three years in irons. This light sentence greatly facilitated the execution of the fatal decrees of the Camorristi, and augmented the number of victims. Some of these wretches had committed as many as seven murders and offered themselves for the commission of others, with the hope of being condemned to the Ergastolo, where the government allows twopence for each prisoner, besides soup.

III.

The advocate Mazzei was most faithful to the government, and at the critical period of the Constitution rendered important services to the king. But as he received no remuneration whatever, to oblige him, in answer to his repeated requests, several severe sentences were commuted, and some prisoners received full pardon. The tariff of prices was regulated according to the circumstances of the prisoners, and varied from £25 to £100; but whether the favour sought was granted or not, Mazzei received £5, to recompense him for the trouble and expense of journeys to or from Gaeta, Caserta, etc. Several political prisoners, condemned for life, thus had their sentences commuted. Among them were the following:

Giovana Battista Griffi Guiseppe Maraviglia Domenico Sarri	£100, to ten years' exile in Ventotine.
Rafaele Martucci Leopold Zoleo Pasquale Spadari	£50, to ten years' exile in Ventotine.
Pietro Spadari . .	£20, to ten years' exile in Ventotine.
Emmanuel Leanza .	£36, banishment from the kingdom.

Signor Mazzei was far from being an unfeeling man. Whenever it was possible, he would include in the supplication persons from whom he received no payment whatever. At least ten or twelve owed him their liberty without paying him for it; and it must not be supposed that the entire sum would, in any case, find its way into his pocket. A considerable proportion was swallowed up by the court and ministerial *employés*. It has been calculated, that in the course of two years, £1000 was paid for the commutation of sentences.

THE END.

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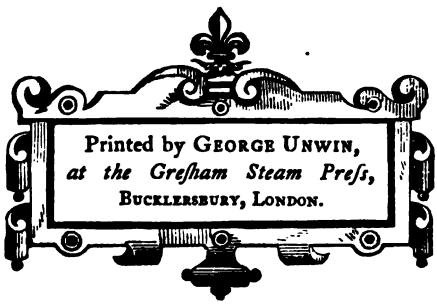
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